

# SONG ECHO



BY  
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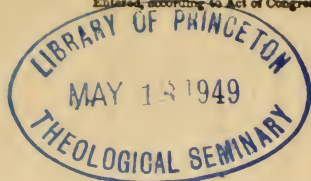
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## PREFACE.

*To the many thousand children whom the Author has had the pleasure of teaching throughout the country, and to all others who enjoy participating in the song exercise of the school-room, home, or social circle, the "Song Echo" is most affectionately dedicated*

In preparing this work, the design has been to contribute our mite to the already quite numerous list of song books for children. Much pains has been taken to prepare a book which may accomplish some good to the cause of music, and with the hope that this may be the result, it is sent forth to accomplish its mission.

Contributors will please accept the thanks of the Editor for the many favors which have been received.

The "SONG ECHO" contains:

- 1st—A thorough course of ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTION.
  - 2d—A variety of rounds.
  - 3d—Songs for public schools and classes.
  - 4th—Sacred songs, chants, hymns, &c.
  - 5th—A cantata, "The Crown of Reward," for schools and exhibitions.
- by W. F. HEATH.

A large proportion of the music and words are new, and published for the first time

H. S. PERKINS.

# PART I.

## ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTION.

### CHAPTER I.

#### PRACTICE AND THEORY.

TO THE TEACHER. In presenting the subject of MUSICAL NOTATION in any of its departments, experience proves that oral instruction, mostly by *example*, should first be given to a pupil, or class of pupils. In elementary instruction, not "Theory and Practice," but *Practice and Theory*; that is, never, as a rule, give signs and characters as a symbol, or representative of something, until after the *something* has been produced.

If this method of teaching is kept in mind, and practiced, the necessity of some written character or sign will usually suggest itself to the mind of the pupil, by which means thought and invention—so to speak—will be called out. An active and vigorous exercise of the mind upon the subject under consideration is a very important point to gain.

The few principles under each head, or chapter, should be presented clearly, every definition and explanation short and to the point; very seldom repeating the same idea, or fact, in different language, for by so doing, the pupil often becomes confused, and the point, which otherwise might have been gained, is lost, because of a multiplicity of words.

A TONE is a *musical sound*, produced by the even and uninterrupted vibration of some sonorous or elastic body in the air.

TONE is *breath made vocal*; consequently, the more breath,—other things being equal,—the more tone, or voice.

SINGING consists in a prescribed utterance of tone, combined with a clear and distinct enuncia-

tion and pronunciation of syllables and words, and in a consistent rendering of the music—called *expression*.

NOTE. TONE and NOISE are specific terms; the former meaning a *musical* sound, and the latter an *unmusical* sound. SOUND is a general term, applied to either.

#### FIRST WORK TO BE DONE.

A written exercise is unnecessary for either teacher or pupils. A tone, at any convenient pitch, should first be produced, speaking LA, AH, or any monosyllable, and the class imitate. This method should be followed until all the tones of the scale have been presented and learned, and can be sung by numbers, syllables, &c.

#### THE SCALE

is a succession of eight tones, arranged in a prescribed order.

#### DIAGRAM OF THE SCALE.

NAMES OR NUMBERS.	NOTES.	SYLLABLES.
8 .....	♯ .....	Do
7 .....	♯ .....	Si
6 .....	♯ .....	La
5 .....	♯ .....	Sol
4 .....	♯ .....	Fa
3 .....	♯ .....	Mi
2 .....	♯ .....	Re
1 .....	♯ .....	Do

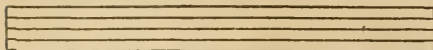
NOTE. The explanation of intervals may be deferred a few lessons.



## CHAPTER II.

## STAFF AND NOTES.

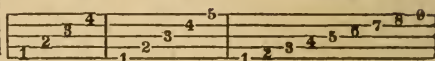
The staff consists of five parallel lines and the four spaces between the lines, thus:



Each line and space is called a DEGREE, of

which there are nine, and counted from the lowest upward.

SPACES. LINES. DEGREES.

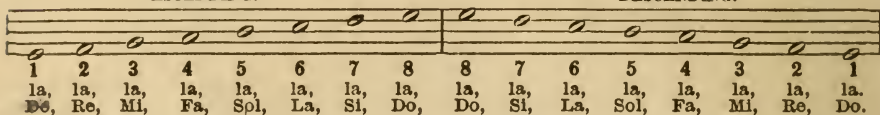


NOTE. The following scale illustrations should be sung.

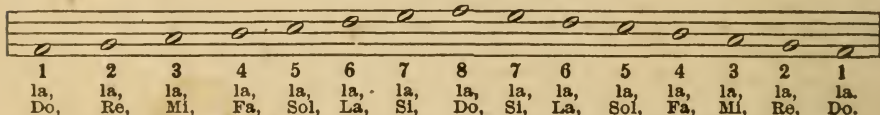
## SCALE UPON THE STAFF.

ASCENDING.

DESCENDING.



The above exercise begins upon the first line. Eight degrees are required to represent the scale. Notes are written upon the staff, and represent tones.

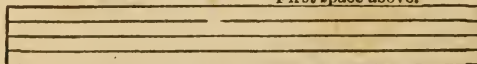


The above scale commences upon the first space.

Notes written upon lower degrees of the staff represent lower tones, and upon higher degrees, higher tones.

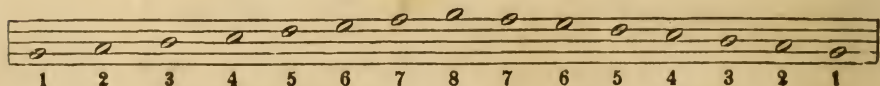
## ADDED LINES AND SPACES.

Second line above. — Second space above.  
First line above. — First space above.

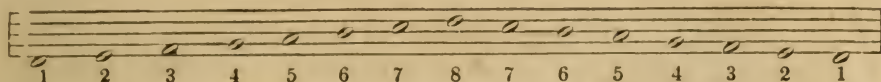


First line below. — First space below.  
Second line below. — Second space below.

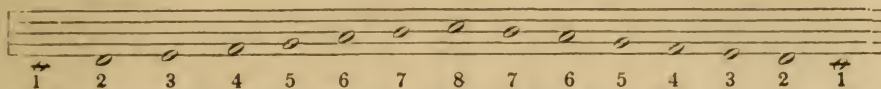
When it is necessary to use more than the nine degrees of the staff, lines or spaces may be used, either above or below the staff, as illustrated above.



The above exercise commences upon the second line, or third degree.



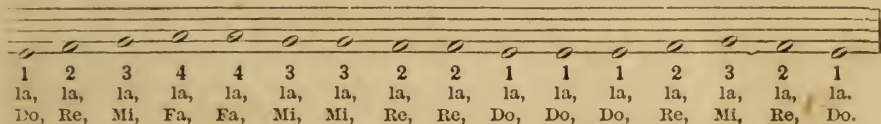
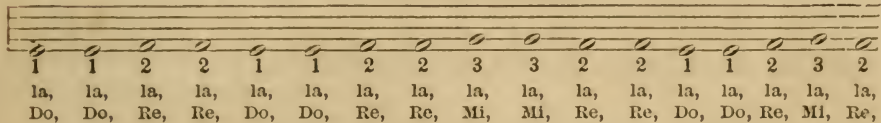
The above exercise commences upon the first space below.



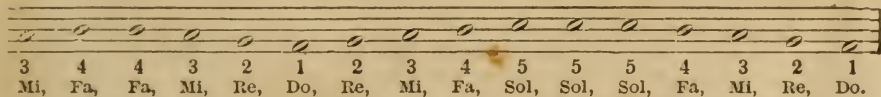
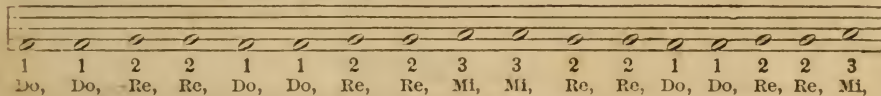
The above exercise commences upon the first line below.

### EXERCISES FOR PRACTICE.

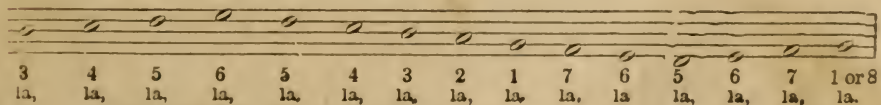
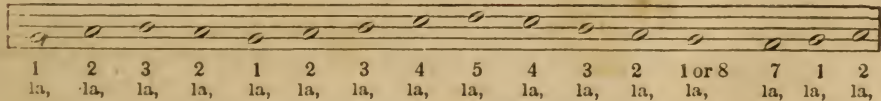
No. 1. Commencing upon which degree?



No. 2. Commencing upon which degree?



No. 3. Commencing upon which degree?



**No. 4. Commencing where?**

1 1 2 2 3 3 4 4 5 5 6 6 7 7 8  
Do, Do, Re, Re, Mi, Mi, Fa, Fa, Sol, Sol, La, La, Si, Si, Do,

8 7 6 5 4 3 2 3 4 5 4 3 2 1  
Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.

**No. 5. Commencing upon which degree?**

1 2 3 3 2 3 4 4 3 4 5 5 4 5 6 6  
Do, Re, Mi, Mi, Re, Mi, Fa, Fa, Mi, Fa, Sol, Sol, Fa, Sol, La, La

5 6 7 7 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1  
La, La, Si, Si, La, Si, Do, Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.

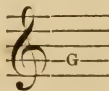
We may commence to write the scale or an exercise upon any degree of the staff, unless a sign is used to indicate otherwise, which will be understood after advancing further with the lessons.

**NOTE.** Although the syllables which are commonly sung and associated with the tones of the scale usually accompany the exercises through the elementary course, yet it is advised to make but little use of them. To sing with LA, or some other monosyllable, is preferred, as surer progress will be made in reading by exercising the mind upon INTERVALS, rather than by associating the tone with some syllable.

**CHAPTER III.****LETTERS, CLEFS, ABSOLUTE PITCH.**

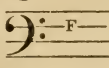
The first seven letters of the alphabet, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, are used in music. The character used to determine the (letter) name of each degree is called a Clef, viz:

The G, or Treble clef




and

The F, or Base clef.



**NOTE.** These are the two in common use. When the clef is used, each tone represented upon the staff has absolute or *positive* pitch; but when no clef is used, only *relative* pitch.

The Tenor clef  is also used.

**THE G CLEF AND NAME OF EACH DEGREE.**

Ascending: G-A-B-C-D-E-F-G-A- &c.  
Descending: E-D-C-B-A- &c.

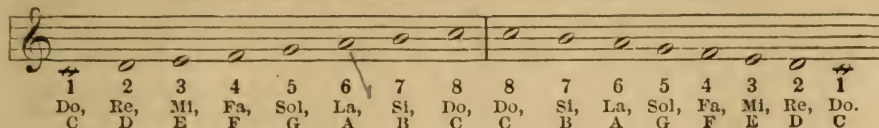
**THE F CLEF AND NAME OF EACH DEGREE.**

Ascending: G-A-B-C-D-E-F-G-A-B-C-D- &c.  
Descending: G-A-B-C-D-E-F-G-A-B-C- &c.

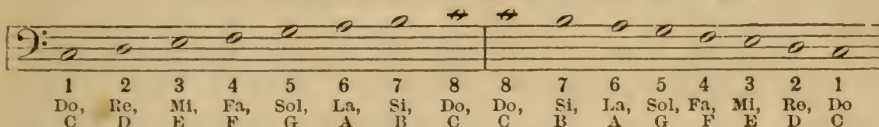
**NOTE.** It will be observed that, in ascending, the letters occur in alphabetic order; and in descending, the inversion of that order.



## THE SCALE UPON THE STAFF, WITH THE G CLEF.



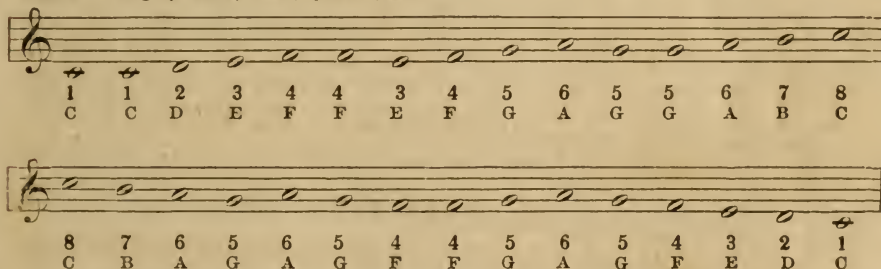
## THE SCALE, WITH THE F CLEF.



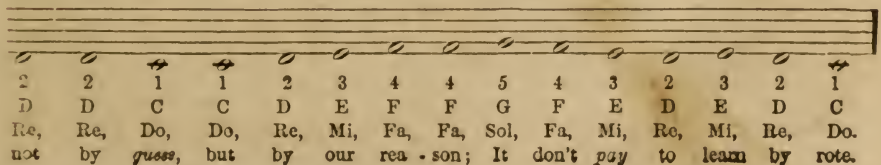
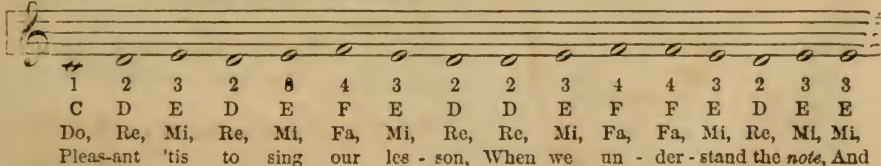
NOTE. By common consent, the scale is represented upon the staff when the two clefs are used, as in the above examples. It will be observed that C is the starting-point, or ONE; hence the scale is said to be in the KEY OF C.

## EXERCISES FOR SPECIAL PRACTICE.

No. 6. Sing by name, letter, syllable, and la.



No. 7. Commencing with which tone of the scale?



## No. 8. Commencing with which tone of the scale?

3 3 2 2 3 4 5 5 6 6 6 5 4 3 2  
 E E D D E F G G A A G G F E D  
 Mi, Mi, Re, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, Sol, La, La, Sol, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, D  
 In this ex - er - cise we see That the first tone be - gins on THREE;

2 3 3 4 4 5 5 6 6 5 6 5 4 3 2 1  
 D E E F F G G A A G F E D C  
 Re, Mi, Mi, Fa, Fa, Sol, Sol, La, La, Sol, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.  
 It mat - ters not which tone we take, If we look sharp, and don't mis - take.

## No. 9.

5 5 6 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 3  
 G G A G A B C C B A G F B D E  
 Sol, Sol, La, La, Sol, La, Si, Do, Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Mi,  
 Num - ber nine be - gins on FIVE, And ev - 'ry pu - pil this may know,

2 3 4 5 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1  
 D E F G G A B C C B A G F E D C  
 Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, Sol, La, Si, Do, Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.  
 By counting from the start - ing point, Which now is the first line be - low.

## No. 10. Commencing where? Sing by syllable, letter, and la.

8 or 1.

1 1 2 2 3 4 5 5 6 6 5 5 6 7 8 8  
 Ev - 'ry day is rich with bless - ing, And the hour brings joy with singing,  
 8 or 1.

2 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 2 8  
 Cheers the path of toil and la - bor; Mu - sic ev - 'ry-where is ring - ing.

NOTE. It will be observed that the next tone above EIGHT is called TWO, and the next below ONE is SEVEN.

## No. 11. Commencing upon which tone of the scale?

Do, Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, La, Sol, Fa,  
 la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,  
 Wel - come is the hour of sing - ing, Hap - py hearts and voi - ces ringing,

Mi, Re, D, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Re, D.  
 la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,  
 Blend - ing pleas - ure with our la - bor, This is joy in full - est meas - ure

## CHAPTER IV.

## INTERVALS.

The difference in pitch between any two tones is called an interval.

The name *Second* is given to the interval between any two consecutive tones of the scale, as from 1 to 2; 2 to 3; 5 to 6, &c.

There are two kinds of Seconds in the Scale,—large and small, as will be observed.

The large Second is called *MAJOR*, (meaning *greater*), and the small Second, *MINOR*, (meaning *less*.)

## THE SCALE AND INTERVALS ILLUSTRATED.

8	.....	Do
	A minor second.	
7	.....	Si
	A major second.	
6	.....	La
	A major second.	
5	.....	Sol
	A major second.	
4	.....	Fa
	A minor second.	
3	.....	Mi
	A major Second.	
2	.....	Re
	A major second.	
1	.....	Do

## SCALE INTERVALS (SECONDS) REPRESENTED UPON THE STAFF.

A musical staff with a treble clef showing the C major scale. Above the staff, intervals are labeled as Major Second, Minor Second, or Major Second. Below the staff, the notes are numbered 1 through 8, then 8 through 1, and labeled with their names: Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do, Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.

## EXERCISES FOR PRACTICE, CONTINUED.

NOTE. When the *Hold* (◡) is used the tone may be prolonged.

No. 12. Commencing where? Which tone of the scale? What letter?

A musical staff with a treble clef showing a melody. Below the staff are the lyrics: "Birds are in the forest singing, At the dawn-ing of the day;". The melody starts on C (Do) and ends on C (Do).  
 A second musical staff with a treble clef shows the same melody with different lyrics: "Re, Re, Mi, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, La, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do." The melody starts on D (Re) and ends on C (Do).



## No. 13. Commencing where? Which tone of the scale?

3 2 1 1 2 3 4 3 4 5 6 5 6 7 8  
 E D C C D E F E F G A G A B C  
 Mi, Re, Do, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Sol, La, Si, Do.  
 Why should we not all be hap - py, Ev - ery day through-out the year,

8 7 6 5 4 3 3 2 3 4 5 5 6 7 8  
 C B A G F E E D E F G G A B C  
 Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Mi, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, Sol, La, Si, Do.  
 When we have so ma - ny bless-ings, Not far off, but ev - er near.

## No. 14. Commencing upon which degree of the staff? Which tone of the scale?

With the light of ear - ly morn - ing, And the shade of dew - y eve - ning,

Re.  
 2  
 Ev - ry day we'll chant the praise Of Him who thus pro - longs our days.

NOTE 1. The foregoing, as well as the following exercises should be sung by word, syllable, letter and number.

NOTE 2. It is customary to commence an exercise or tune upon ONE, THREE, FIVE, or EIGHT of the scale.

NOTE. When the voice passes over a greater interval than a *second* it is called *skipping*. For example, from 1 to 3, 2 to 4, 3 to 5, &c., is called a *third*.

## No. 15. Introducing the skip of a third.

Do, Re, Mi, Do, Mi, Do, Mi, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Re, Fa, Re, Fa, Re, Mi, Fa,

Sol, Mi, Sol, Mi, Sol, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Fa, La, Fa, La, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Sol,

Si, Sol, Si, Sol, La, Si, Do, La, Do, La, Do, Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.

## No. 16.

Do, Si, La, Do, La, Do, La, Do, Si, La, Sol, Si, Sol, Si, Sol, Si, La, Sol, Fa, La, Fa, La, Fa, La,

Sol, Fa, Mi, Sol, Mi, Sol, Mi, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Fa, Re, Fa, Re, Fa, Mi, Re, Do, Mi, Do, Mi, Mi, Re, Do.

No. 17. Introducing the skip of a *fourth*, as from 1 to 4, 5 to 8, &c.

1 2 3 4 1 4 1 4 1 2 3 4 5 2 5 2 5 2 3 4 5 6 3 6

3 6 3 4 5 6 7 4 7 4 7 4 5 6 7 8 5 8 5 8 5 3 1

8 7 6 5 8 5 8 5 8 7 6 5 4 7 4 7 4 7 6 5 4 3 6 3

6 3 6 5 4 3 2 5 2 5 2 5 4 3 2 1 4 1 4 1 4 1 4 6 8

No. 18. Introducing the skip of a *fifth*, as from 1 to 5, 3 to 7, &c.

Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, Do, Sol, Do, Sol, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Re, La,

Re, La, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Mi, Si, Mi, Si, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si,

Do, Fa, Do, Fa, Do, Fa, Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do, Mi, Sol, Do.

















## CHAPTER V.

## NOTES, RESTS AND MEASURES.

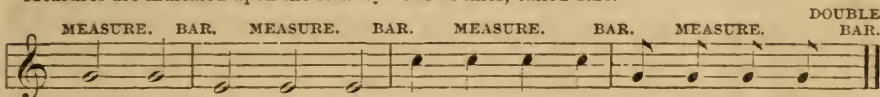
## Diagram of Notes and Rests.

The whole note is written thus:—		The whole rest is written thus:—	
The half note . . . . .		The half rest . . . . .	
The quarter note . . . . .		The quarter rest . . . . .	
The eighth note . . . . .		The eighth rest . . . . .	
The sixteenth note . . . . .		The sixteenth rest . . . . .	
The thirty-second note . . . . .		The thirty-second rest . . . . .	

Notes represent tones, and *rests* indicate silence; but they have no positive value, only relative.

For example, a whole note ( $\oslash$ ) is equal in value to two half notes ( $\rho \rho$ ), or four quarters ( $\rho \rho \rho \rho$ ), &c.

Measures are indicated upon the staff by vertical lines, called bars.

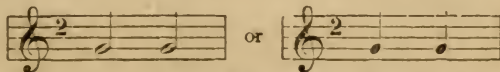


NOTE. A double bar is usually placed at the end of a piece of music, and a large bar at the end of a line.

## ACCENT.

Measure is a rhythmical division of the music, and consequently indicates the accent.

The most simple kind of measure is called *double*, or two-part measure, and indicated by the figure 2, thus:

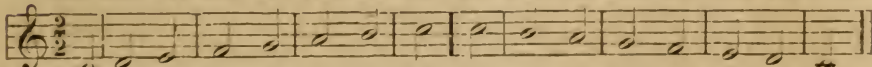


When the figures are written like  $\frac{2}{2}$  or  $\frac{2}{4}$ , &c., in the form of a fraction, the upper figure indicates the *kind of measure*, or into how many parts the measure is divided, and the lower figure indicates the kind of note to be used to fill the measure when as many are used as the upper figure suggests. The first part of the measure is accented, and the second part unaccented.

## MEASURE AND ACCENT PRACTICALLY ILLUSTRATED.

## No. 23.

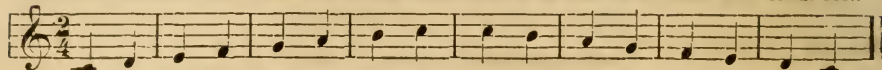
2d. 1st. 2d. 1st. 2d. 1st. 2d. 1st. 2d. 1st. 2d. 1st. 2d. 1st. 2d. 1st.  
Soft. loud. soft. loud. soft. loud. soft. loud. soft. loud. soft. loud. soft. loud.



Oh! let the soul its slum-bers break,—A-rouse its sens-es, and a-wake.

## No. 24. What kind of Notes?

1st. 2d. 1st. 2d. 1st. 2d. 1st. 2d. 1st. 2d. 1st. 2d. 1st. 2d. 1st. 2d.  
 Loud. soft. loud. soft. loud. soft. loud. soft. loud. soft. loud. soft. loud. soft. loud. soft.



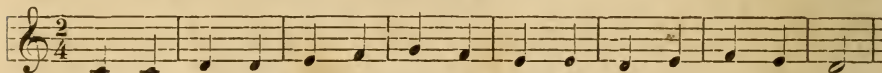
Oh! let the soul its slum-bers break,—A - rouse its sens - es, and a - wake.

NOTE 1. After singing Nos. 23 and 24, making the accent well marked, ask the pupils which of the two is better,—more pleasing or satisfactory to the ear.

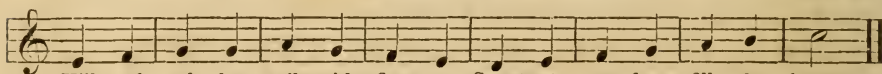
NOTE 2. It will be observed that the accent of the music must conform to the accent or rhythm of the words.

The parts of the measure may be indicated by counting, or by motions of the hand, called *beat-ing time*. In double measure there are two motions of the hand, or beats (down and up).

## No. 25. What kind of measure? What kind of notes?

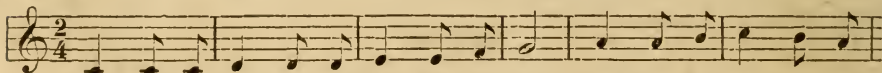


Spring has come with fresh'n-ing show - ers, Birds are sing - ing in the trees;



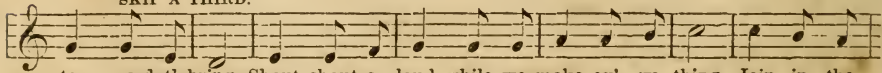
Hill and val - ley smile with flow - ers, Sweet-est per - fume fills the breeze.

## No. 26.



Mu - sic, sweet mu - sic, thy praise we will sing, Plea - sure and hap - pi - ness

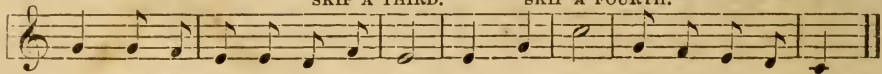
SKIP A THIRD.



to us doth bring; Shout, shout a - loud while we make ev' - ry thing Join in the

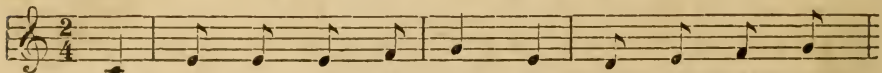
SKIP A THIRD.

SKIP A FOURTH.

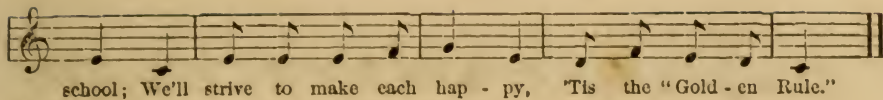


cho - rus, and ech - o voic - es ring. Ring, ring, ring, Ech - o voic - es ring.

## No. 27.



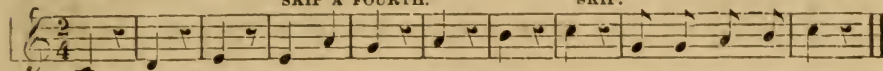
We all love one an - oth - er, In our pleas - ant



No. 28. What kind of rests?

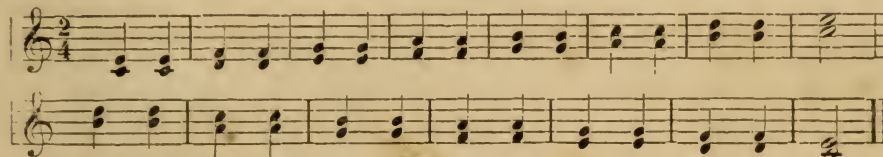
SKIP A FOURTH.

SKIP.



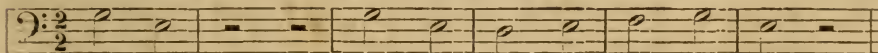
Come, come, come, sing and rest; Hark! hark! hark! this is for the best.

No. 29. Exercise in two parts. Girls sing the upper, and boys the lower notes.

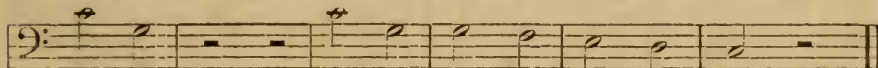


Sing the above by syllable and la.

No. 30. Which clef is used? What kind of rests?



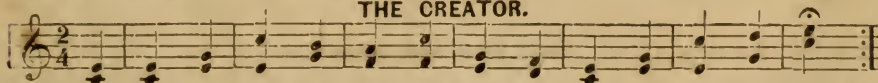
1. Cuck - oo! cuck - oo! hear the cuck - oo sing;
2. Cuck - oo! cuck - oo! now we see the ray,



Cuck - oo! Cuck - oo! wel - come gen - tle spring.  
Cuck - oo! Cuck - oo! of the dawn - ing day.

No. 31. Observe the hold. Explain the tie (—).

THE CREATOR.



1. { The moon is ve - ry fair and bright, And now is ris - ing high; }  
I think it is a pret - ty sight To see it in the sky; }
2. { More glo - rious than the moon or sun And all the stars of light, }  
Is He who made them ev' - ry one By his own power and might; }



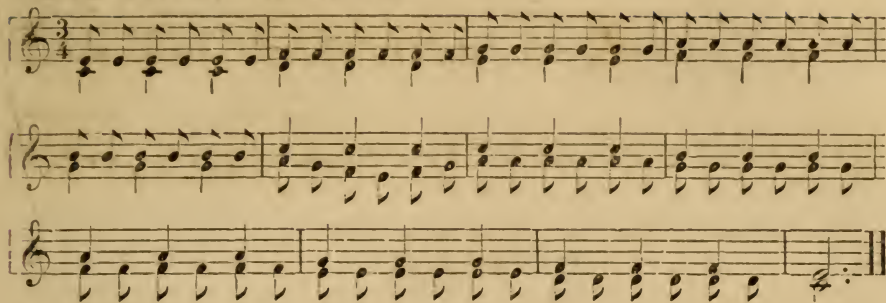
1. It shone up - on me while I lay, And seemed almost as bright as day.
2. And when we end our mor - tal race, The pure in heart shall see his face.

NOTE. Dots across the staff, as in the above exercise, always mean repeat.



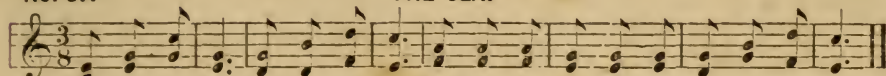


No. 36. Sing each part separately, at first.



No. 37.

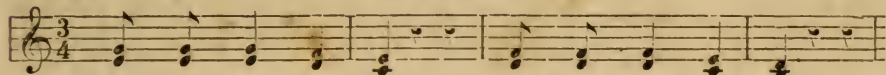
THE SEA.



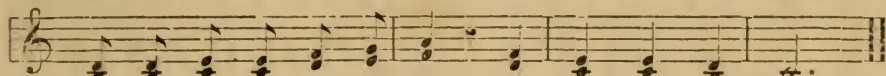
O - ver the sea, Hap - py and free, Join in our song As we're bounding a - long.

No. 38.

DAY IS GONE.



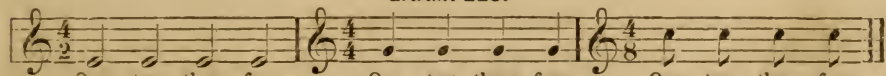
Now the day is gone, And the night is come;



When the day of life is flown, May heaven be our home.

QUADRUPLE MEASURE has four parts, indicated by the figure 4. The first and third parts are accented. The motions in beating time are down, left, right, up.

EXAMPLES.

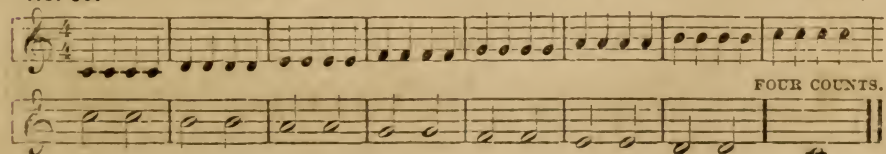


One, two, three, four.  
Loud, soft, loud, soft.  
Down, left, right, up.

One, two, three, four.  
Loud, soft, loud, soft.  
Down, left, right, up.

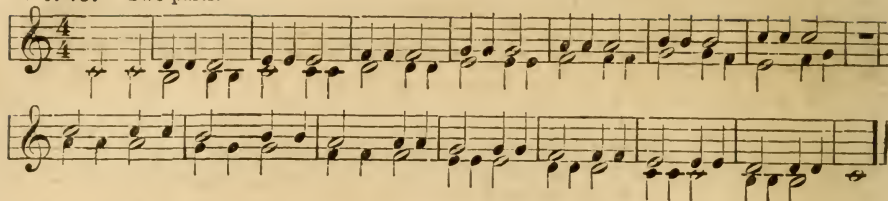
One, two, three, four.  
Loud, soft, loud, soft.  
Down, left, right, up.

No. 39.



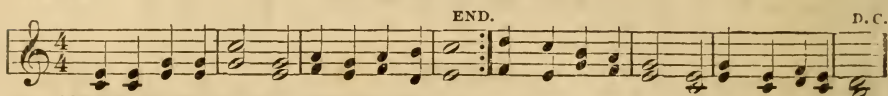
FOUR COUNTS.

## No. 40. Two parts.



## No. 41.

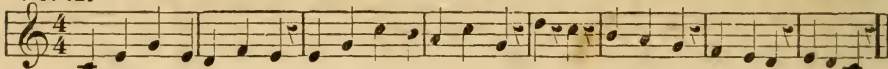
## SATURDAY EVENING.



{ Now the week is end - ed, And its work is done ; }  
 { All is still and peaceful As the setting sun ; } Earthly joys departing, Leave the tranqull soul,  
 D. C. Tho'ts of God and heaven, Ev'ry heart control.

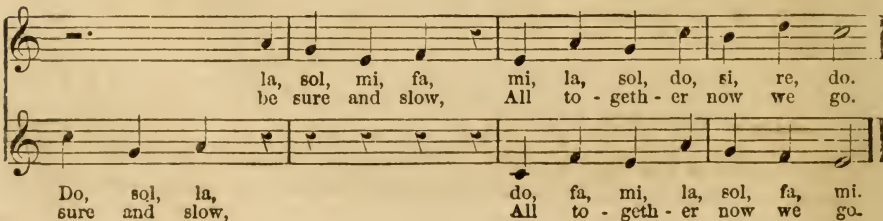
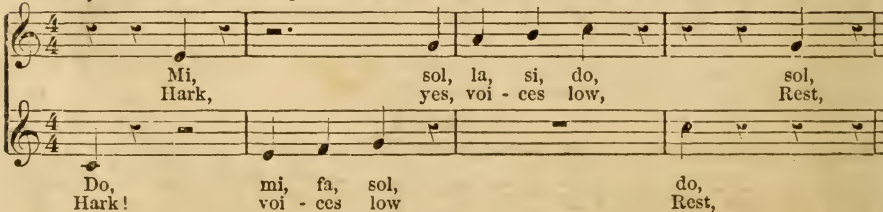
DA CAPO, or D. C., means repeat to the beginning.

## No. 42.



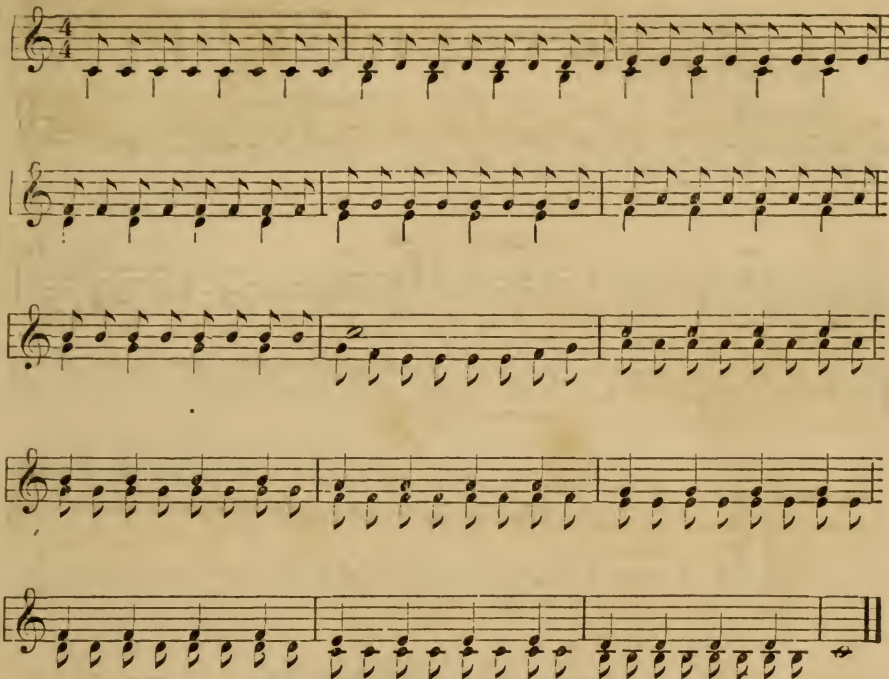
Do, mi, sol, mi, re, fa, mi, mi, sol, do, si, la, do, sol, re, do, si, la, sol, fa, mi, re, mi, re, do.  
 la, la.

## No. 43. Exercise written upon two staves. What kind of rests ?





No. 44. What kind of notes? Sing by syllable, and la.



No. 45. Commencing upon which part of the measure?

1. How pret - ty are the blos - soms That in the val - ley  
 2. There is a tran - sient beau - ty, Which quick - ly fades a -

smiled; But yet their charms are fad - ing, — They on - ly stay a - while.  
 - way; The soul shall live here - af - ter, When all things pass a - way.



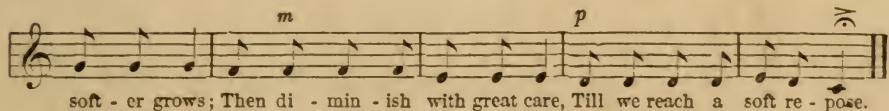
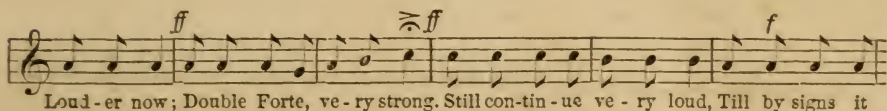
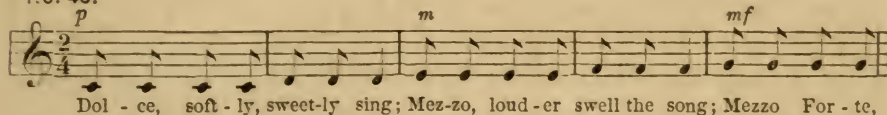
## CHAPTER VI.

## EXPRESSION.

The following words or their abbreviations, and signs, indicate different degrees of force. **PIANISSIMO**, or *pp*, very soft. **PIANO**, or *p*, soft. **MEZZO PIANO**, or *mp*, middling soft. **MEZZO**, or *m*, medium. **MEZZO FORTE**, or *mf*, middling loud. **FORTE**, or *f*, loud. **FORTISSIMO**, or *ff*, very loud. **CRESCENDO**, or *cres.*, or  $\lessgtr$ , increase gradually. **DIMINUENDO**, or *dim.*, or  $\gtrless$ , decrease gradually. **SWELL**,  $\lessgtr$ , increase and diminish. **SPORZANDO**, or *sfz.*,—**FORZANDO**, or *fz.*, or  $\gtrless$ , or  $\wedge$ , very strong accent, and suddenly diminish. **DOLCE** signifies soft and sweet.

Time is indicated by such words as **LENTO** (slow); **MODERATO** (moderate); **ALLEGRO** (fast), &c.

## No. 48.

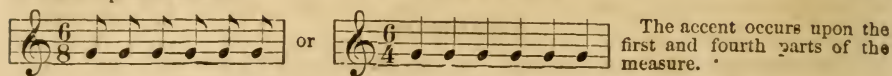


**No. 49.** One division of the class may sing the upper notes, and the other the lower, in the following exercise.



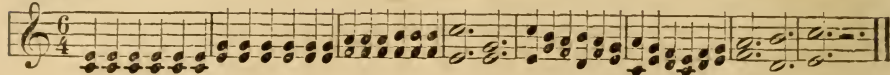


SEXTUPLE MEASURE has six parts, indicated by the figure  $\text{ff}$ . The different varieties under this head are represented thus:



The accent occurs upon the first and fourth parts of the measure.

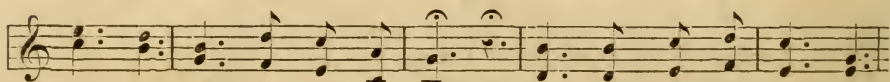
## No. 50.



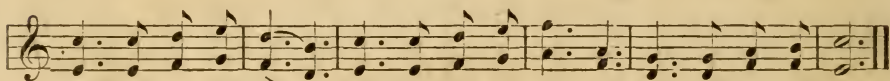
## No. 51. What kind of measure?



Come, come to the green-wood, Come mer-ri-ly now, Where rip-ple sweet

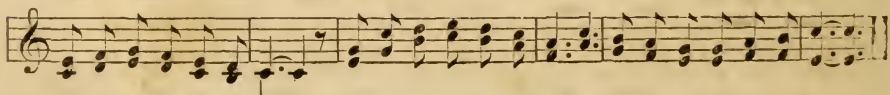
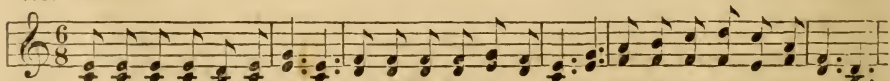


foun-tains, Where trem-bles the bough; When pass-eth young zeph-yr,



Light dancing a-long, There rus-tles the as-pen, Soft to his sweet song.

## No. 52.



## No. 53.



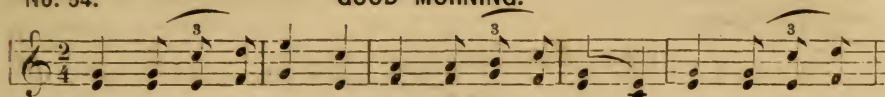
1. Far o-ver the east-ern hills of life, A strain floats from the great unknown; It
2. Then soft-ly the ech-oes fold a-way, While words and mu-sic fade again, To



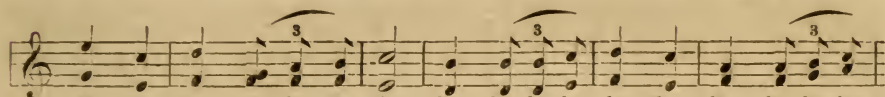
fills the heart with sweet de-light, Which ech - oes back the joy - ful tone.  
join the hap - py host a - far, In waves of sound o'er the bound - less plain.

No. 54.

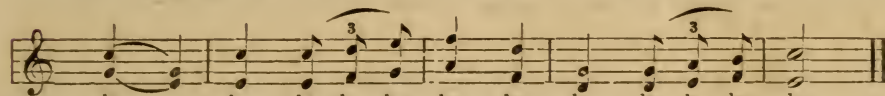
## GOOD MORNING.



La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,  
Good morn-ing, good morn-ing, Now hap - py are we; Night shades have de-



la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,  
-part - ed; Now joy - ous and free, Join sweet-ly in sing - ing, With voic - es so



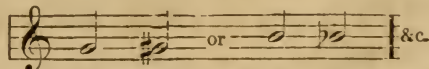
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,  
clear, Let noth - ing dis - cord - ant Be practiced while here.

## CHAPTER VII.

## CHROMATIC SCALE.

Between those tones of the scale which form the interval of a major second, an intermediate tone may be introduced, as between 1 and 2, 5 and 6, &c. Between 3 and 4, or 7 and 8, no tone will occur, as the interval is a minor second.

A *Chromatic Interval* implies the difference in pitch of two tones represented upon the same degree of the staff, thus:—

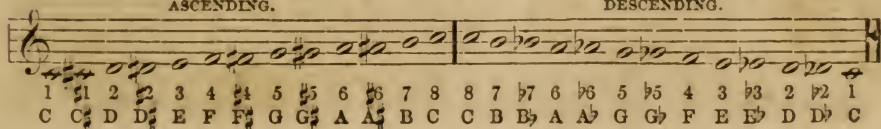


As there are no more degrees of the staff than have already been used, the intermediate tones must be represented by signs called a SHARP ( $\sharp$ ), FLAT ( $\flat$ ), or NATURAL ( $\natural$ ). It will be observed that there are thirteen tones in the chromatic scale, and named ONE, SHARP ONE, TWO, SHARP TWO, &c., thus:—

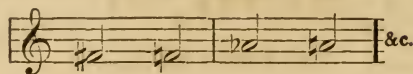
## CHROMATIC SCALE. NAMES AND LETTERS.

ASCENDING.

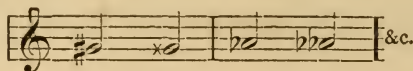
DESCENDING.



The **NATURAL** cancels the effect of the sharp or flat, thus :—

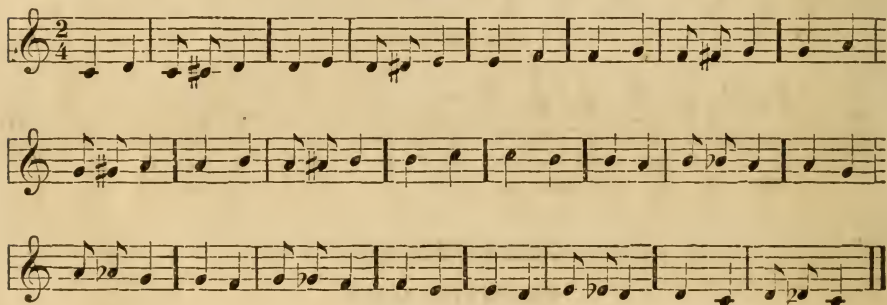


The **DOUBLE SHARP** ( $\times$ ) is used to indicate the next available tone higher than a **SINGLE SHARP** upon the same degree of the staff; and the **DOUBLE FLAT** ( $\flat\flat$ ) suggests the next tone lower than a **SINGLE FLAT**, thus :—



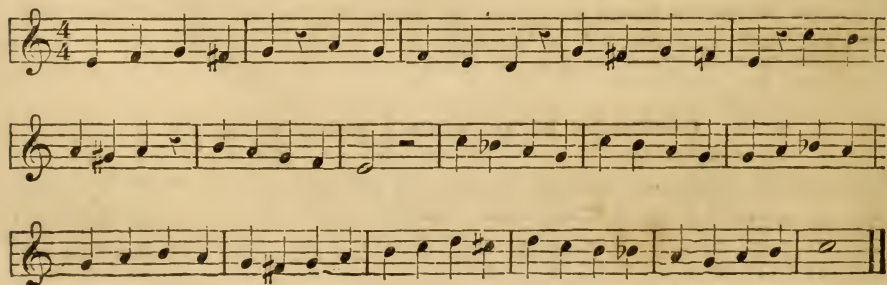
**NOTE.** In the following exercise the teacher may sing two measures, (excepting at E and F and B and C), and the pupils repeat, making use of the **NAMES, LA, and SYLLABLES**, at pleasure.

### No. 55.



As a rule, the sharp or flat occurring incidentally has no effect out of the measure in which it is found. Its effect may continue through other measures if no note intervenes upon some other degree.

### No. 56.





## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE MINOR SCALE.

Two scales, the major and chromatic, have already been explained. One more remains to be explained, called the MINOR SCALE. This differs from the others in respect to the intervals.

There are two forms, called HARMONIC and MELODIC, as illustrated below. Six (la) of the major is taken for ONE of the minor; it is then called the RELATIVE MINOR (related to).

## EXAMPLES.

## HARMONIC FORM.

Major. Minor. Major. Major. Minor. Aug. Minor. Minor. Aug. Minor. Major. Major. Minor. Major. Minor. Major.

A B C D E F G A A G F E D C B A

## MELODIC FORM.

Major. Minor. Major. Major. Major. Major. Minor. Major. Major. Major. Minor. Major. Major. Minor. Major.

A B C D E F G A A G F E D C B A

In the harmonic form the minor seconds occur between 2 and 3, 5 and 6, 7 and 8; in the melodic, between 2 and 3, 7 and 8.

## No. 57. Key of A minor.

## NIGHT WINDS.

1. The wea-ry night winds are humming low, Their pen-sive me-lo-di-ous strain; They

mourn-ful-ly sigh and plain-tive-ly blow, A mi-nor and soft, sad re-frain.

## CHAPTER IX.

## TRANSPOSITION.

When any other letter than C for the MAJOR and A for the MINOR SCALE is taken for ONE, the Scale is said to be TRANSPOSED. Hence, to transpose the scale is to change its position upon the staff,—place it higher or lower. The scale may be written in any key, or any letter taken for one.

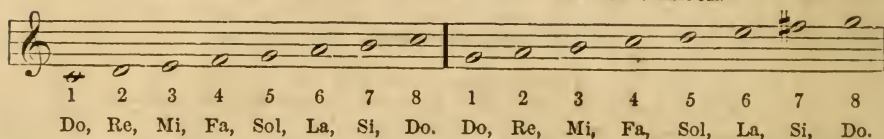
The order of intervals (seconds,) as heretofore learned,—viz: Minor between 3 and 4, and 7 and 8, (Major scale) must, of course, be preserved; and as the Minor seconds occur between the tones (or degrees) E and F, and B and C, it will be found necessary to make use of SHARPS or FLATS to effect this agreement with the letters when the scale is transposed; in other words, make use of some of the intermediate tones which are found in the Chromatic scale.

The first transposition is to take G, (which is a fifth above C,) as One.

KEY OF C MAJOR.

Illustration.

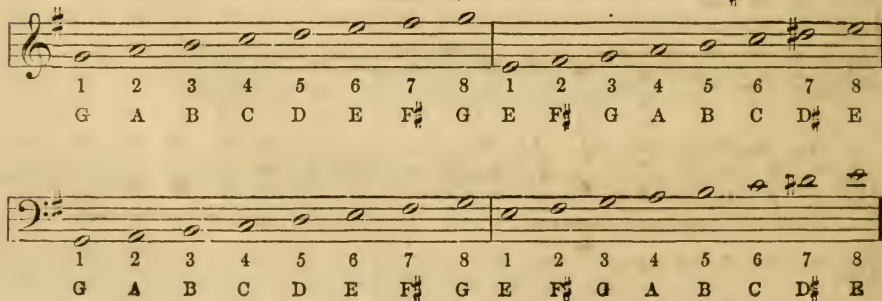
KEY OF G MAJOR.



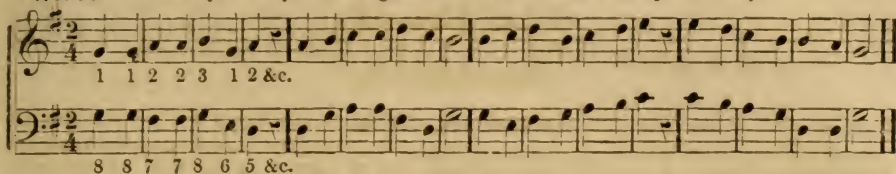
It will be observed that in the above example the tone F sharp is used instead of the tone F. This is because the SECOND from F to G is MAJOR, and to make it MINOR, as from 7 to 8, (as it must always be,) F $\sharp$  is substituted.

In each succeeding transposition, by sharps, an additional sharp will be required for 7 of the scale, for the reason above stated.

The number of sharps or flats used are placed at the beginning of a piece of music, immediately after the Clefs, and are called the SIGNATURE, (sign of the key).

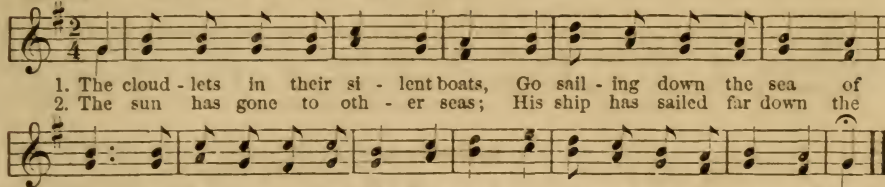
KEY OF G MAJOR AND (RELATIVE) E MINOR. SIGNATURE ONE  $\sharp$ .

No. 58. What key? Why? The signature? Which letter is sharped? Why?



### THE UPPER SEA.

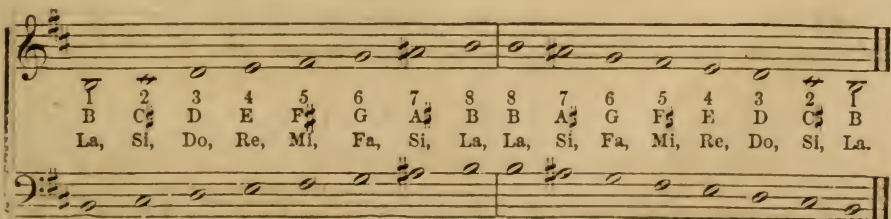
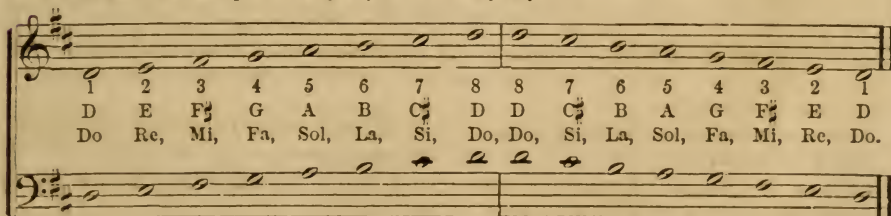
No. 59. What key? Why? The signature?



### Transposition from G to D.

KEY OF D MAJOR AND (RELATIVE) B MINOR. SIGNATURE TWO SHARPS.

Which letters are sharped? Why key of D? Why key of B?



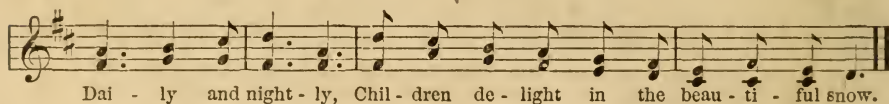
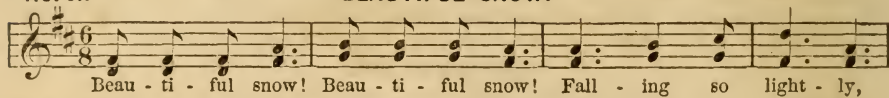


No. 60.

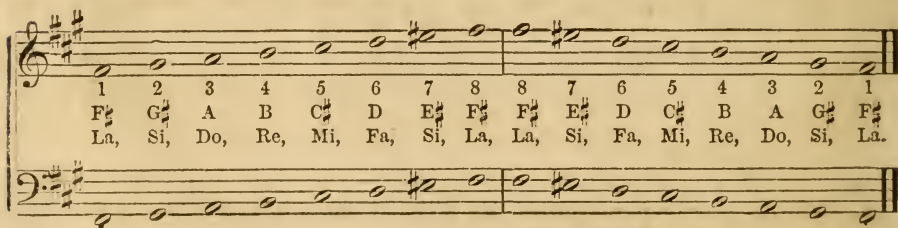
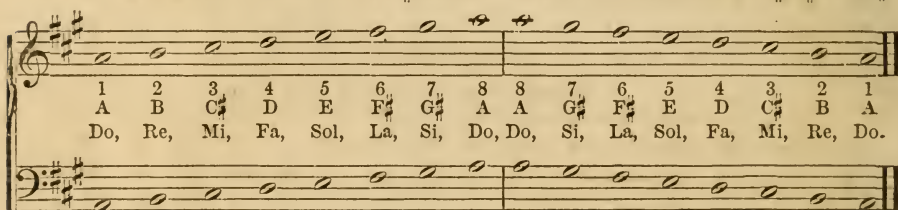


No. 61.

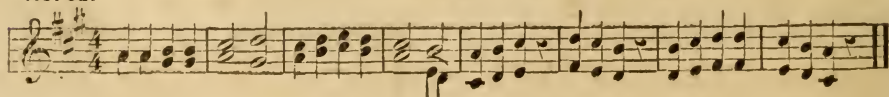
BEAUTIFUL SNOW.



KEY OF A MAJOR AND (THE RELATIVE) F# MINOR. SIGNATURE THREE SHARPS, F#, C# AND G#

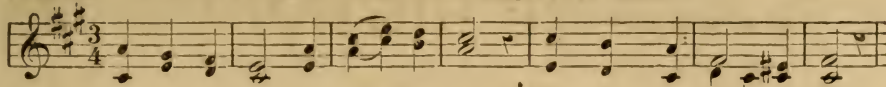


No. 62.

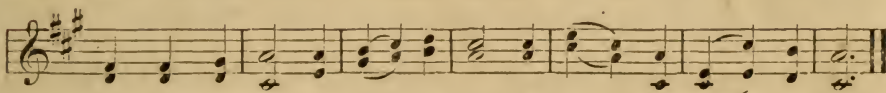


## EXCELSIOR.

No. 63. What kind of measure? Name letters sharpened in the signature.



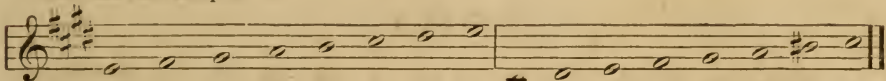
1. Put out thy tal - ents to their use — Lay noth - ing by to rust;
2. So live, in faith and no - ble deed, Till earth re - turns to earth—



Give vul - gar ig - no - rance thy scorn, And in - no - cence thy trust.  
So live that men shall mark the time Gave such a mor - tal birth.

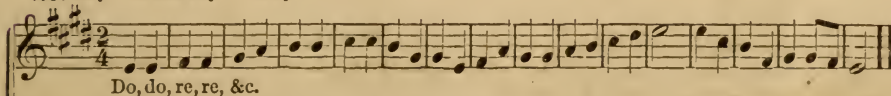
KEY OF E MAJOR AND (RELATIVE) C# MINOR. SIGNATURE FOUR SHARPS.

What letters are sharpened?

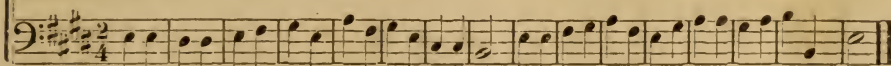


1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
E	F#	G#	A	B	C#	D#	E	C#	D#	E	F#	G#	A	B#	C#
Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Si,	Do,	La,	Si,	Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Si,	La.

No. 64. What key? Why?

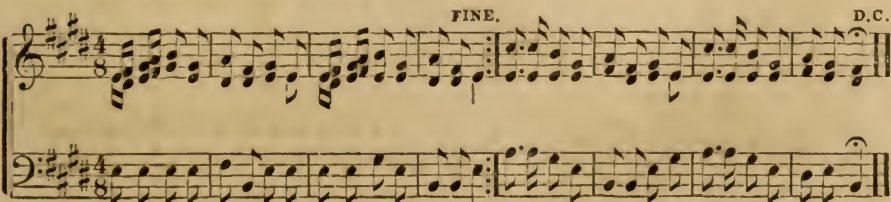


Do, do, re, re, &c.



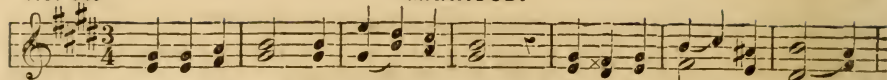
Do, do, si, si, &c.

No. 65. DA CAPO, or D. C., signifies return to the beginning. FINE signifies the end. DA SEGNO, or D. S., signifies repeat to the sign (♯)

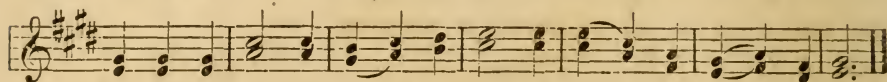


## No. 66.

## MANHOOD.



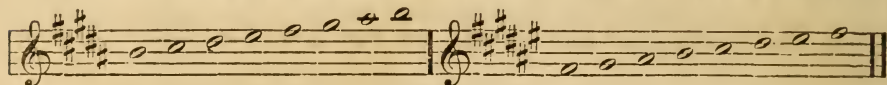
Rise to thy prop - er place in life, Trample up - on all sin;



But still the gen - tle hand hold out To help the wand'r - er in.

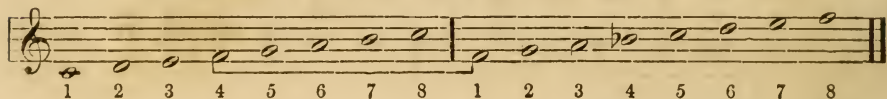
B Major, five sharps (F $\sharp$ , C $\sharp$ , G $\sharp$ , D $\sharp$ , A $\sharp$ ).

F $\sharp$  Major, six sharps (F $\sharp$ , C $\sharp$ , G $\sharp$ , D $\sharp$ , A $\sharp$ , E $\sharp$ ).



## CHAPTER X.

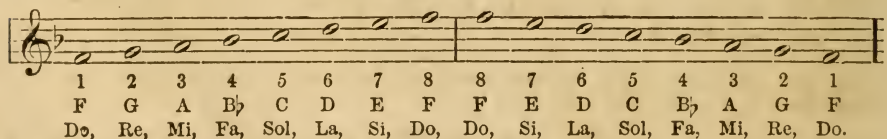
First transposition of the scale by fourths; that is, F is taken as one, which is a fourth above C.



By examining the seconds in the above diagram, taking F as the starting point, or as ONE, it will be readily understood why it is necessary to substitute B $\flat$  for B, viz.: the second between 3 and 4 must be minor, while from A to B is major.

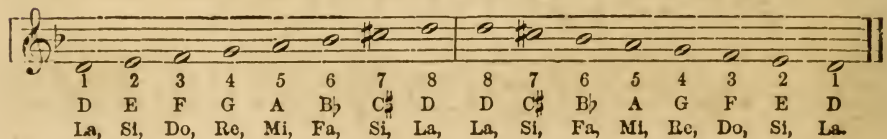
In every succeeding transposition by the use of flats, one additional flat will be required, for the reasons stated above.

## KEY OF F MAJOR.



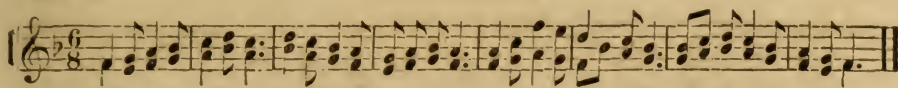
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do, Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.

## KEY OF D MINOR.



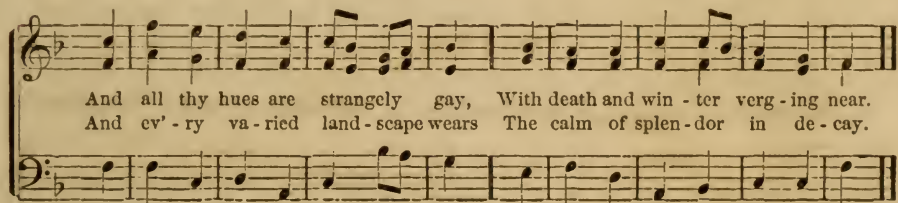
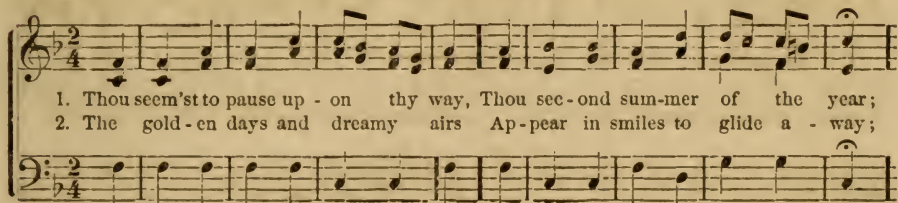
La, Si, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Si, La, La, Si, Fa, Mi, Re, Do, Si, La.

## No. 67.

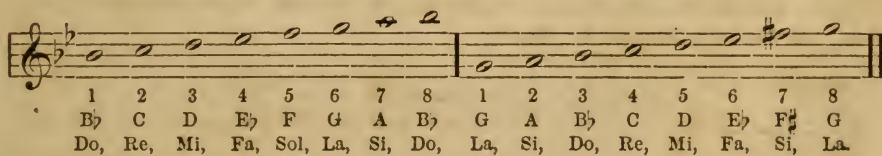


## No. 68.

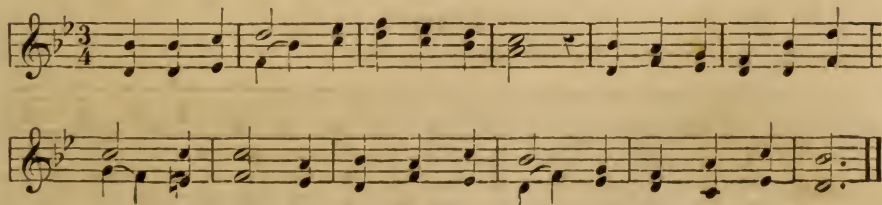
## CLOSE OF AUTUMN.



KEY OF B $\flat$  MAJOR. Signature two flats, and (relative) G MINOR. Which letters are flatted?



## No. 69.





## "SPEAK KINDLY."

No. 70. What key? Signature? Measure? Time?

*Moderato.*

1st time. 2d time.

1. { Speak kind-ly to the err-ing one, And strive his heart to win, }  
 { An act of kindness fit-ly done, May tend to draw } from sin;

2. { Then let us to the err-ing one With kind-ness speak al-way, }  
 { For-get-ting not that we, likewise, Have faults as well } as they;

Then do not harsh-ly turn a-way, But for the err-ing work and pray.  
 And ev-er strive, with all our might, To guide them in the path of right.

KEY OF E $\flat$  MAJOR. Signature three flats (B $\flat$ , E $\flat$ , A $\flat$ ), and (relative) C MINOR. Which letters are flatted?

MAJOR.								MINOR.							
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Si,	Do.	La,	Si,	Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Si,	La.
E $\flat$ ,	F	G	A $\flat$	B $\flat$	C	D	E $\flat$	C	D	E $\flat$	F	G	A $\flat$	B	C

No. 71. The kind of Measure? Time?

*Allegro Moderato.*

## MORNING.

No. 72. The signature? The kind of measure? Time?

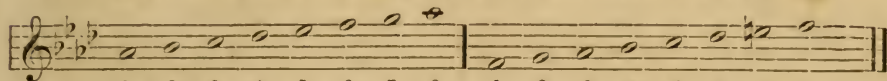
*Allegro.*

1. How bright this glo-rious morn-ing; The storm has passed a-way; The  
 2. And tune-ful birds are sing-ing The first glad notes of spring; Their  
 8. Wakethou, and join the cho-rus, Oh, soul with clouds o'er-cast; While



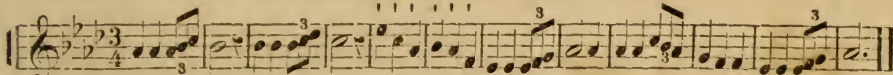
sun - light is a - dorn - ing These hills and moun-tains gray.  
 voic - es sweet - ly ring - ing, 'Tis hap - pi - ness they sing.  
 glo - ry spreads be - fore us, For - get the gloom - y past.

KEY OF A $\flat$  MAJOR. Signature four flats (B $\flat$ , E $\flat$ , A $\flat$ , D $\flat$ ), and (relative) F MINOR.

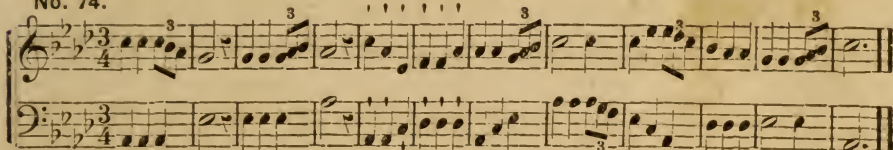


1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
A $\flat$	B $\flat$	C	D $\flat$	E $\flat$	F	G	A $\flat$	F	G	A $\flat$	B $\flat$	C	D $\flat$	E	F
Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Si,	Do,	La,	Si,	Do,	Re,	Fa,	Si,	La,	

No. 73. STACCATO NOTES marked ( ' ' ) must be sung very short.



No. 74.

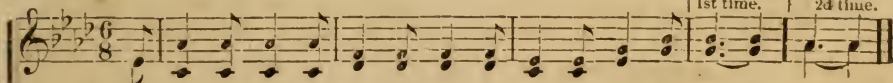


No. 75.

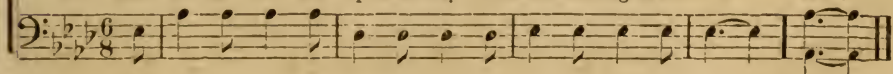
TRUTH.

FINE.

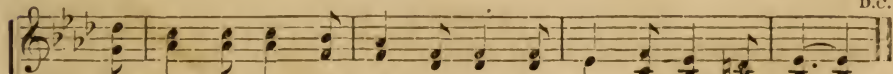
1st time. 2d time.



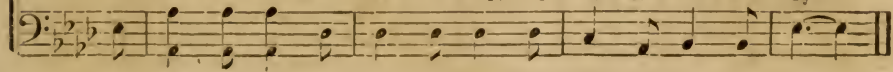
1. To act the truth and speak the truth, How-ev - er rough the way,  
 D.C. This is the sum of les - sons good, From youth to manhood's day.  
 2. We can-not reach the mountain top, And leave the clouds be - low,  
 D.C. And ev - er on the up-ward way Our earn-est thoughts be - - - stow.



D.C.



To love the truth, live for the truth, And for the truth do pray;  
 Un - less with firm and care - ful step, Up crag - gy steeps we go;



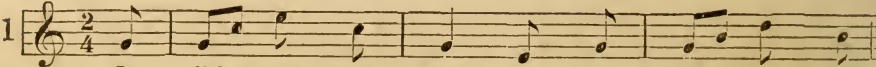
# PART II.

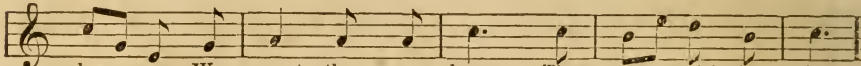
## EXERCISES, ROUNDS, &c.

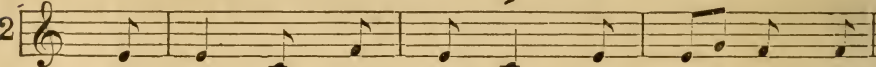
### IN LIGHT TRIPPING MEASURE. (Round in four parts.)

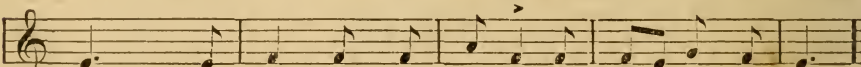
No. 1. (The 2d or 3d part can be omitted.)

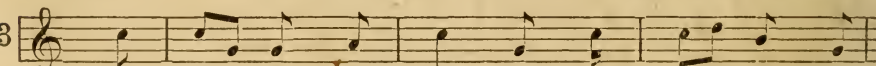
**P**

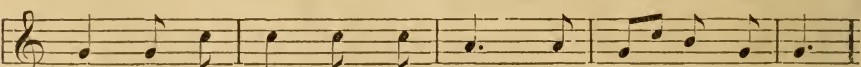
1  In light trip - ping meas - ure, Sur - round - ed by

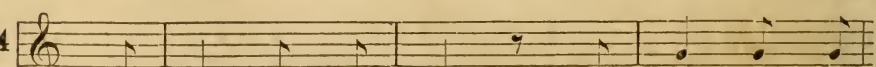
 pleas - ure, We count the gray hours, That too quick - ly fly.

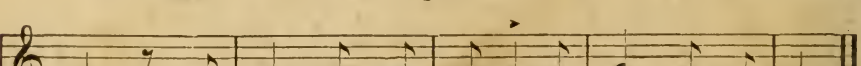
2  A - way, care and sor - row, Ye shall not come

 nigh! A - way, care and sor - row, Ye shall not come nigh.

3  In light trip - ping meas - ure, Sur - round - ed by

 pleas - ure, We count the gray hours That too quick - ly fly.

4  Ye shall not come nigh! Ye shall not come

 nigh! A - way, care and sor - row, Ye shall not come nigh.



No. 2.

1 See the last mer - ry load, Reap - ers now bring!

2 Hark! as they come a - long, Shout - ing they sing!

3 Hear the sweet ech - o Their glad voi - ces ring!

No. 3.

THE HUNTERS. (Round.)

1 Hark! I hear the hun - ters' horn; Hol - lo! hol - lo! hol - lo!

2 Thro' the wood and thro' the field, The hun - ters swift doth go;

3 Fol - low where the hounds are heard; Hol - lo! hol - lo! hol - lo!

No. 4.

THE ANT. (Round.)

1 Go learn of the ant to be pru - dent and wise;

2 In sum - mer she stores a - gainst win - t'ry skies.

3 Re - mem - ber in plen - ty, that want may a - rise.

No. 5.

THE CUCKOO. (Round.)

1 When spring re - turms a - gain, And her flowers once more ap - pear,

2 Her faith - ful her - ald's strain, Thro' the ech - oiing groves we hear:

3 Cuck - oo, Cuck - oo, Cuck - oo, Cuck - oo.



## No. 6. THE BEE. (Round.)

1 Hark, where the bee, with bus - y wing,  
 2 Home to her hive the sweets doth bring,  
 3 She gathers from the flowers of spring.

## EARLY TO BED. (Round.)

No. 7.

1 Ear - ly to bed and early to rise,  
 2 Makes a man healthy and wealthy and wise.  
 3 Ves, very healthy and wealthy and wise.

## THE FLY. (Round in 6 or 3 parts.)

No. 8.

1 Busy, cu - rious, thirsty fly,  
 2 Drink with me, and drink as I;  
 3 Freely welcome to my cup,  
 4 Couldst thou sip and drink it up;  
 5 Use your life while you may,  
 6 Quickly life wears away.

## No. 9. THE HUNTER'S CHORUS. (Round.)

1st voice.

From "School Bell," by permission.

The hun - ter winds his bu - gle horn, To horse! to horse! Hol - lo! hol - lo! The  
 fie - ry cours - er snuffs the morn, And thronging serfs the lord pur - sue;  
 2d voice.  
 The ea - ger pack, with couples freed, Dash'd thro' the brook, the brier, the brake, While  
 answering hounds, and horn, and steeds, The moun - tain ech - oes start - ling wake.  
 3d voice.  
 Up springs from yon - der tan - gled thorn, A deer, more white than mountain snow, And  
 loud - er rang the hunt - er's horn, Hark! for - ward! forward! Hollo! hol - lo!

## ECHOES.

Popular science has long since made us familiar with the fact that the sounds which we hear with our ear are not different in their nature from the colors which we see with our eye. Both are produced alike by the vibrations which they cause in the air, and both are subject to similar laws. Thus, as the rays of light are reflected by solid surfaces, especially when the latter are smooth and highly polished, so sounds are apt to be returned from the surfaces of certain bodies. Soft or elastic substances give way easily to sounds, and hence prevent their being reflected clearly, while hard and rigid substances return them more or less perfectly. This reflection of sound we call echo.

Good echoes are rare, for many reasons. In the first place, the speaker must be a certain distance from the reflecting surface, because sounds travel slowly, at least in comparison with the waves of light. As we cannot very well utter more than five syllables in a second, and as sound requires the tenth part of a second to reach the distance of a hundred feet, the speaker must be, at least, one hundred feet from the reflecting wall, in order to hear the echo of a single syllable.

In the second place, no more syllables must be spoken than can be repeated by the echo, or the first sounds of the echo will be covered up by the last syllable uttered. This circumstance is productive of some of the sportive answers elicited from certain localities.

On the Rhine it is customary for boatmen to entertain travelers by asking a well known rock, "Who is burgomaster of Oberwesel?" to which the answer comes, "Esel," the German word for donkey!

There will be as many repetitions of the echo as there are reflecting surfaces — the regularity and distinctness of the answering voice being dependent upon the distance, &c. Travelers give accounts of many places in this and other countries where the echo effect is very interesting — almost unaccountable. We have in our younger days been highly entertained by the answering voice from some large building, — from some streets of particular construction, having high solid walls on either side, with a curve or angle a short distance away, or from some mountain peak. While standing upon the west side of "Echo Lake," a beautiful body of water surrounded by high mountains, in what is called Franconia Notel, New Hampshire, five or six echoes may be distinctly heard, answering to the voice, the sound of a horn, report of a gun, &c. The effect produced by four persons singing a common chorod to "ah," in an explosive and detached manner is very pleasing, while the answering is *immense* from the report of a cannon.

In artificial or natural vaults, which are closed to the outer world, the echo is not repeated, but increased often to a surprising extent. This is the case in some parts of the Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky.

It is stated that in the Villa Simonetta, near Milan, Italy, there is a building over one hundred feet in length, with two wings of smaller size. The sound of a pistol-shot fired from a certain window in one of the wings into the vast court-yard is repeated forty or fifty times, and a loud-spoken word may be heard distinctly twenty-four times. These observations are reported by Addison and others. Near Glasgow, the banks of the Clyde repeat a short melody three times very clearly, and, it is said, in a lower key each time.

Near Heidelberg there is a deep dell, formed by two high mountains. The person standing at the foot of the Holy Mountain, and firing a pistol hears no echo, but persons standing above or behind him, hear, not the report of the shot, but a thundering repetition of the explosion, crushing from hill-side to hill-side — apparently for some time. At a place where the Nahe empties into the Rhine, near Bingen, a word is repeated seventeen times, and it is said that the echo does not sound alike each time, but is now loud and now soft, now near and now more distant.

The most remarkable natural echo is said to be found in Bohemia, where several sharply-pointed mountains form a kind of circus, or circle, some twenty miles long. At the end of the group, seven syllables are repeated clearly and distinctly three times.

Many other places might be cited of a physical nature, but the most happy effects are produced by the echo of kind words and noble deeds. All our acts and words, although they go out from us and are forgotten, will have a reflex influence upon others, as well as upon ourselves. There will be an echo returning, sooner or later, which will gladden or make sad the heart. "Cast your bread upon the waters." Do good, and echo will say "good." Live to make others happy, and "happy" will be echoed and re-echoed in your own heart and life-experience times without number.

Sweet echo, let thy tones be soft and clear,  
Filling each heart with thy sweet cheer.

P.

# PART III.

## THE SONG ECHO.

### SWEET ECHO.

Words by MARIA L. TAFT.  
*Moderato.*

Music by H. S. PERKINS.

1. Sweet ech-o, wake from yon - der hill, Where nature sleeps in depths so still, And to the  
 2. Sweet ech-o, touch thy ten - der lute, And wake again thy voice so mute; Oh, bear to  
 3. Sweet ech-o, speed in cheering tone, From thy retreat so dark and lone; Now sound a-

CHORUS. *ad lib.*  
*mf* Echo.

ear a gladness bring, On zephyr's bright - est, swiftest wing. Sweet ech - o, \*sweet  
 us a joy - ous strain, And we will list the sweet re - frain. *pp*  
 -gain thy joy - ous lay, And ech - o back what thou didst say.

*Dim. e rit.*  
*mf*

ech - o, Sweet ech - o, sweet ech - o, Let thy tones be sweet and clear, Sweet

*pp Echo.* *m* *ppp Echo.* *m* *3*

ech - o, sweet ech - o, Sweet ech - o, sweet ech - o, Fill each heart with thy sweet cheer

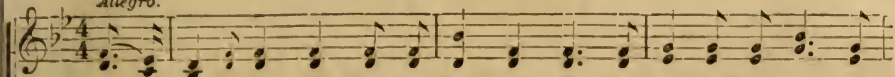
\* The quartette or semi-chorus for the "Echo" can occupy an adjacent room.



# HUNTER'S SONG.

41

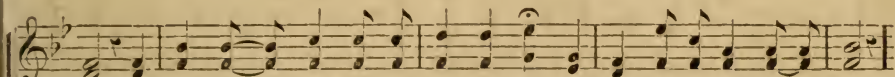
*Allegro.*



1. O, a mer - ry life does the hunt - er lead; He wakes with the dawn of  
2. O, the hun - ter's life is the life for me, Yes, this is the life for



3. Then give me my gun, I've an eye to mark The deer as he bounds a -

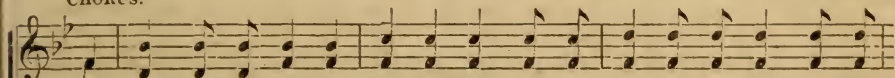


day; He calls his dog, and he mounts his steed, And bounds to the woods a - way.  
man; Let oth - ers sing of the swell-ing sea, But, ah! match the woods if you can.

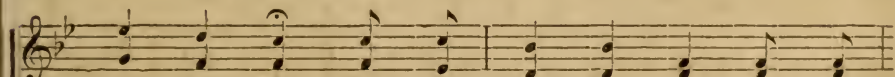
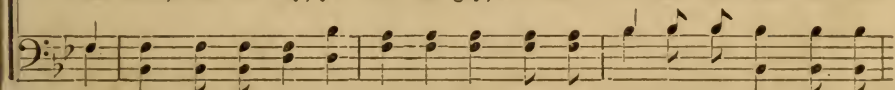


-long; My steed and my dog, and the tune - ful lark, To war - ble my morn-ing song.

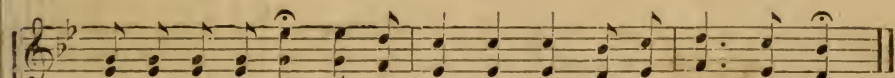
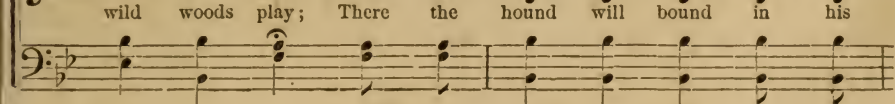
CHORUS.



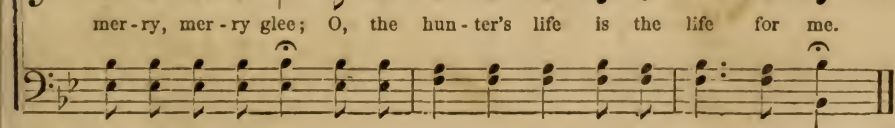
Then come, come a - way, ye hunt - ers gay, Where the doe and the fawn in the



wild woods play; There the hound will bound in his



mer - ry, mer - ry glee; O, the hun - ter's life is the life for me.





## SHOUT WE GOOD MORNING.

*Cheerful.*

Words and Music by H. S. P.

1. Shout, shout we good morn - ing, Now hap - py are we, Bright  
2. Shout, shout we good morn - ing, We'll pass it a - round, With

sun - light a - dorn - ing, O'er wood - land and sea; Thrice welcome the meet - ing, Hearts  
smiles all a - dorn - ing, Re - ech - o the sound; Then hearts warmly beat - ing, Shall

full of good cheer, No cold, chil - ly greet - ing For us who are here.  
blend with our song, And at ev' - ry meet - ing, As we march a - long.

CHORUS. *Girls.* Good morn - ing, *Boys.* *Girls.* Good morning, *Boys.* *All.* *f* Good morning, *Girls.* Good  
*cres.* Good morning, Good morning, Good morn - ing,  
Good morn - ing,

*Boys.* morn - ing, *Girls.* Good morn - ing, *Boys.* *All.* *f*  
Good morn - ing, Good morn - ing, Good morn - ing.  
Good morn - ing.

Words by Mrs. L. MATILDA FLETCHER.

P.

1. O'er life's strange and rest-less sea, Beautiful voice - es come to me, Near and  
 2. Sing - ing of the heavenly land, Telling that the Fa - ther's hand Shapes the

CHORUS.  
 near - er yet they come, Breath-ing words of love from home. O - ver the  
 des - ti - ny of all, Not - ing eve - ry sparrow's fall.

sea, O - ver the sea, Beau - ti - ful voice - es come whispering to me; Near - er they

Rit.  
 come, where'er I roam, Breathing sweet sounds of the dear ones from home.

3 Sweeter than the song of birds,  
 Dearer than angel's words,  
 Comes my darling's voice to me,  
 Strains of rarest melody. CHORUS.

4 Saying what she did that day,  
 When death turned her form to clay:  
 "Sweetest music, inamma dear,  
 Little Allie ever hear." CHORUS.

## SONG FOR BOYS.

Arr. from J. W. HUTCHINSON.

*Cheerful.*

1. When I was young, a - bout six - teen, None was more bright and gay; I  
2. I loved to use a pock - et - knife, Be - fore I went to school, And

3. But now I'm old,—my heart is sad, My locks are all turned gray, And

gambol'd nim - bly on the green, Or sport - ed in the hay. The  
fast I learned the mys - t'ry of That waste - ful, mag - ic tool; My

ev' - ry scene that made me glad, Has passed, has passed a - way. Be -

bloom of youth was on my cheek, My heart was full of joy; How  
hoard - ed cents I prized so high, I glad - ly gave to own; And

-fore I'm call'd to leave this world, My mind I will em - ploy, And

hap - py were those days to me, The mer - ry farm - er's boy.  
soon the mag - ic art I learned, To whet it on a stone.

think that I was once in life, A mer - ry farm - er's boy.

## CHORUS.

For I was a farm - er's boy, For I was a farm - er's

For I was a farm - er's boy, For I was a farm - er's

For I was a farm - er's boy, For I was a farm - er's

*p* *f* *p* *f* *f*  
boy. Yo ho! yo ho! yo ho! yo ho! Johnny get the cows home,

*p* *f* *p* *f* *f*  
boy. Yo ho! yo ho! yo ho! yo ho! Johnny get the cows home,

*p* *f* *p* *f* *f*

*Repeat chorus ad lib.*

John - ny get the cows home, For I was a farm - er's boy.

John - ny get the cows home, For I was a farm - er's boy.

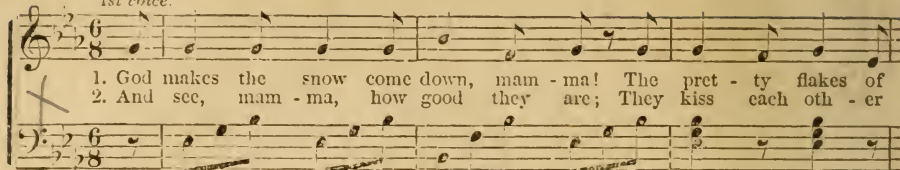


## DUETT AND CHORUS.

Words by Mrs. L. M. FLETCHER.

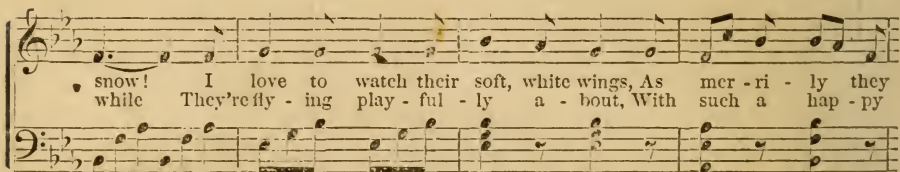
H.

1st voice.



1. God makes the snow come down, mam - ma! The pret - ty flakes of  
 2. And see, mam - ma, how good they are; They kiss each oth - er

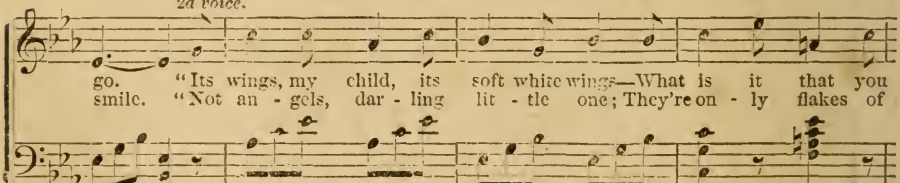
3. They shake their love - ly wings for joy, And down their feath - ers  
 4. I'm sure that these pure snow - an - gels Are hap - py as they



snow! I love to watch their soft, white wings, As mer - ri - ly they  
 while They're fly - ing play - ful - ly a - bout, With such a hap - py

come, With dance and cir - cle thro' the air, Un - til they reach our  
 go; And such sweet names they have up there, Where lit - tle an - gels

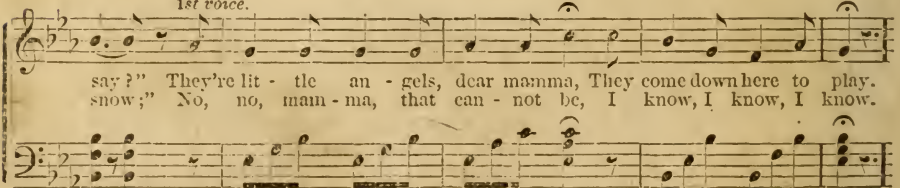
2d voice.



go. "Its wings, my child, its soft white wings—What is it that you  
 smile. "Not an - gels, dar - ling lit - tle one; They're on - ly flakes of

home. "You think they're ti - ny feath - ers, dropp'd From off the an - gels'  
 grow. "Tis on - ly fro - zen va - pors, child, We've learned to calk it

1st voice.



say?" They're lit - tle an - gels, dear mamma, They come down here to play.  
 snow;" No, no, mam - ma, that can - not be, I know, I know, I know.

wings;" Yes, that is it, you see, mamma, Where'er the an - gels sing.  
 snow." Oh yes, we call it snow, mamma, Be - cause we do not know.

## CHORUS.

The snow, that's made where an - gels sing, The pret - ty flakes of snow, I

love to watch its soft white wings, As mer - ri - ly they go.

X  
LIGHTLY ROW.

MENDEL.

1. Light - ly row! light - ly row! O'er the glass - y waves we go; Smoothly glide,  
2. Far a - way! far a - way! Ech - o in the rocks at play, Call - eth not,

smooth - ly glide, On the si - lent tide. Let the winds and wa - ters be  
pp La, la, la, la, la, la, la,  
call - eth not To this lone - ly spot. On - ly with the sea - bird's note,

Repeat to la.

Mingled with our mel - o - dy; Sing and float! sing and float! In our lit - tle boat.  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! In our lit - tle boat.  
{ Ech - o's voi - ces low.  
Shall our dy - ing mu - sic float; Lightly row; lightly row! Ech - o's voi - ces low.

## THERE'S NONE LEFT TO LOVE ME.

Arr. from ALICE MORTIMER.

1. The last tear I shed was the warm one that fell When I  
 2. I thought of the coun-sels, un-heed-ed or spurned, As

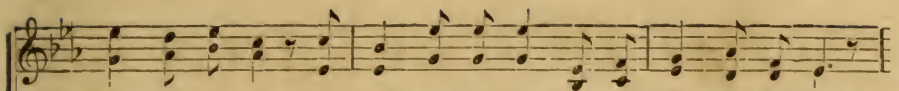
kissed thee, dear moth-er, and bade thee fare - well; I saw the deep an-guish im-mirth had en - liv-ened or an - ger had burned; And how, when by sickness all

-pressed on thy face, And felt for the last time a moth-er's em-brace; I  
 help - less I lay, Thou nursed me, and soothed me, by night and by day; Years,

thought of my boy-hood, thy kind - ness to me, When, youngest and dear - est, I  
 years of en - du-rance have vanished, and now There's pain in my heart, there is

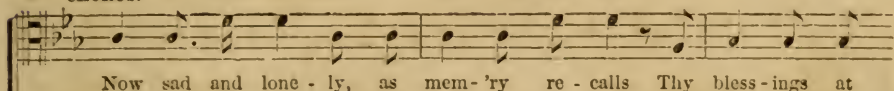
sat on thy knee, Of thy love to me ev - er so  
 care on my brow; All the vis - ions of hope and of



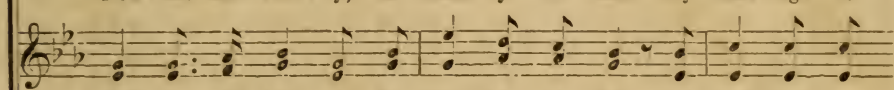


kind - ly expressed, As I grew to man-hood un - con-scious - ly blessed.  
fan - cy are gone, And cheer-less I trav - el life's path - way a - lone.

## CHORUS.



Now sad and lone - ly, as mem-'ry re - calls Thy bless - ings at



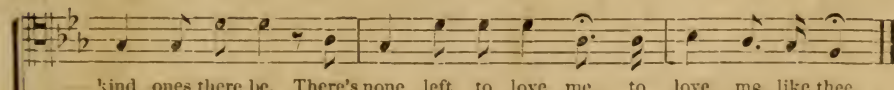
Now sad and lone - ly, as mem-'ry re - calls Thy bless - ings at



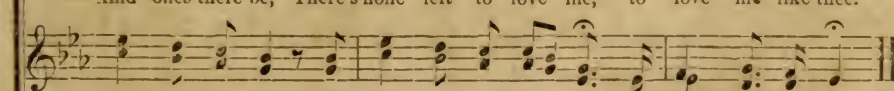
part - ing, a - gain the tear falls; A - lone, all a - lone, tho' some



part - ing, a - gain the tear falls; A - lone, all a - lone, tho' some



kind ones there be, There's none left to love me, to love me like thee.



kind ones there be, There's none left to love me, to love me like thee.



1. Twinkle, twinkle lit - tle star, How I wonder what you are; Up a - bove the  
 2. Then the traveler in the dark, Thanks you for your ti - ny spark; He could not see which

*D.C. for 2d verse.*

As your bright and ti - ny spark, Lights the trav'ler in the dark, Tho' I know not

*(Omit in the D.C., and pass to "twinkle," &c.)*

world so high, Like a diamond in the sky! When the blaz - ing sun is gone,  
 way to go, If you did not twin - kle so. In the dark blue sky you keep,

what you are, Twinkle, twinkle, lit - tle star.

When you nothing shine up - on, Then you show your lit - tle light, Twinkle, twinkle,  
 Of - ten thro' my curtains peep, For you nev - er shut your eye, Till the sun is

*D.C. (After the repeat, each verse.)*

all the night. Twinkle, (*echo*) twinkle, (*echo*) twinkle, lit - tle star.  
 in the sky. twinkle, twinkle,

\*An octave higher, if played.

*mp* *Sra.* *Sra.* *mf*

Twin - kle, (echo) twin - kle, (echo) Twinkle, lit - tle star.  
twinkle, twinkle,

This musical score is for the song 'Twinkle, Little Star'. It is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains the first line of music, and the second system contains the second line. The lyrics are written below the notes. The dynamics are marked as *mp* (mezzo-piano), *Sra.* (soprano), *Sra.* (soprano), and *mf* (mezzo-forte). The lyrics are: 'Twin - kle, (echo) twin - kle, (echo) Twinkle, lit - tle star. twinkle, twinkle,'.

THE TAT-TOO.

Words by DEXTER SMITH.

\*

1. All around the camps of our ar - mies, Sen - ti - nels were set, Till the  
2. Sil - ver stars now shine bright a - bove us, Cheer us on our way; We shall

This musical score is for the song 'The Tat-Too'. It is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains the first line of music, and the second system contains the second line. The lyrics are written below the notes. The lyrics are: '1. All around the camps of our ar - mies, Sen - ti - nels were set, Till the 2. Sil - ver stars now shine bright a - bove us, Cheer us on our way; We shall'.

shades of the eve - ning ap - pear - ing, And the tat - tat - tat - too was  
soon be re - lieved from our du - ties, So we cheer - i - ly march a -

This musical score is for the song 'The Tat-Too'. It is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains the first line of music, and the second system contains the second line. The lyrics are written below the notes. The lyrics are: 'shades of the eve - ning ap - pear - ing, And the tat - tat - tat - too was soon be re - lieved from our du - ties, So we cheer - i - ly march a -'.

beat. Till the tat - tat - tat - too, the tat - tat - tat - too, the tat - tat - tat - too, The  
-way. Till the tat - tat - tat - too, the tat - tat - tat - too, the tat - tat - tat - too, The

This musical score is for the song 'The Tat-Too'. It is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains the first line of music, and the second system contains the second line. The lyrics are written below the notes. The lyrics are: 'beat. Till the tat - tat - tat - too, the tat - tat - tat - too, the tat - tat - tat - too, The -way. Till the tat - tat - tat - too, the tat - tat - tat - too, the tat - tat - tat - too, The'.

*accel.*

r - r - r - r . . . . . r.  
r - r - r - r . . . . . r.

This musical score is for the song 'The Tat-Too'. It is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains the first line of music, and the second system contains the second line. The lyrics are written below the notes. The lyrics are: 'r - r - r - r . . . . . r. r - r - r - r . . . . . r.'.

Words by E. A. WARDEN.

Music by J. S. CoX.

## SEMI-CHORUS.

1. I'm left all a-lone in my sor-row, No moth-er to soothe me to rest, No  
2. Oh, why am I left so for-sak-en? My wealth is but mer-ci-less dross; Say,

dear one to watch for to-mor-row, No dar-ling to lean on my breast. No  
why were my dear ones all tak-en? Ah! what can a-tone for their loss? A-

mu-sic is heard in my dwell-ing, The emp-ty rooms ech-o my tread, Each  
-lone my sad vig-il I'm keep-ing, Thro' all the sad hours of the night, And

lone-ly sound, too plain-ly tell-ing Of loved ones now si-lent and dead.  
still in my sor-row I'm weep-ing, When morn-ing dis-pers-es her light.

Left a-lone, left a-lone, In sor-row I'm left all a-lone. I'm  
Left a-lone, left a-lone, In sor-row I'm left all a-lone. I'm

## FULL CHORUS.



left all a - lone in my sor - row, No wel - come voice an - swers my, call, I

watch for the dear ones to - mor - row, The cold grave has ta - ken them all. .)

## SUMMER'S GONE.

*Piano e legato.*

H. S. P.

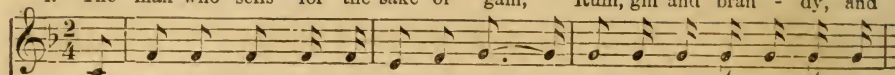
1. Sum - mer's gone, sum - mer's gone, Fast the sea - son hast - ens on;  
 2. Fall - ing leaves, fall - ing leaves, Tell how sad - ly na - ture grieves,  
 3. Sum - mer's gone, sum - mer's gone, Wea - ry win - ter hast - ens on;

*cres.* *f* *p rit. ad lib.* *pp*  
 While we lin - ger, how they fly, Si - lent - ly, Si - lent - ly.  
 While the au - tumn breez - es blow— Soft and low, soft and low.  
 So shall life, like sum - mer's day, Pass a - way, pass a - way.

*Andante.*

W. F. HEATH.

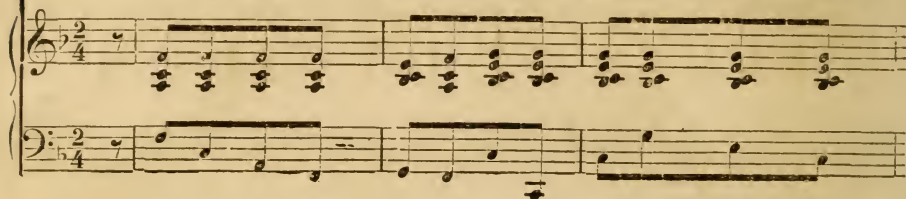
4. The man who sells for the sake of gain, Rum, gin and bran - dy, and



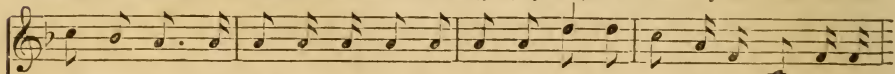
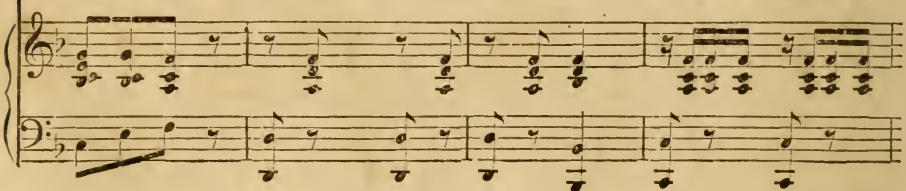
1. There comes old Jones, with his face so cross, His old creak-y wag-on, and his

2. There comes Squire Brown, with his rig so neat, His wife, with her daughter, and his

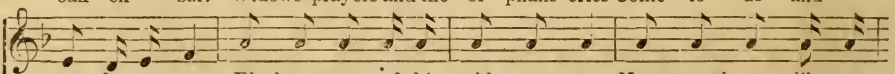
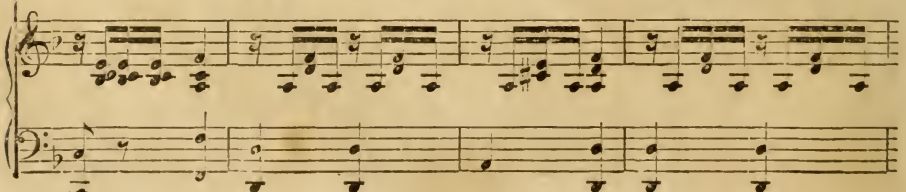
3. You think quite strange of my song, no doubt, But wait till I tell you what it



sweet champagne, He's worse than the drunkard, yes, by far, Who dai - ly is seen at his

bald-faced horse. He's off for the grog-shop in great haste,  
dark - ey Pete. He's dressed like a king, from top to toe,  
is a - bout, And don't get ex - ci - ted when I say,Bound for a drink at a  
Out for a drive, and to  
Brown is the man we are

oak - en bar. Widows' prayers and the or - phans' cries Come to us and

two-for-ty pace; El - bows out of his old gray coat, Nose turned up like a  
make a fine show; Neighbors bow as he pass - es by, All are anx - ious to  
af - ter to - day; Though he rides in his car - riage neat, Drove a - round by his

say, "a-rise!" Men of worth and of great renown, Put the un-ho-ly traf-fic down.

Berkshire shoat; Rags all 'round, and his hat stove in, All bro't about by drinking gin.  
 catch his eye; He is rich, for he's got the tin, All bro't about by sell-ing gin.  
 dark-cy Pete, He does sell for the sake of gain, Rum, gin and brandy without shame.

## CHORUS.

Soprano and Alto.

*Rit.*

1. Drink - ing gin, drink - ing gin, Oh, it is a dread - ful sin;  
 2. Sell - ing gin, sell - ing gin, Oh, it is a dread - ful sin;

Tenor.

3. All for gain, All for gain, Quite re - gard - less of the stain;  
 4. Put it down, Put it down, All re - gard - less of the frown;

Bass.

*Rit.**a tempo.*

El - bows out, and his hat stove in, All bro't a - bout by drinking gin.  
 What cares he, for he's got the tin, All bro't a - bout by sell - ing gin.

He does sell for the sake of gain, Rum, gin, and brandy, without shame.  
 Men of worth, and of great re - nown, Rise in your strength, and put it down.



## SHE SLEEPS IN THE VALLEY.

DUETT AND CHORUS.

H. R. PALMER.

*With expression.*

1. She sleeps in the val - ley so sweet, A - bove her the green willows  
 2. How calm - ly she rest - ed in God: "To thy arms, my Saviour, I

The first system of the musical score is in 4/4 time. It features a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the piano part uses chords and single notes.

wave; We planted the rose at her feet, . . . To bloom and de - cay o'er her  
 come; Come quickly, come quickly, O Lord, . . . And welcome thy wan - der - er

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal melody and piano accompaniment follow the same pattern as the first system, with the piano part providing harmonic support through chords and single notes.

grave. She sleeps in the valley so sweet, . . . No sound e'er disturbs her re-  
 home." She sleeps in the valley so sweet, . . . Her spir - it has tak - en its

The third system concludes the musical score on this page. It maintains the 4/4 time signature and the duett and chorus structure, with the vocal melody and piano accompaniment continuing to the end of the system.

-pose, So qui - et in this calm re - treat . . She rests safe, secure from life's woes.  
flight, Her form is but dust 'neath our feet, . . While she is an an-gel of light.

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a half rest followed by eighth notes, while the piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a dotted half-note pattern in the left hand.

CHORUS.  
Soprano and Alto.

*p* She sleeps in the valley, she sleeps in the valley, she sleeps in the valley so sweet.  
Tenor.

*p* She sleeps in the valley, she sleeps in the valley, she sleeps in the valley so sweet.  
Bass.

The chorus section is written for Soprano and Alto voices. It features a vocal melody in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a half rest followed by eighth notes, while the piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a dotted half-note pattern in the left hand.

Repeat Chorus, *pp*.

She sleeps in the val - ley, she sleeps in the val - ley, she sleeps in the valley so sweet.

*pp*

*pp* She sleeps in the val - ley, she sleeps in the val - ley, she sleeps in the valley so sweet.

The repeat chorus section is written for piano. It features a vocal melody in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a half rest followed by eighth notes, while the piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a dotted half-note pattern in the left hand.

*Cheerfully.*

1. O - ver the sea, o - ver the sea, I hear what a lit - tle bird whispered to me;  
 2. O - ver the sea, o - ver the sea, Man - y a day he has wander - ed from me;

O - ver the sea, o - ver the sea, Somebod - y's com - ing; how hap - py I'll be.  
 O - ver the sea, o - ver the sea, Cheerful, and hap - py, and mer - ry I'll be.

Come, march a - way, march a - way, Ye lads of the heath - er, now  
 Now march a - way, march a - way, To meet him once more on his

gath - er to - gether, Then march a - way, march a - way, We'll  
 own na - tive shore, So march a - way, march a - way, No

join in the song as we're marching a - long. O 'tis o - ver the sea,  
 more shall he roam from his own na - tive home. O, 'tis o - ver the sea,



spot is so dear to my child-hood As the lit-tle brown church in the vale.

# RIPPLE, LITTLE BROOKLET.

LYDIA H. FRENCH.

1. Rip - ple, rip - ple, lit - tle brook - let, Danc - ing o'er the peb - bles white;  
 2. Rip - ple, rip - ple, lit - tle brook - let, Wind - ing through the fra - grant mead;  
 3. Rip - ple, rip - ple, lit - tle brook - let, Flow - ing on - ward thro' the dell;  
 4. Rip - ple, rip - ple, lit - tle brook - let, What a les - son thou dost teach;

Sing - ing in the mer - ry sun-shine, Mak - ing mu - sic thy de-light.  
 Wat'r - ing flow - ers on thy bor-ders, In the time of ut - most need.  
 And the riv - ers' fail - ing wa - ters Ev - er flow - ing thou dost swell.  
 All the bless - ings God hath giv - en, Like the brook - let, flow to each.

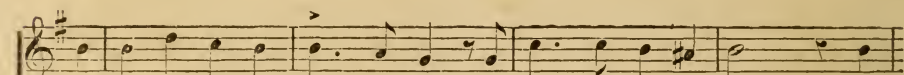
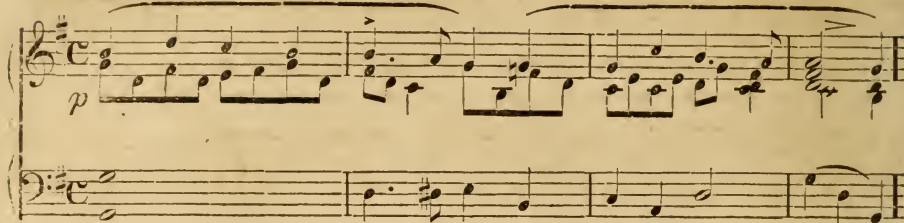
CHORUS.

Repeat pp.

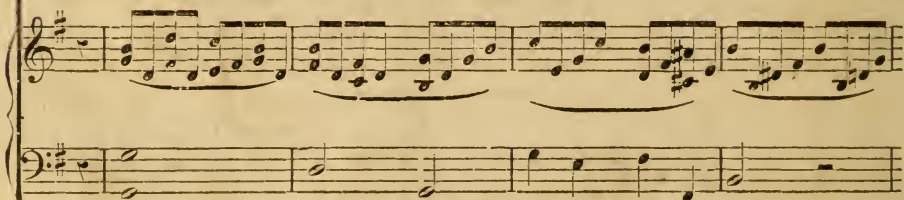
Rip-pling and prancing, laughing with song, Danc-ing and skipping, sing-ing a - long.

Words by GEORGE COOPER.

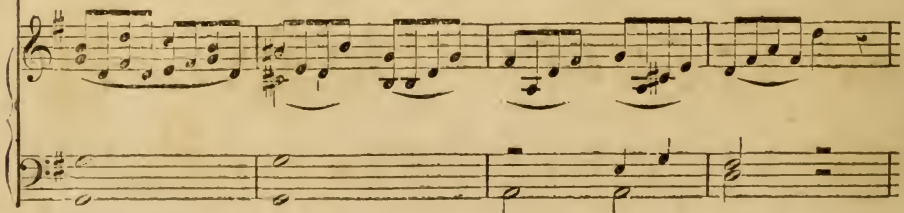
Music by J. R. THOMAS.

*Andantino.*

- |  |      |
|--|------|
| 1. When wand'ring feet have wea - ry grown, And clouds make dim our way; | When |
| 2. Oh! gen - tle balm for ev' - ry grief, Oh! foun - tain of our love!   | Here |
| 3. So bear thy bur - den, wea - ry one, The toil will soon be o'er;      | Thy  |



all our dearest hopes are flown, And dark - ly looms the day;	The
may my spir - it find re - lief While in the gloom I rove.	Lo!
longing eyes—their weep - ing done—Shall see the gold - en shore!	How



blest as - surance, Oh! how sweet, A - mid this world of dross, Where  
 soft - ly falls up - on my ear, A - mid my pain and loss, The  
 fair the blessing af - ter pain! The gain for - ev - er loss! In

The first system of the musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note D5. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simple harmonic accompaniment in the left hand.

ev - er stray our wea - ry feet: "No crown without the cross!" "No  
 watch-word quelling ev' - ry fear: "No crown without the cross!" "No  
 life and death, in sun and rain: "No crown without the cross!" "No

The second system continues the musical score. It includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a crescendo marking (*cres.*) above the final measure. The piano accompaniment features a more complex rhythmic pattern with sixteenth notes in the right hand and a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand. A piano marking (*p*) is placed below the piano part.

crown, No crown with - out . . . . . the cross!"

The third system concludes the piece. It features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a diminuendo marking (*dim.*) above the first measure. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simple harmonic accompaniment in the left hand. The system ends with a double bar line.



1. Old Auntie Brown is feeble now, Her hair is thin and gray; It  
 2. Her husband he is dead and still, Yet he was ve - ry old; Be-  
 3. The paint is all worn off the chair That she has had so long; Sho

wanders o'er her wrinkled brow, And there she lets it lay; She  
 fore he died he made his will, And left her all his gold. She  
 bought it at an orphan's fair, When she was young and strong; She

cannot knit, she cannot read, Nor dare she e - ven sew; Yet  
 has no son to break her heart, Nor daugh - tervain to feed; Yet  
 used to think the most of it,— That good old chair of yore; In

she could do them, oh! how well! Some fifty years ago.  
one by one her days depart, Un-known to care or need.  
it she sewed, in it she knit, And read her Bible o'er.

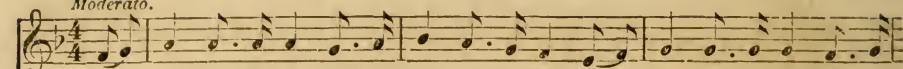
CHORUS.

Old Aunt - y Brown, kind Aunt - y Brown, How short must be thy stay! Ere  
Old Aunt - y Brown, kind Aunt - y Brown, How short must be thy stay! Ere

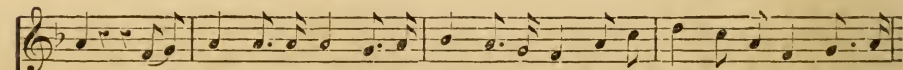
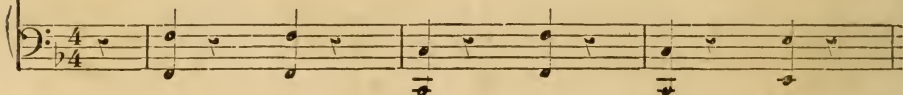
ma - ny days thou'lt lie thee down, And sleep with - in the clay.  
ma - ny days thou'lt lie . thee down, And sleep with - in tho clay.

## SONG AND CHORUS.

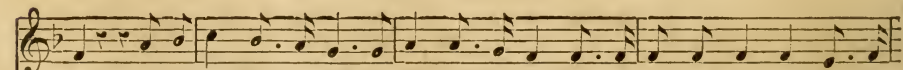
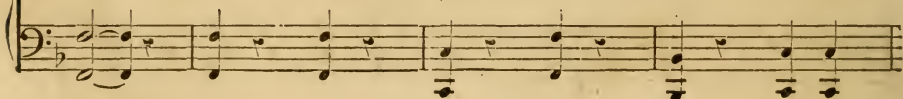
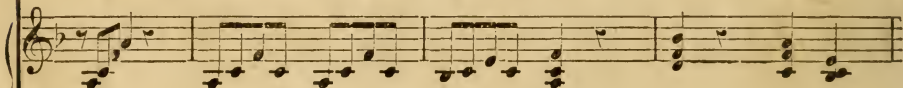
A. E. A. MUEP.

*Moderato.*

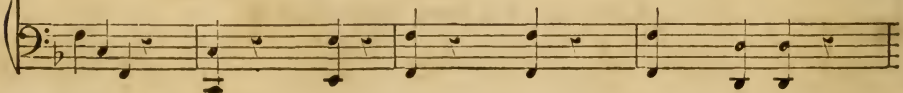
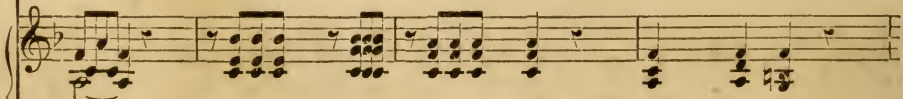
1. I re-mem - ber the time when we part - ed, dear Nell, The night that you kissed me good -  
 2. I tho't when I left you my pathway was clear, And dream'd not of sor - row or  
 3. I re-mem - ber these words as I said them to you, "That the beach might forget the blue



-bye; The moon in her beau - ty was then looking down, And the stars twinkled up in the  
 woe; The pic - ture was fair, and my hopes they were bright, But a - las! they no longer now  
 sea; And the birds of the wood might forget their sweet songs, But I'd ev - er be constant to

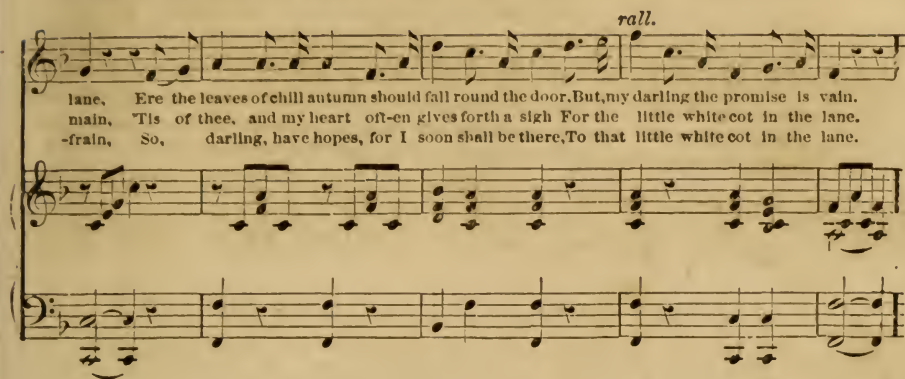


sky; Oh! I promised you then that I would return To the lit - tle white cot in the  
 glow. But there's one happy tho't that still fills my breast, And it comes from a - far o'er the  
 thee." Now the wild waves still wash the sands on the beach, And the birds sweetly sing their re -



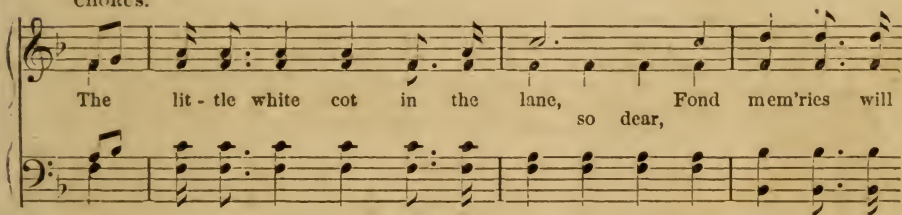


*rall.*

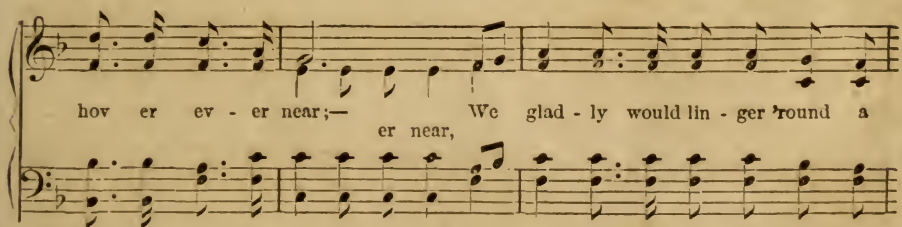


lane, Ere the leaves of chill autumn should fall round the door. But, my darling the promise is vain.  
 main, 'Tis of thee, and my heart oft-en gives forth a sigh For the little white cot in the lane.  
 -frain, So, darling, have hopes, for I soon shall be there, To that little white cot in the lane.

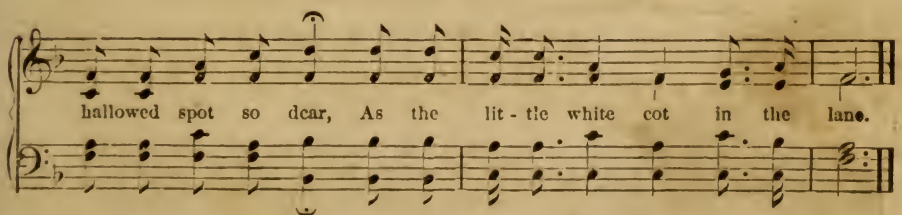
## CHORUS.



The lit - tle white cot in the lane, so dear, Fond mem'ries will



hov er ev - er near;— er near, We glad - ly would lin - ger 'round a



hallowed spot so dear, As the lit - tle white cot in the lane.

(CHICK-ER-DEE-DEE.)

H. S.

1. Oh, what will be - come of thee, poor lit - tle bird? The mut - ter - ing storm in the  
 2. But what makes thee seem so unconscious of care? The brown earth is fro - zen, the  
 3. But man feels a bur - den of want and of grief, While plucking the clus - ter and  
 4. We thank thee, bright moni - tor; what thou hast taught, Will oft be the theme of the

dis - tance is heard; The rough winds are wak - ing, the clouds growing black, They'll  
 branches are bare; And how canst thou be so light-hearted and free, Like  
 bind - ing the sheaf; We take from the o - cean, the earth, and the air, And  
 hap - pi - est thought; We look at the clouds, while the bird has an eye—To

soon scat - ter snow - flakes all o - ver thy back. From what sunny clime hast thou  
 Lib - er - ty's form, with the spir - it of glee, When no place is near thee for  
 all their rich gifts do not si - lence our care; In summer we faint; in the  
 Him who reigns o - ver them, changeless and high. And now, lit - tle he - ro, just

wan - dered a - way, And what art thou do - ing this cold win - ter day?  
 thy eve - ning rest; No leaf for thy screen, for thy bo - som no rest?  
 win - ter we're chilled, With ev - er a void that is yet to be filled.  
 tell us thy name, That we may be sure whence our or - a - cle came.

SOLO, by a small boy or girl, concealed, if convenient.

I'm pecking the gum from the old peach tree: The storm does not trouble me—Chick-er-dee-dee.  
 Because the same hand is a shelter to me, That took off the summer leaves—Chick-er-dee-dee.  
 A ver - y small portion sufficient will be, If sweetened with grat-i-tude—Chick-er-dee-dee.  
 Because in all weather I'm happy and free, They call me the "Winter King"—Chick-er-dee-dee.

# "PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES."

Words by ALICE CARY.

M. Z. TINKER.

1. The spi - der wears a plain brown dress, And she's a steady spin - ner; To  
 2. She looks as if no thought of ill In all her life had stirred her, But  
 3. My child, who sings this sim - ple lay, With eyes down-dropped and ten - der, De-  
 4. 'Tis not the house, and not the dress, That makes the saint or sin - ner. To

see her qui - et as a mouse, Going a - bout her sil - ver house, You would  
 while she moves with careless tread, And while she spins her silk - en thread, She is  
 mem - ber the old proverb says, That pret - ty is which pret - ty does, And that  
 see the spi - der sit and spin, Shut with her web of sil - ver in, You would

never, nev - er, nev - er guess The way she gets her din - ner.  
 planning, planning, plan - ning, still, The way to do some mur - der.  
 worth does not go nor stay, For pov - er - ty nor splen - dor.  
 never, nev - er, nev - er guess The way she gets her din - ner.



Words by GEORGE COOPER.

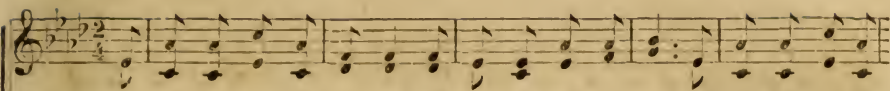
Arr. from H. MILLARD.

1. Refuge in my pain and fear, Blessed boon, for - ev - er near; Hope when earthly  
2. Anchor of my wea - ry soul, While the darkling billows roll: Pleasant mansion

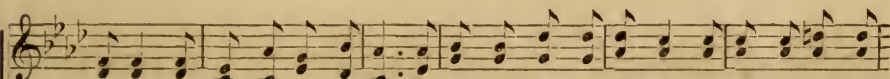
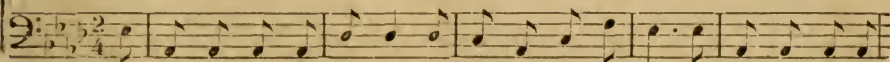
hope shall fail, Balm when hearts with ter - ror quail; Light up - on our stormy way,  
of my rest, Making me a welcome guest; To - ken of our Father's love,

Friendly guide from day to day; Life may joy or sorrow bring, Saviour to thy  
While in doubt and fear we rove; Death may joy or sorrow bring, Saviour to thy

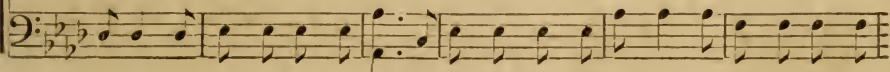
cross I cling! To thy cross, to thy cross, Saviour, to thy cross I cling.  
cross I cling! To thy cross, to thy cross, Saviour, to thy cross I cling.



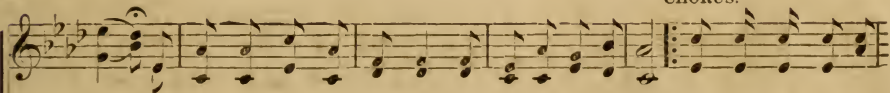
1. I cannot catch the sunshine; Dear mother, tell me why A gen - tle lit - tle
2. I hope it does not fear me, Like that dear lit - tle bird, That sang to me so
3. But mother, you are weeping; I hear a choking sigh; Please, mamma, let me



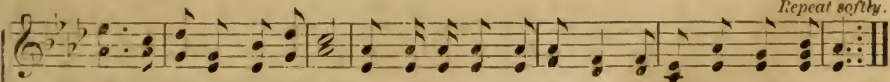
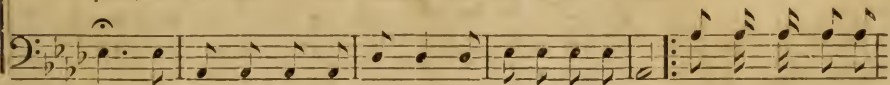
sunbeam Should be so strangely shy? I feel it touch my forehead, And lightly kiss my sweetly, But flew soon as I stirred. I would not long confine it, Dear mother, tell it kiss you, And do not, do not cry. I will be ve - ry pa - tient, Nor for the sunlight



## CHORUS.

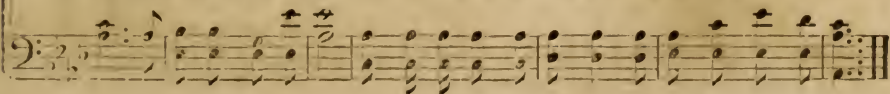


cheek, But when my hand would grasp it, Its place in vain I seek. Yes, when we meet in so; I cannot, cannot find it, Where did the sunbeam go? pine; But tell me if in heaven I shall ev - er see it shine?



Repeat softly.

heav'n, The sunlight you will find; Then you can see the sunlight, Although you now are blind.



Words by GEO. P. MORRIS.

THEO. VON LA HACHE.

1. Near the banks of that lone riv - er,      Where the wa - ter lil - ies grow,  
 2. Like the stream with lil - ies la - den,      Will life's future cur - rent flow,

*f*      *poco rall.*  
 Breathed the fair - est flower that ev - er      Bloomed and fa - ded years a - go.  
 Till in heav'n I meet the maid - en,      Fond - ly cherished years a - go.

*mf*      *p*  
 How we met, and lov'd, and part - ed, None on earth can ev - er know;  
 Hearts that love like mine for - get not; They're the same in weal or woe;

Nor how pure and gen - tle - heart - ed      Beamed the mourn'd one years a - go.  
 And that star of mem' - ry sets not      In the grave of years a - go.



1. Up this world, and down this world, And o - ver this world, and through; Tho'  
 2. What if breakers rise be - fore, With dark waves rushing through, More  
 3. Storms may rise in midnight skies, And darken the stars from view; Guide  
 4. Never give up when tri - als come, And nev - er grow sad and blue; And

drift - ed a - bout and tossed with - out, Why, pad - dle your own ca - noe.  
 stead - i - ly try, with stead - fast eye, To pad - dle your own ca - noe.  
 safe - ly a - long, with smile and song, And pad - dle your own ca - noe.  
 nev - er sit down with tear or frown, But pad - dle your own ca - noe.

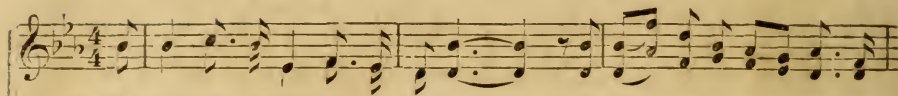
## FULL CHORUS. (Girls 1st &amp; Boys 2nd part)

Pad - dle your own ca - noe, boys, There's work which you must do.

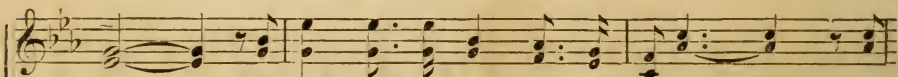
Pad - dle your own ca - noe, girls, Learn to pad - dle your own ca - noe.

## MY POOR HEART IS SAD.

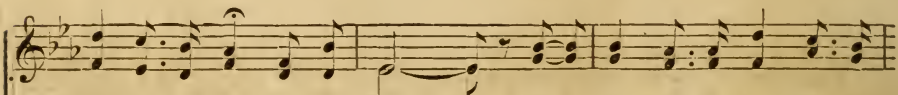
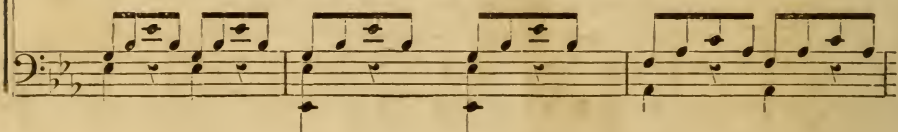
Words and Music by T. B. BISHOP.



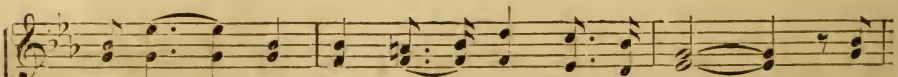
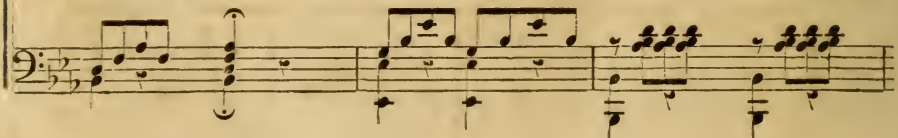
1. My poor heart is sad with its dreaming, . . . It brings back the once hap - py  
 2. My sad heart recalls all the pleasure . . . Of tho'ts that were all, all for



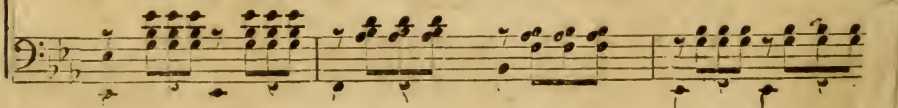
day, . . . . When earth like a heav - en was seeming, . . . . But  
 thee, . . . . When dreaming of you as its treasure, . . . . And



now it has all passed a - way. . . . . They say that young love's like the  
 you seemed to love none but me. . . . . Tho' we meet not as friends, yet I'll



flow - er, . . . . That needs ten - der care in its urn, . . . . But  
 nev - er . . . . One un - kind word to thee give, . . . . For



*Rit. ad lib.*

mine it was snatch'd from its bow-er, . . . And I nev-er gained one in re-  
your cherish'd mem - o - ry ev-er . . . Shall be my sole joy while I

The first system of the musical score is in G minor (three flats) and 3/4 time. It features a vocal melody on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The piano accompaniment is a steady eighth-note pattern. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

*a tempo.*

-turn. . . My poor heart is sad with its dreaming, . . . For it  
live. . . My poor heart is sad with its dreaming, . . . For it

The second system continues the musical score. The tempo marking 'a tempo.' is placed above the vocal staff. The melody and piano accompaniment continue with the same rhythmic patterns. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

brings back the once hap - py day, . . . When earth like a heav - en was

The third system continues the musical score. The melody and piano accompaniment continue with the same rhythmic patterns. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

seem - ing, . . . But now it has all pass'd a - way.

The fourth system concludes the musical score. The melody and piano accompaniment continue with the same rhythmic patterns. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The system ends with a double bar line.



Words by Miss BELLA C. GILBERT.

Music by W. F. HEATH.

1. With mer - ry hearts we'll leave our play, And take our books in hand, And  
 2. With hearts so light and sunshine bright, To les - sons we re - turn, And  
 3. We have our books, we have our flow'rs, Dear homes and teach - ers kind; This  
 4. Then welcome sunshine, wel - come shade, A hap - py - heart - ed band; When

sing our songs and be al - way A cheer - ful, hap - py band.  
 stud - y hard, with all our might, Each seek the prize to earn.  
 wealth of child - hood's life is ours, A bloom - ing wreath to bind.  
 sometimes cross or care in - vade, We'll firm and cheer - ful stand.

## CHORUS.

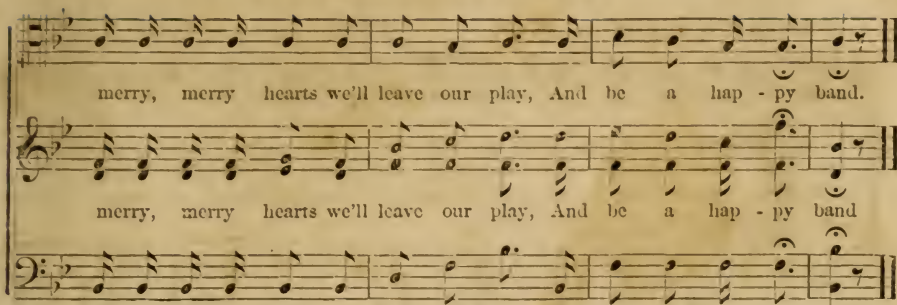
Tenor.

With merry, merry hearts we'll leave our play, We'll leave our play, we'll leave our play. With

Soprano and Alto.

With merry, merry hearts we'll leave our play, We'll leave our play, we'll leave our play, With

Base.

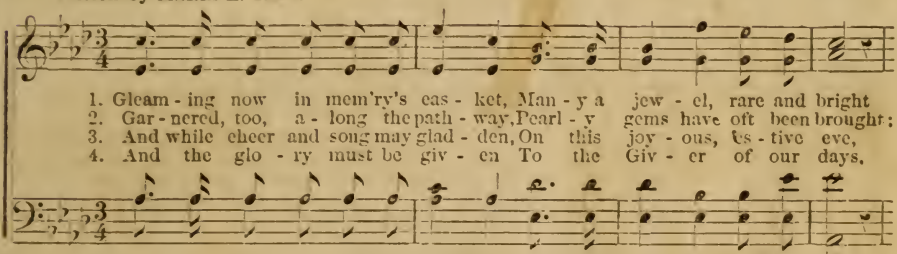


merry, merry hearts we'll leave our play, And be a hap - py band.

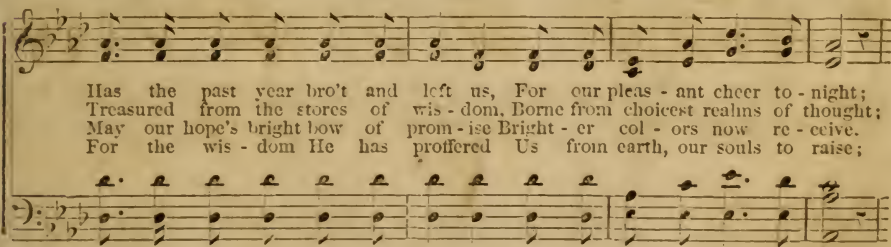
merry, merry hearts we'll leave our play, And be a hap - py band

## MEMORY'S JEWELS.

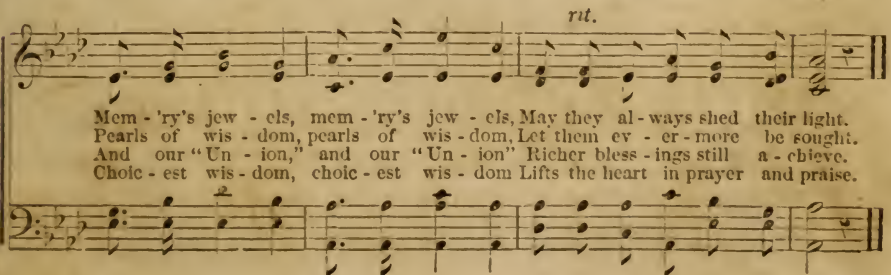
Written by MARIA L. TAFT.



1. Gleam - ing now in mem - ry's eas - ket, Man - y a jew - el, rare and bright
2. Gar - nered, too, a - long the path - way. Pearl - y gems have oft been brought;
3. And while cheer and song may glad - den, On this joy - ous, es - tive eve,
4. And the glo - ry must be giv - en To the Giv - er of our days,



Has the past year bro't and left us, For our pleas - ant cheer to - night;  
 Treasured from the stores of wis - dom, Borne from choicest realms of thought;  
 May our hope's bright bow of prom - ise Bright - er col - ors now re - ceive.  
 For the wis - dom He has proffered Us from earth, our souls to raise;



*rit.*

Mem - 'ry's jew - els, mem - 'ry's jew - els, May they al - ways shed their light.  
 Pearls of wis - dom, pearls of wis - dom, Let them ev - er - more be sought.  
 And our "Un - ion," and our "Un - ion" Richer bless - ings still a - chieve.  
 Choic - est wis - dom, choic - est wis - dom Lifts the heart in prayer and praise.

Words by B. C. GILBERT.

W. F. HEATH.

1. When bright the morn is break - ing, And school - day bells are wak - ing, Our  
 2. How joy - ful is the meet - ing, Each oth - er kind - ly greet - ing, Sweet  
 3. Our teach - ers we'll re - mem - ber, Ten thousand thanks we ren - der, For  
 4. Our cheer - ful songs we're sing - ing, And hap - py voi - ces ring - ing, Kind

homes with joy for - sak - ing, We join our pleasant school.  
 songs of cheer re - peat - ing, While in our pleasant school.  
 thoughts of us so ten - der, And for our pleasant school.  
 words their bless - ing bring - ing, Here, in our pleasant school.

## CHORUS.

Tenor.

Hail, hail, hail, we hail our pleasant school; Hail, hail, hail, we hail our pleasant school.

Soprano and Alto.

Hail, hail, hail, we hail our pleasant school; Hail, hail, hail, we hail our pleasant school.

Base.



# WIDE AWAKE, BOYS!

79

Written by GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

H. S. PERKINS.

*With vigor and expression.*

1. There's a la - bor to be wrought; There's a race that we must run; There's a bat - tle  
 2. In the coun - cils of the great, In the hov - els of the low, On the ve - ry  
 3. See him in the ho - ly place, Lurk - ing in the blessed wine! Gleaming thro' the

to be fought, And a vic - tr'y to be won; For a cheat - ed nation's sake!  
 throne of state, Sits the de - vas - ta - ting foe! On - ly hu - man life can slake  
 bri - dal lace; How his dead - ly eye - balls shine! Coiling like a venom - ed snake!

Ho! ye peo - ple! plundered all— By the slaves of Al - co - hol,  
 His in - fer - nal thirst for blood! Up! ye virtuous broth - er - hood!  
 In the par - lor's so - cial ring! Strength and beau - ty feel his sting!

Rouse, the de - mon's arm to break! Wide a - wake, boys! WIDE A - WAKE!  
 Smite him till his vas - sals quake! Wide a - wake, boys! WIDE A - WAKE!  
 Hurl him to his burning lake! Wide a - wake, boys! WIDE A - WAKE!

## GENTLE WORDS.

Words by WILLIE WARE.  
*Allegretto.*

Musie by JAMES R. MURRAY.  
By permission of ROOT & CADY.

1. Gen - tle words, O, gen - tle words, How ye lin - ger in the mind, Like the  
2. Gen - tle words, O, gen - tle words, Ye are powers sent to bless; Rich - er

songs of hap - py birds, Floating on the summer wind; Like the peal of mer - ry  
gems than di - a - dems, Treasures that we all possess: Ye are tones from brighter

bells, Heard a - cross some sun - ny plain, O'er the brooks, and thro' the dells, Loft - y,  
spheres, An - gel voi - ces, soothing pain, Thrilling ech - oes that for years In the

sweet, then loud a - gain: Gen - tle words, O, gen - tle words, How ye  
heart re - sound a - gain: Gen - tle words, O, gen - tle words, How ye

lin - ger in the mind, Like the songs of hap - py birds, Floating on the summer wind.

Cheerful.

H. S.

1. Gather around the Christmas tree, Come, gath - er, gath - er, a - round;  
 2. Gather around the Christmas tree, Come, gath - er, gath - er a - round;  
 3. Gather around the Christmas tree, Come, gath - er, gath - er a - round;  
 4. Gather around the Christmas tree, Come, gath - er, gath - er a - round;

Ev - er green have its branches been, Now it cheers this hap - py scene: For  
 Once the pride of the mountain-side, Now it cheers this hap - py scene: For  
 Eve - ry bough bears 'a bur - den now, They are gifts of love, we know: For  
 Ta - pers bright, in the branches light, Glad the heart and feast the sight: For

CHORUS.

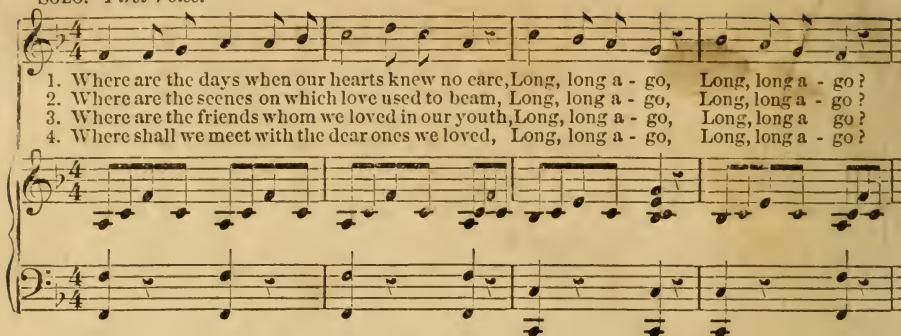
Christ, our King, is born to - day, His reign shall nev - er pass a - way. Hosan - na, Ho -  
 Christ from heav'n to earth came down, To gain thro' death a no - bler crown. Hosan - na, Ho -  
 Christ was born his love to show, And give good gifts to men be - low. Hosan - na, Ho -  
 Christ, our Light, is born to - day, His glo - ry ne'er shall fade a - way. Hosan - na, Ho -

-san - na, Hosan-na in the highest; Hosan - na, Hosan - na, Hosan-na to our King.



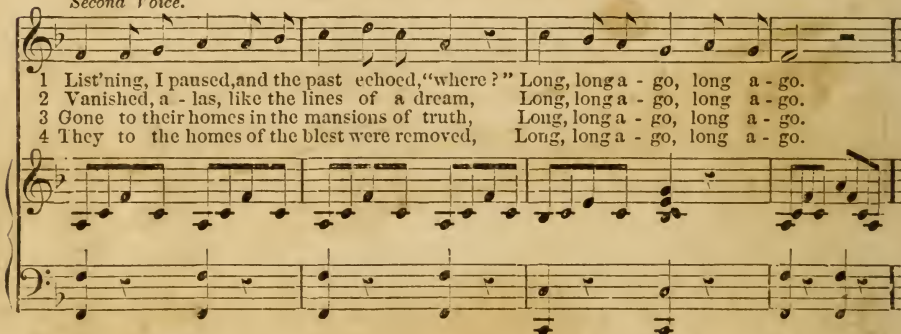
Words by T. H. BROSNON.

SOLO. First Voice.



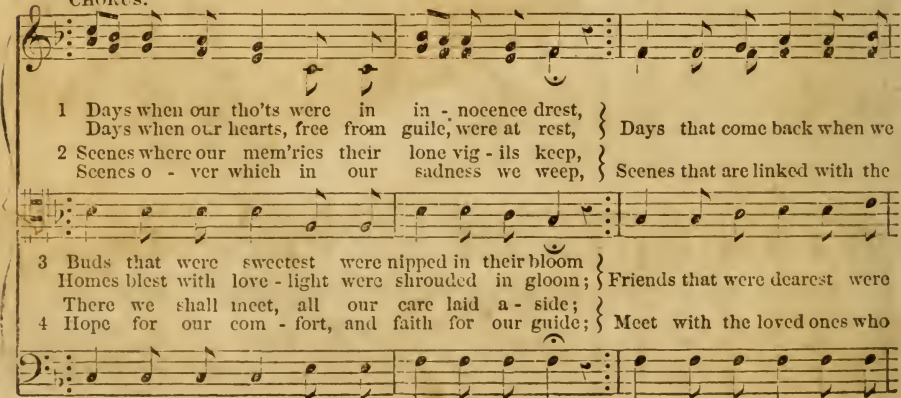
1. Where are the days when our hearts knew no care, Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go ?  
 2. Where are the scenes on which love used to beam, Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go ?  
 3. Where are the friends whom we loved in our youth, Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go ?  
 4. Where shall we meet with the dear ones we loved, Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go ?

Second Voice.



1 List'ning, I paused, and the past echoed, "where ?" Long, long a - go, long a - go.  
 2 Vanished, a - las, like the lines of a dream, Long, long a - go, long a - go.  
 3 Gone to their homes in the mansions of truth, Long, long a - go, long a - go.  
 4 They to the homes of the blest were removed, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

CHORUS.



1 Days when our tho'ts were in in - nocence drest, } Days that come back when we  
 Days when our hearts, free from guile, were at rest, }  
 2 Scenes where our mem'ries their lone vig - ils keep, } Scenes that are linked with the  
 Scenes o - ver which in our sadness we weep, }  
 3 Buds that were sweetest were nipped in their bloom }  
 Homes blest with love - light were shrouded in gloom; } Friends that were dearest were  
 There we shall meet, all our care laid a - side; }  
 4 Hope for our com - fort, and faith for our guide; } Meet with the loved ones who

dream of the blest, Long, long a - go, long a - go.  
 loved gone to sleep, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

laid in the tomb, Long, long a - go, long a - go.  
 passed o'er the tide, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

## WELCOME HERE.

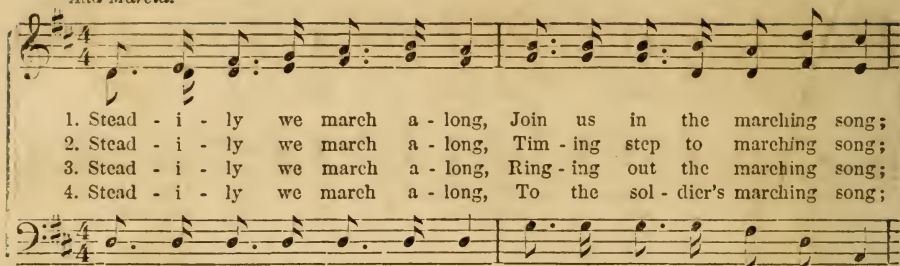
Words by BELLA GILBERT.

Music by LYDIA H. FRENCH.

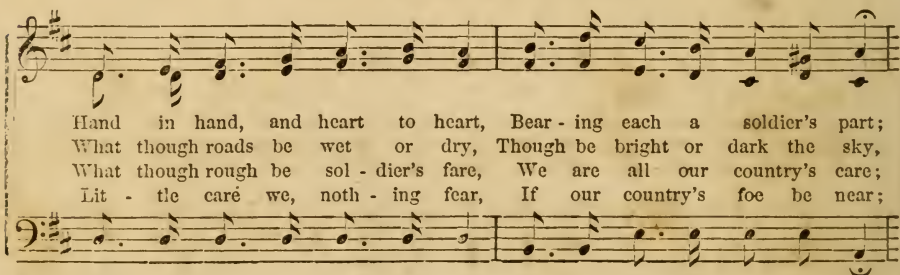
1. Welcome here, welcome here, Hearts we love and friends sin - cere; Pleasant sight,  
 2. All around, all a-round, Smiles of love and joy abound; Hap - py days,

fes - tal night, Hearts and hopes are bright. Here our les - sons we re - view,  
 cheer - ful lays, Blessing all our ways. May we day by day improve,

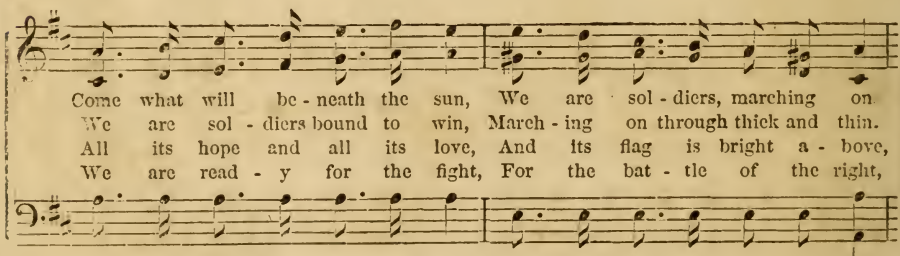
Here we sing our songs to you, Shining hours, friends and flowers, Strengthen all our powers  
 True re - turns for care and love, Hearts possess, here express, Hap - py thankfulness.

*Alla Marcia.*


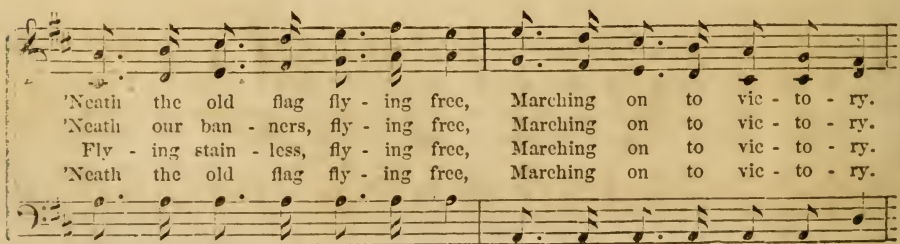
1. Stead - i - ly we march a - long, Join us in the marching song;  
 2. Stead - i - ly we march a - long, Tim - ing step to marching song;  
 3. Stead - i - ly we march a - long, Ring - ing out the marching song;  
 4. Stead - i - ly we march a - long, To the sol - dier's marching song;



Hand in hand, and heart to heart, Bear - ing each a soldier's part;  
 What though roads be wet or dry, Though be bright or dark the sky,  
 What though rough be sol - dier's fare, We are all our country's care;  
 Lit - tle care we, noth - ing fear, If our country's foe be near;



Come what will be - neath the sun, We are sol - diers, marching on  
 We are sol - diers bound to win, March - ing on through thick and thin.  
 All its hope and all its love, And its flag is bright a - bove,  
 We are read - y for the fight, For the bat - tle of the right,



'Neath the old flag fly - ing free, Marching on to vic - to - ry.  
 'Neath our ban - ners, fly - ing free, Marching on to vic - to - ry.  
 Fly - ing stain - less, fly - ing free, Marching on to vic - to - ry.  
 'Neath the old flag fly - ing free, Marching on to vic - to - ry.



1st time. 2d.

March, march, marching on to vic - to - ry. ry.

The musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The score includes triplet markings (3) over the first three measures of the melody. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

## SONG OF WELCOME.

\*

1. With hearts full of glad - ness, We meet here to - day; We'll ban - ish all  
2. In life's ear - ly morn - ing, Re - joic - ing we drink At Truth's ho - ly  
3. And when we shall en - ter The broad field of life, We'll join in its

The musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The score includes triplet markings (3) over the first three measures of the melody. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

sad - ness, And cour - age display. Then welcome, welcome, welcome all, Kind  
foun - tain; We'll ne'er leave its brink. And hap - py, hap - py, hap - py here, We  
du - ties, And shun its dark strife. We'll fol - low, fol - low, fol - low truth, The

The musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The score includes triplet markings (3) over the first three measures of the melody. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

pa - rents and friends, We'll make our best ef - forts, While hope its aid lends.  
ask your kind smile, Resolved we will mer - it Your praise all the while.  
light of the wise, Which leads to those mansions Beyond the blue skies.

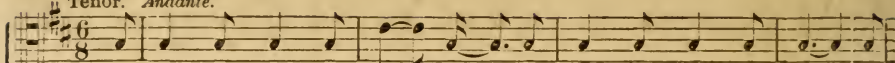
The musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The score includes triplet markings (3) over the first three measures of the melody. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

I HAD A DREAM, MOTHER.

Words by A. J. SHIVELY.

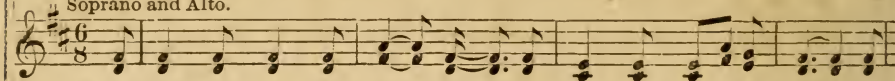
Att. from S. NOURSE.

Tenor. *Andante.*

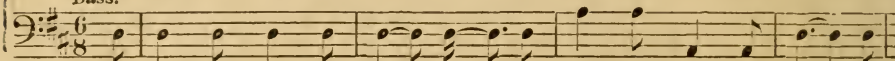


1. I had a dream just now, mother, I dreamt an an - gel came And  
2. He spoke and said, "Be patient, child, I'll come to - mor - row even, And

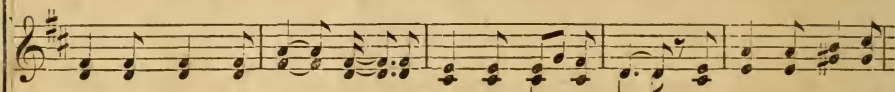
Soprano and Alto.



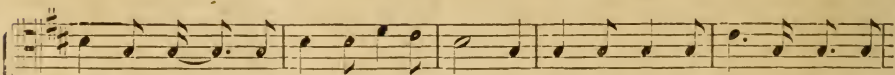
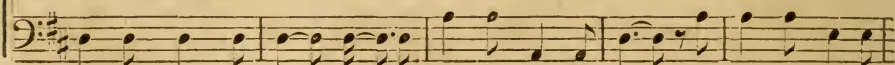
3. I wak'd—the an - gel gone, mother, And in his place stood you; But  
Bass.



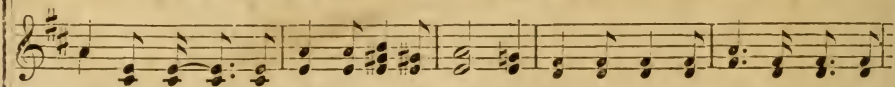
hovered round my bedside, mother, And sweetly spokemy name. His eyes were ver-y  
bear you to a fairer home, Prepared for you in heav'n; Shrink not, but bear th



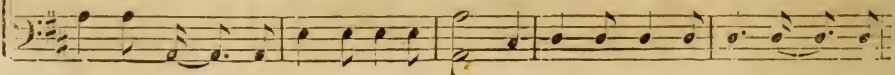
what he spoke I know, mother, Will cer-tain-ly prove true. Remem-ber, then, to-



bright, dear mother, His vis - age very fair, And on his head he wore, mother, A  
suf - ferings now," He said, all in a breath; "To take you there, I'll pass you thro' The



-morrow e - ven, He will most truly come, And fly with me far, far a - way, To



wreath of golden hair, And on his head he wore, mother, A wreath of golden hair.  
vale that you call death, To take you there, I'll pass you thro' The vale that you call death."

his an-gel - ic home, And fly with me, far, far away, To his an - gel - ic home.

## FAREWELL, GOOD NIGHT.

*Andante.*

1. Oh, may we ne'er for - get the hours, where - er we may be, Which we have spent a -
2. We'll ne'er forget our pleasant school, wherev - er we may roam, Tho' du - ties far in
3. 'Tis hard, perchance, to say fare - well, and quit this hap - py scene; But com - ing la - bors

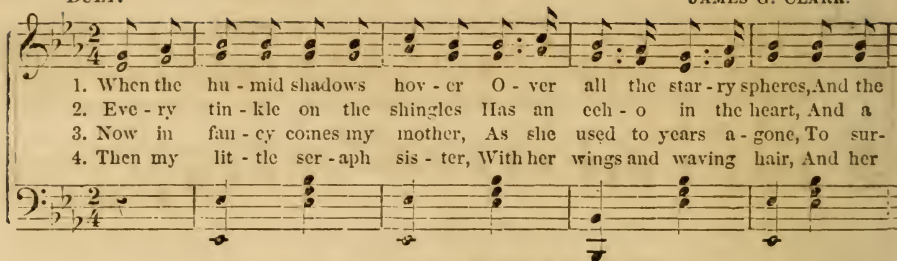
-mid our friends in gladness and in glee; The men'ry of these hap - py days shall  
dis - tant lands shall call us far from home; O'er many hours of care and grief shall  
will be cheered, as true friends we have been; And if we meet no more on earth, with

shine with constant light; Then, ere we part, sing ev - 'ry heart, good night, good night, good night.  
mem - 'ry shed its light; Then, ere we part, sing ev - 'ry heart, good night, good night, good night.  
hearts both true and light, We part, but hope to meet above, good night, good night, good night.

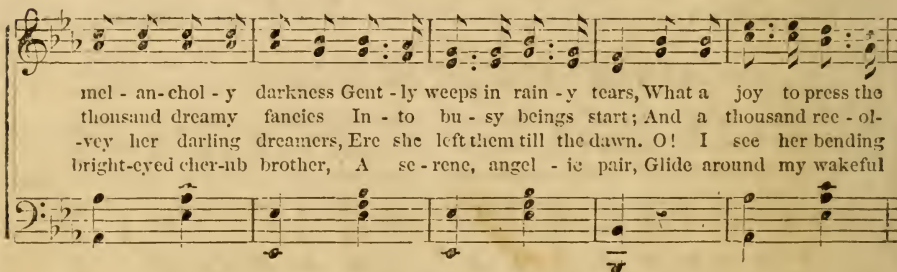


DUET.

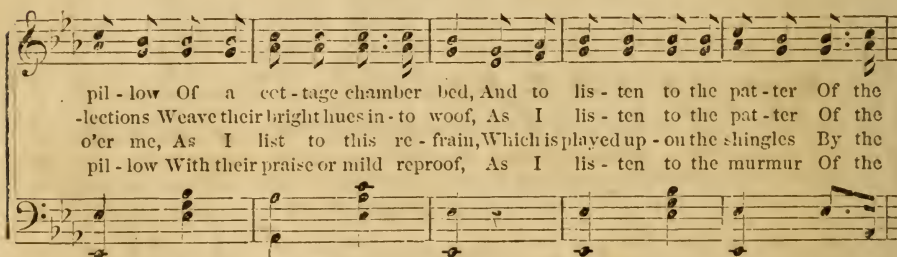
JAMES G. CLARK.



1. When the hu - mid shadows hov - er O - ver all the star - ry spheres, And the  
 2. Eve - ry tin - kle on the shingles Has an ech - o in the heart, And a  
 3. Now in fan - cy comes my mother, As she used to years a - gone, To sur -  
 4. Then my lit - tle ser - aph sis - ter, With her wings and waving hair, And her

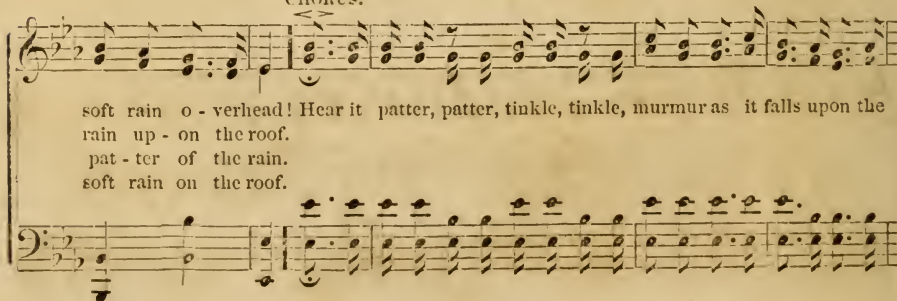


mel - an - chol - y darkness Gent - ly weeps in rain - y tears, What a joy to press the  
 thousand dreamy fancies In - to bu - sy beings start; And a thousand rec - ol -  
 - vey her darling dreamers, Ere she left them till the dawn. O! I see her bending  
 bright-eyed cher - ub brother, A se - rene, angel - ic pair, Glide around my wakeful



pil - low Of a ect - tage chamber bed, And to lis - ten to the pat - ter Of the  
 - lections Weave their bright hues in - to woof, As I lis - ten to the pat - ter Of the  
 o'er me, As I list to this re - frain, Which is played up - on the shingles By the  
 pil - low With their praise or mild reproof, As I lis - ten to the murmur Of the

CHORUS.



soft rain o - verhead! Hear it patter, patter, tinkle, tinkle, murmur as it falls upon the  
 rain up - on the roof.  
 pat - ter of the rain.  
 soft rain on the roof.

roof, Hear it patter, patter, tinkle, tinkle, murmur as it falls . . . up-on the roof.

## THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

Words by D. A. COMPTON.

H. S.

1. Oh, lis - ten, ye gay, to my sorrow - ful strain, Who doubt that I ev - er have  
 2. My parents, once wealthy, now live in a shed, And nothing - but pov - er - ty  
 3. If aught on the earth can your pit - y a - wake, Then pit - y a child in dis-

smiled; I sing of the mis - er - y, anguish and pain, Of beings that goodness and  
 see; My mother, though fee - ble, is begging for bread, While father reclines on an  
 -tress; And feel for the heart that is ready to break, Forget not the children whose

temprance profane; Oh! listen, and pit - y me, while I complain, For I'm a drunkard's child.  
 old filth - y bed; And oft in his anger he wishes me dead, 'Tis sad and drear to me,  
 lives are at stake, Teach husband and father re-form for their sake, And thus bring hap - pi-ness.

## ONLY A LITTLE FLOWER.

SONG AND CHORUS.

BRIGHAM BISHOP.

1. On - ly a lit - tle flower! But she wore it in her  
 2. On - ly an old - time ballad! But a song she used to  
 3. On - ly a few old letters! Which are yellow and dim with

*lento.*

hair, When she, in her glo - ri - ous beauty, Was like that rose - bud  
 sing; Tho' worthless, perhaps, to others, To me a sa - cred  
 years; But oft this fa - ded writing Hath been bap-tized with

fair; But as the flow - 'rets with - er In tho  
 thing. Ah! that grave, in it the mu - sic Of my  
 tears. Ah! now a - las! she's sleep - ing When the



The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

dew - y morn - ing tide, . . . . . With all their sweetness  
heart lies bur - ied deep; . . . . . Since that sunny . . . . . sum-mer  
rose - tree's ear - li - est bloom . . . . . Has Scattered its fra - grant

*ritard.*

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The tempo marking *ritard.* (ritardando) is placed above the staff. The lyrics continue below the vocal line.

round them, So she, fair rose - bud, died. Ah, . . . . .  
morn - ing When they laid her there to sleep.  
tear - drops In sor - row o'er the tomb.

CHORUS.

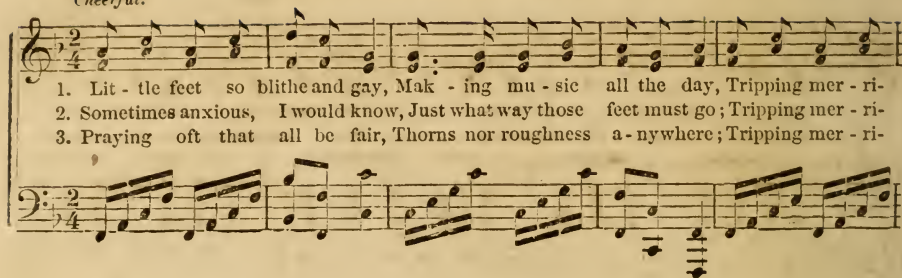
The third system begins the chorus with a new vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked as *con express.* (con espressione). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

On - ly a lit - tle flow - er, But she wore it in her hair, When

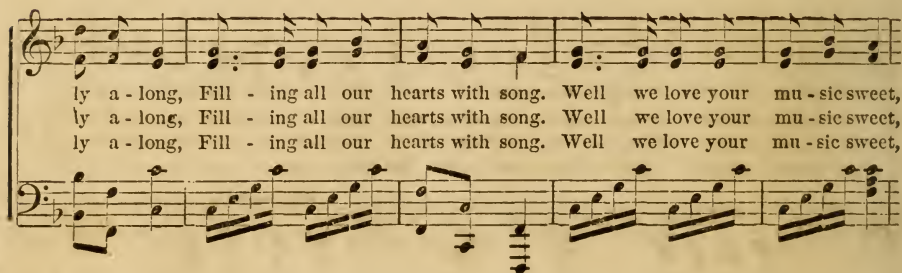
*con express.*

The fourth system continues the chorus. The tempo marking *con express.* is repeated above the staff. The lyrics conclude the phrase on this line.

she, in her glo - ri - ous beauty, Was like that rose - - - bud fair.  
that rose-bud fair.

*Cheerful.*


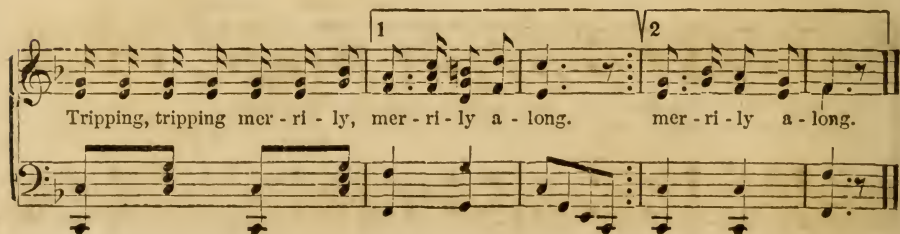
1. Lit - tle feet so blithe and gay, Mak - ing mu - sic all the day, Tripping mer - ri -  
 2. Sometimes anxious, I would know, Just what way those feet must go; Tripping mer - ri -  
 3. Praying oft that all be fair, Thorns nor roughness a - nywhere; Tripping mer - ri -



ly a - long, Fill - ing all our hearts with song. Well we love your mu - sic sweet,  
 ly a - long, Fill - ing all our hearts with song. Well we love your mu - sic sweet,  
 ly a - long, Fill - ing all our hearts with song. Well we love your mu - sic sweet,

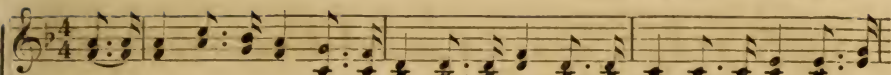


Pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, lit - tle feet; Tripping, tripping, mer - ri - ly,

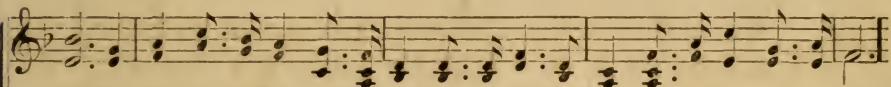
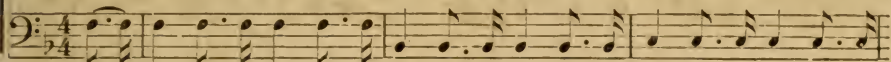


Tripping, tripping mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly a - long. mer - ri - ly a - long.

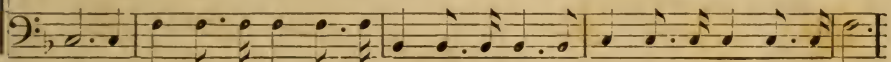
HENRIETTE SOUTHWICK.



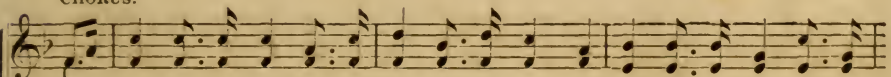
1. I've thought many times, and I think of it still, Of our dear lit - tle home on the
2. There the sun clambered o - ver the mountains in morn, To shine on the tall waving
3. There the birds sing the sweet - est their melod - ic lays, The riv - er reflects the sun's
4. My heart's growing wea - ry, it longs for a rest, At home with the friends I love



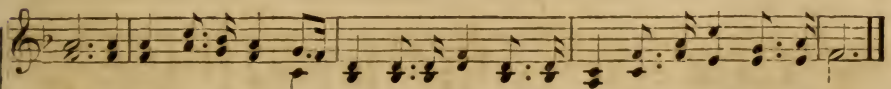
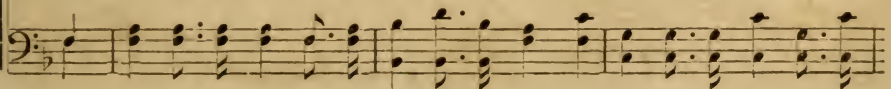
hill; There's mother and sis - ter, there's brother and all, While I've left my home on the hill.  
 corn; 'Twas lovely, methinks, but 'tis love - li - er still, Since I've left my home on the hill.  
 rays; The rustling of trees and the rippling of rill Are heard near my home on the hill.  
 best; And thus, when I think, I'm resolved that I will Go back to my home on the hill.



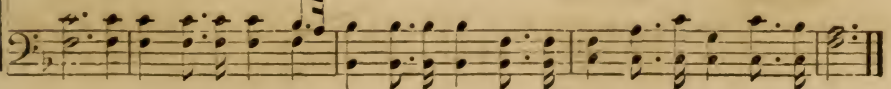
## CHORUS.



Sing on gen - tle warblers, so blithesome and gay, Keep time to the soft rippling



rill; I nev - er again, no, nev - er will stray From my old home, my home on the hill.





## WRITE A LETTER FROM HOME.

Words and Music by W. S. HAYS.

1. Lonely I sit me and weep, . . . Weep as I have not for years; . . .  
 2. I think of the old-fashioned cot, . . . I've left it for ma - ny a year; . . . The

Why do mine eyes fail to keep . . . Back these af - fec - tion - ate tears? . . . I  
 last words, God bless you, I've got . . . From mother and fath - er so dear, . . . They

*Cres.* think of dear ones o'er the sea, . . . Who love me wherev - er I roam; Oh! . . .  
 hoped that my voyage would be . . . A pleasant one o - ver the foam; Oh! . some

go to them, tell them for me, To write me a let - ter from home.  
 one go and tell them for me, To write me a let - ter from home.

*p* Have they for - got - ten me now, Or do they expect me to come? *ff* No,  
 Have they for - got - ten me now, Or do they expect me to come? *p* No,

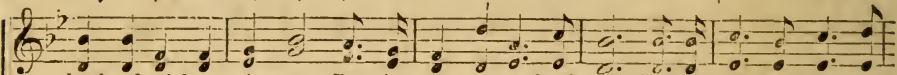
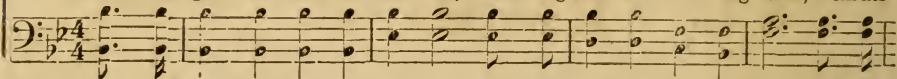
no; go and tell them for me, To write me a let - ter from home.  
 no; go and tell them for me, To write me a let - ter from home.

By permission of ROOT &amp; Cady.

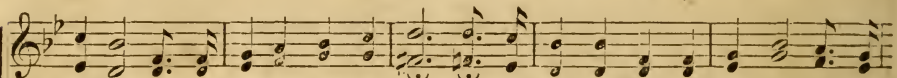
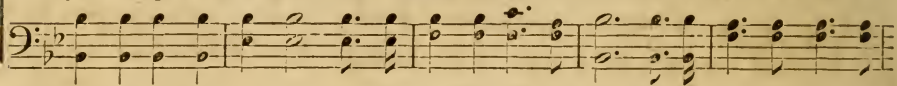
H. L. FRISBIE.

*Allegretto.*

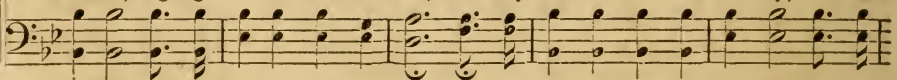
1. There's a coun - try fained in sto - ry, As you've of - ten-times been told; 'Tis a
2. Once a man in An - droscog - gin, Or in some out - landish place, With a
3. Then he cross'd the roll - ing prai - ries, Stretching on - ward like the sea; "I am
4. Climb - ing o'er the Rock - y mountains, On he kept his wea - ry way, Till the
5. So a ves - sel quick he build - ed, And the shore he left be - hind, Sail - ing
6. From his gal - lant bark he land - ed, Wad - ing thro' the curl - ing foam, With his



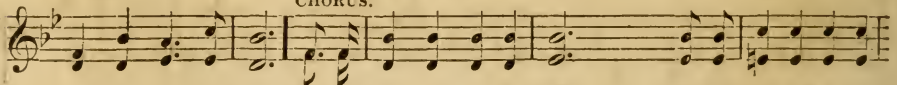
land of mighty riv - ers, Running o - ver sands of gold; The a - bode of peace and  
view to find this country, To the westward set his face. He was wea - ry at Chi -  
broad to find this country, If there's such a one," said he; So he swam the Mis - sis -  
broad Pa - cif - ic's wa - ters Right be - fore his vis - ion lay; Here he sat him down and  
on with ea - ger long - ings, Still this hap - py isle to find. After man - y days, one  
eyes wide ope'd with wonder, For he found himself at home. Then he learn'd that one for -



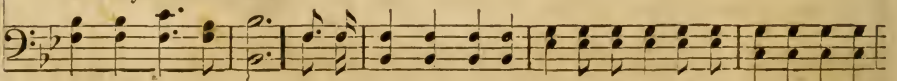
plenty, And with quiet - ness 'tis blest! But this country that's so fa - mous Is a -  
ca - go, So he sat him down to rest; But 'twas on - ly there the cen - tre, Not the  
- sip - pi, Then up - on Mis - sou - ri's breast, He ex - plor'd the wilds of Kan - sas For this  
ponder'd, But for him there was no rest; "Tis an - is - land, surely," said he, This far  
morning He beheld the wish'd - for land; Steering 'mid the shoals and breakers, Quickly  
- ev - er, Might go on and nev - er rest; Still they would not find this country, For 'tis



## CHORUS.



-way off in the west. 'Tis a - way off in the west, 'Tis a - way off in the  
fa - bled golden west.  
country in the west.  
country in the west.  
reach'd the golden strand.  
al - ways further west.



in the west, in the west;

\* May be sung as a solo and chorus.



west; O! I fear we ne'er shall find it, 'Tis so far off in the west.  
in the west;

## HAPPY NEW YEAR.

*Allegretto.*  
1. We hail thee, fair morn - ing, the first of the year; Ere gleams the red  
2. But let us re - mem - ber how fast the days fly, How soon comes De -

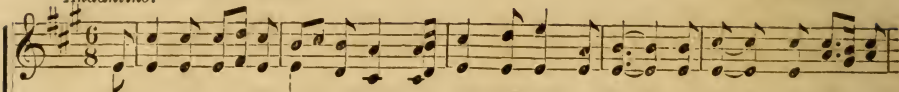
sunshine, we'll shout loud and clear, The old year's depart - ed, the New Year is here, With  
- cember, when "New Year" will die; Then welcome the New Year, companions, a - gain, For

CHORUS.  
sweet smiles to greet us, be - hold him ap - pear. Happy New Year to all, Happy  
bright days in beauty the year shall enchain.  
Happy New Year

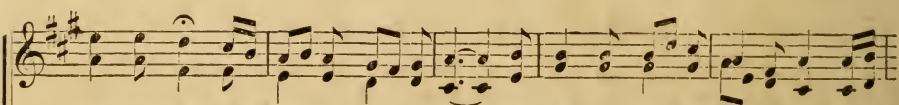
New Year to all, Happy New Year, Happy New Year, Happy New Year to all.  
to all,

Words by Miss A. KERNAN.

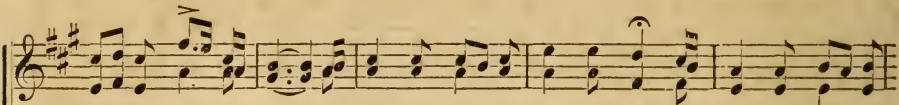
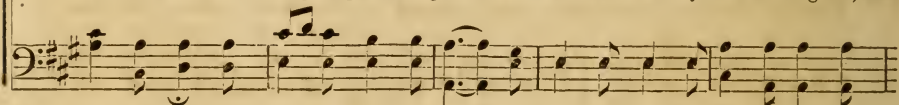
Arr. from G. W. SCOTT.

*Andantino.*

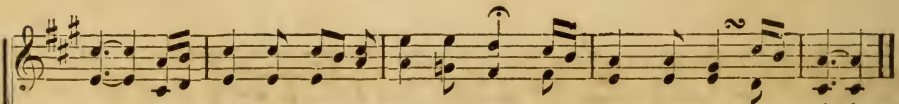
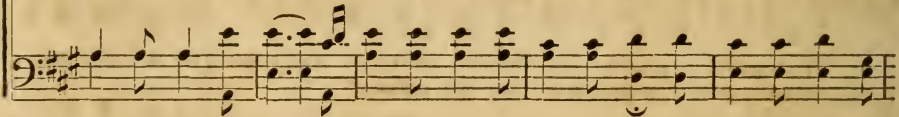
1. How gai - ly thro' the waving trees Come notes of wild bird's song; And perfume of flow'rs on
2. Our wood-land paths are very fair, Lit up with sun - ny beam, While buds and blossoms



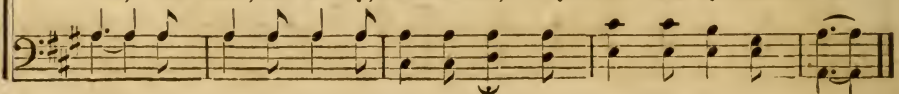
ev - 'ry breeze Is sweetly borne a - long. The heav'ns a - bove with beauty smile, The  
 ev - 'rywhere A - long the pathway gleam. These scenes would thy sad heart beguile, And



earth laughs in her glee, All bid thee, la - dy, leave a - while, Thy lone rock by the  
 whisper hope to thee, Then leave, fair la - dy, leave a - while, Thy lone rock by the

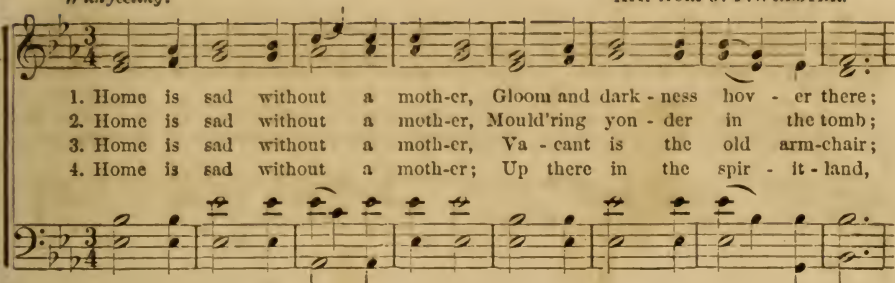


sea, All bid thee, la - dy, leave awhile, Thy lone rock by the sea.  
 sea, Then leave, fair la - dy, leave awhile, Thy lone rock by the sea.

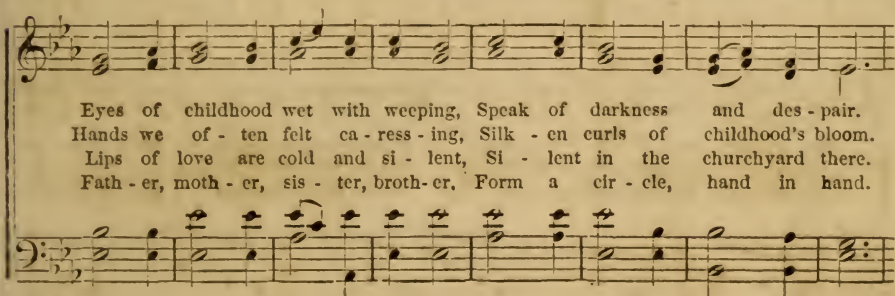


*With feeling.*

Arr. from J. P. WEBSTER.

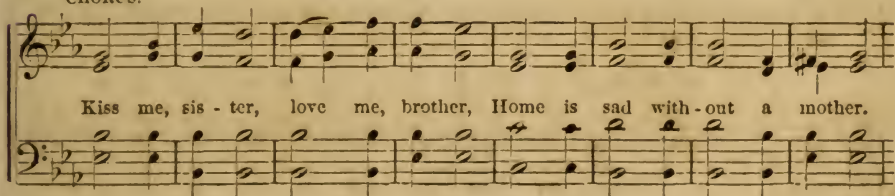


1. Home is sad without a moth-er, Gloom and dark - ness hov - er there;  
 2. Home is sad without a moth-er, Mould'ring yon - der in the tomb;  
 3. Home is sad without a moth-er, Va - cant is the old arm-chair;  
 4. Home is sad without a moth-er; Up there in the spir - it - land,

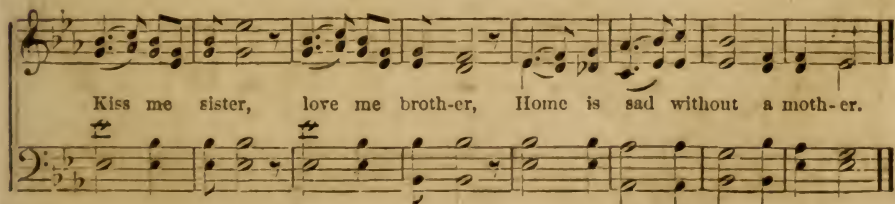


Eyes of childhood wet with weeping, Speak of darkness and des - pair.  
 Hands we of - ten felt ca - res - ing, Silk - en curls of childhood's bloom.  
 Lips of love are cold and si - lent, Si - lent in the churchyard there.  
 Fath - er, moth - er, sis - ter, broth-er, Form a cir - cle, hand in hand.

CHORUS.



Kiss me, sis - ter, love me, brother, Home is sad with - out a mother.



Kiss me sister, love me broth-er, Home is sad without a moth-er.



Words by C. C. BUTLER.

Music by S. WESLEY MARTIN.

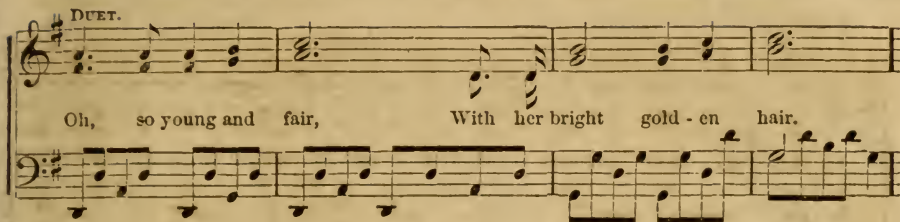
Solo.

1. Let the dead and the beau - ti - ful rest, Make her  
 2. Let the dead and the beau - ti - ful rest, For the  
 3. Let the dead and the beau - ti - ful rest, Where the

grave 'neath the wil - low by the stream, Where the wind-harps will whisper o'er the  
 spring-time is coming with its flow'rs, When the wild rose will blossom o'er her  
 long drooping willow branches wave, While the moon, slow - ly sink - ing in the

blest, Like the song of some an - gel in our dream.  
 breast, As the song - birds will while a - way the hours.  
 west, Leaves the stars keep - ing vi - gils o'er her grave.

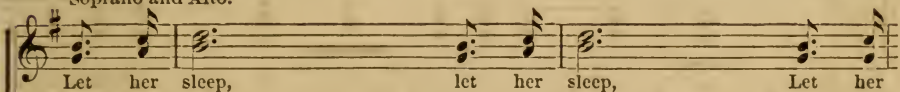
DUET.



Oh, so young and fair, With her bright gold - en hair.

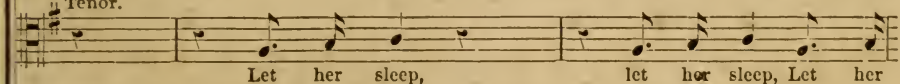
CHORUS.

Soprano and Alto.



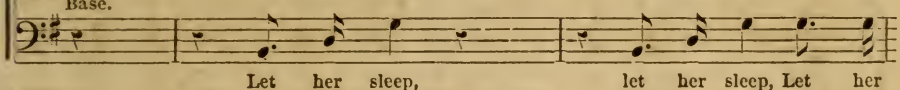
Let her sleep, let her sleep, Let her

Tenor.

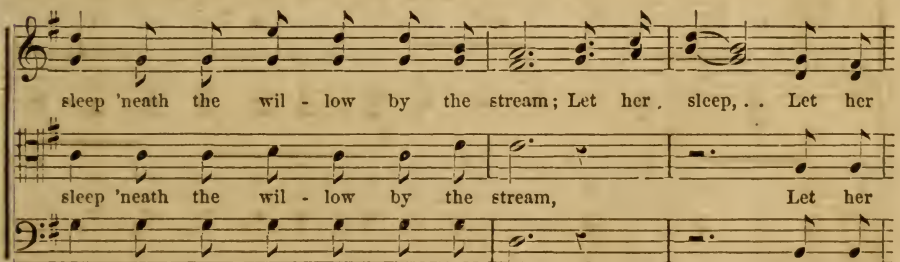


Let her sleep, let her sleep, Let her

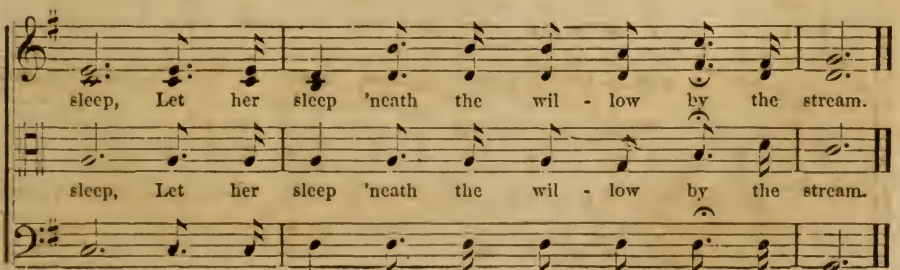
Base.



Let her sleep, let her sleep, Let her



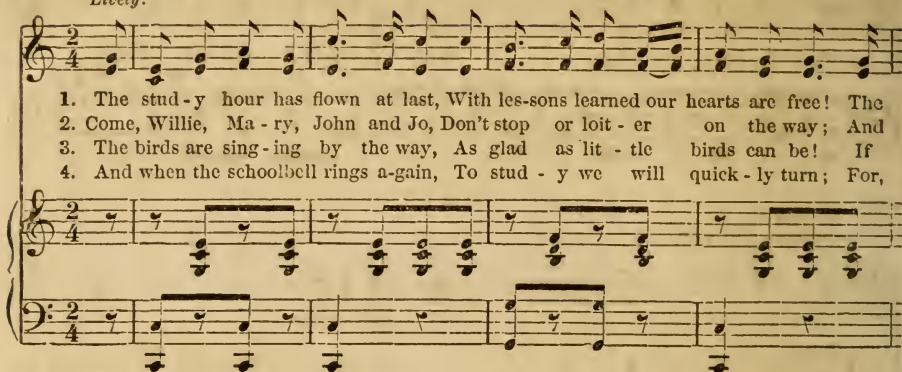
sleep 'neath the wil - low by the stream; Let her sleep, . . Let her  
sleep 'neath the wil - low by the stream, Let her



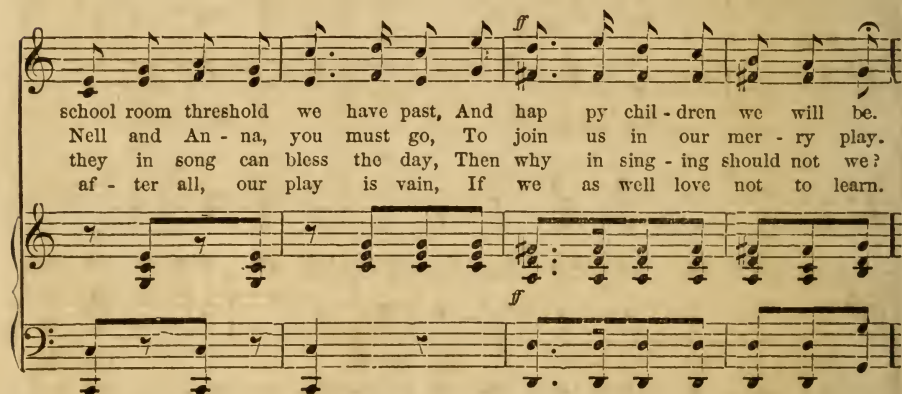
sleep, Let her sleep 'neath the wil - low by the stream.  
sleep, Let her sleep 'neath the wil - low by the stream.

Words by S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

Music by W. F. HEATH.

*Lively.*


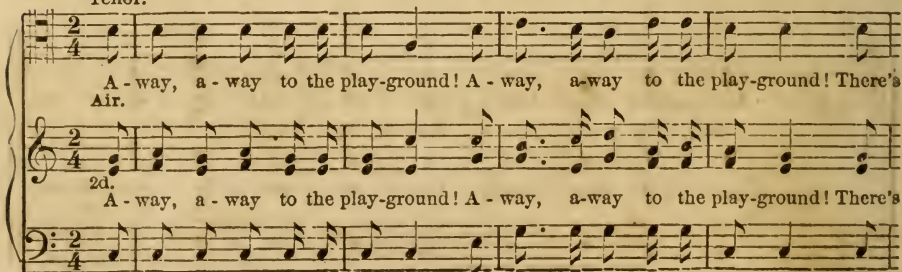
1. The stud - y hour has flown at last, With les - sons learned our hearts are free! The  
 2. Come, Willie, Ma - ry, John and Jo, Don't stop or loit - er on the way; And  
 3. The birds are sing - ing by the way, As glad as lit - tle birds can be! If  
 4. And when the schoolbell rings a - gain, To stud - y we will quick - ly turn; For,



school room threshold we have past, And hap - py chil - dren we will be.  
 Nell and An - na, you must go, To join us in our mer - ry play.  
 they in song can bless the day, Then why in sing - ing should not we?  
 af - ter all, our play is vain, If we as well love not to learn.

## CHORUS.

Tenor.



A - way, a - way to the play-ground! A - way, a - way to the play-ground! There's  
 Air.  
 2d. A - way, a - way to the play-ground! A - way, a - way to the play-ground! There's



plea - sure rich in store for us; A - way, a - way to the play-ground.

plea - sure rich in store for us; A - way, a - way to the play-ground.

**"CALMLY SHE FADED."**

To be sung after announcing the death of a scholar.

1st and 2d verses by Mrs. M. S. FACKRELL.  
3d and 4th verses by H. S. P.

H. S. PERKINS.  
From the "S. S. Trumpet," by permission.

1. Calm - ly she fa - ded as fades the summer, Sweet - ly she whisper'd "soon I'll be there;"  
2. Sad - ly a - round her, warm tears were falling, Gently to soothe her, kind friends were near;  
3. Calm as the evening, clear as the morning, Bright hopes of glo - ry to her were given;  
4. Joys of the fu - ture, home with her Saviour, Where all is peace - ful for - ev - er - more;

Fair was the morn - ing, ear - ly de - part - ed, Brighter thy noonday, heaven dawns for thee;  
Sweetly she murmur'd, "cease, cease your weeping, Heav'n's gate is open, angels are here!"  
Earth's charms were fading, angels were singing, Said she at part - ing, "meet me in heaven;"  
Smil - ing and cheer - ful, lisped she to dear ones, "Come to the Saviour, Je - sus says come."

So 'twas she faded, as fades the sum - mer, So 'twas she whisper'd, "heaven dawns for me."  
So 'twas she faded, as fades the sum - mer, So 'twas she whisper'd, "an - gels are here."  
So 'twas she faded, as fades the sum - mer, So 'twas she whisper'd, "meet me in heaven."  
So 'twas she faded, as fades the sum - mer, So 'twas she whisper'd, "Je - sus says come."

## GO! LITTLE BARQUE.

Arr. from CH. KINKEL.

*Moderato.*

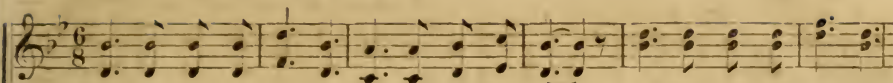
1. Go! lit - tle barque, I send thee out Up - on the future's heaving sea, And  
2. A bright sky gleams a - bove thee now, And heaven seems to cheer thee on; But

watch thee on thy trembling route, For thou art all in all to me. Thy  
surg - ing waves will lash thy prow, And on thy sides the foam will fawn; But

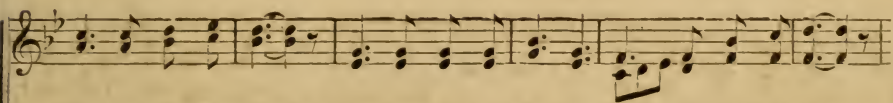
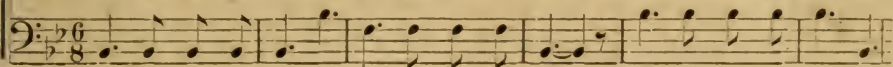
course seems clear as noon - day light; Thy sails are fill - ing from the mast; And  
go thou must; I'll try thy fate, And bid thee thro' the bil - lows grope; I'll

tho' these to - ken speed - y flight, I fear thou'lt be on break - ers cast; And  
give thee love to bear as freight, And as thy name, I'll call thee Hope; I'll

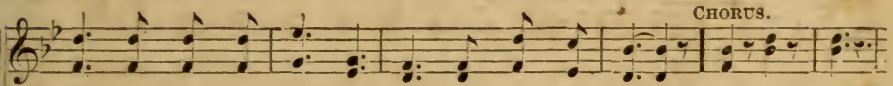
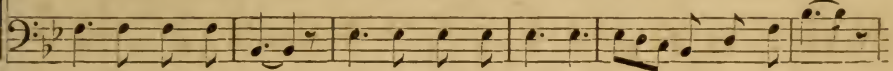
tho' these to - ken speed - y flight, I fear thou'lt be on break - ers cast.  
give thee love to bear as freight, And as thy name, I'll call thee Hope.



1. Come, come to the greenwood, come mer - ri - ly now, Where rip - ple sweet fountains,  
 2. Come, come from the mountain, come, come from the sea, While sounds of sweet mu - sic  
 3. Come, come to the greenwood, come mer - ri - ly now, Where hid - eth the fair - ies

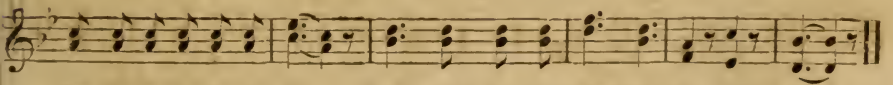
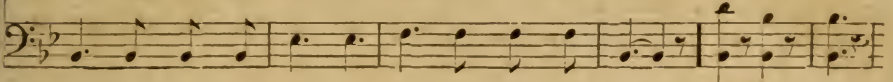


where trembles the bough, Where passeth young Zephyr, light dancing a - long,  
 float o - ver the lea; When sparkle the moonbeams bright o - ver the dew,  
 be - neath the green bough; There, thro' the warm noontide, we'll cheerful - ly stray,

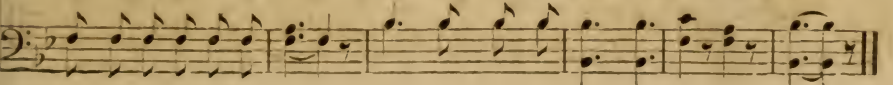


## CHORUS.

There rus - tles the as - pen soft to his sweet song. Come, come, come,  
 We'll dance to the meas - ure so nim - ble and true. Come, come, come.  
 While ring the fair ech - oes blithe to our sweet lay. Come, come, come,

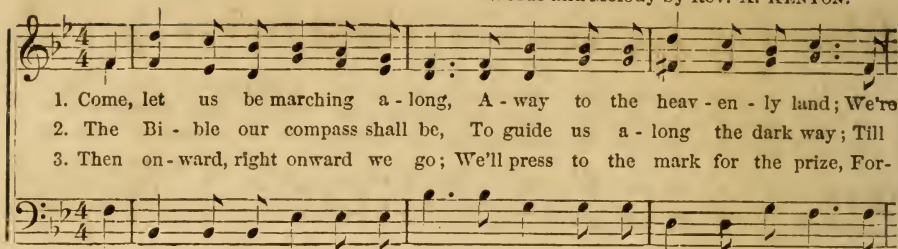


Tra, la, la, la, la, la, Come, come to the greenwood, come, come, come.

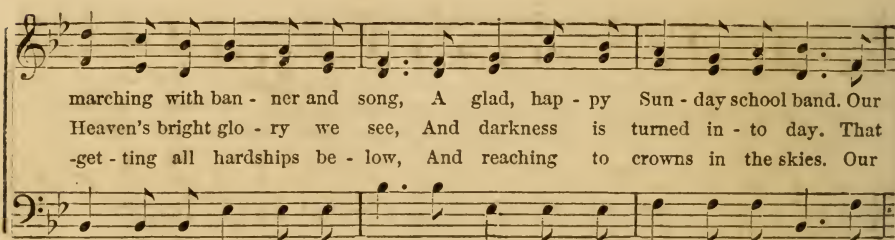




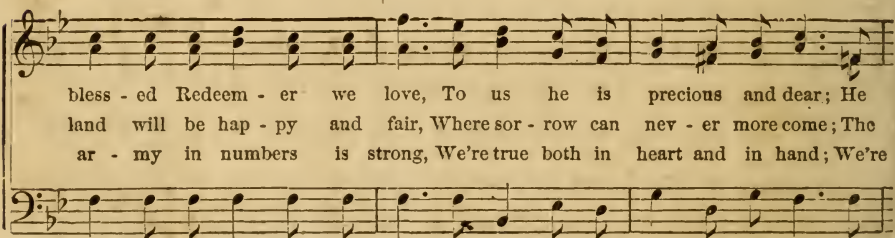
Words and Melody by REV. A. KENTON.



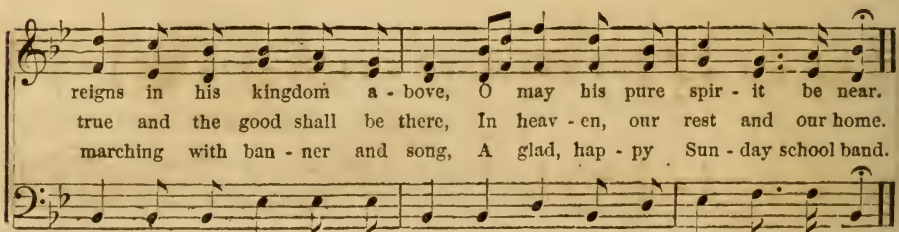
1. Come, let us be marching a - long, A - way to the heav - en - ly land; We're  
2. The Bi - ble our compass shall be, To guide us a - long the dark way; Till  
3. Then on - ward, right onward we go; We'll press to the mark for the prize, For -



marching with ban - ner and song, A glad, hap - py Sun - day school band. Our  
Heaven's bright glo - ry we see, And darkness is turned in - to day. That  
- get - ting all hardships be - low, And reaching to crowns in the skies. Our



bles - ed Redeem - er we love, To us he is precious and dear; He  
land will be hap - py and fair, Where sor - row can nev - er more come; Tho  
ar - my in numbers is strong, We're true both in heart and in hand; We're



reigns in his kingdom a - bove, O may his pure spir - it be near.  
true and the good shall be there, In heav - en, our rest and our home.  
marching with ban - ner and song, A glad, hap - py Sun - day school band.

# THE WORLD IS FULL OF BEAUTY.

107

*Moderato.*

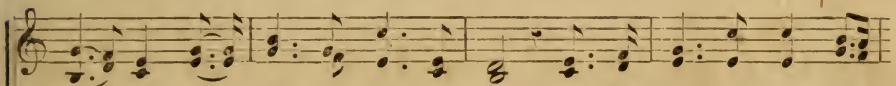
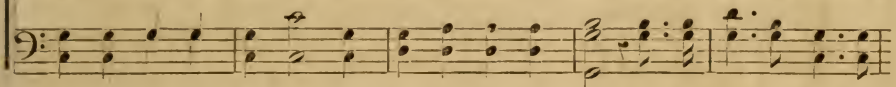
Arr. from Donizetti, by H. S. P.



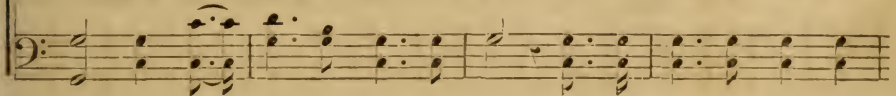
1. There is beau - ty in the for - est, Where the trees are green and fair; There is  
2. There is beau - ty in the fountain, Singing gai - ly at the play, While  
3. There is beau - ty in the brightness Beaming from a lov - ing eye, In the



beau - ty in the meadow, Where wild flowers scent the air; There is beau - ty in the  
rain - bow hues are glittering On its sil - v'ry shi - ning spray; There is beau - ty in the  
warm blush of af - fec - tion, In the tear of sym - pa - thy, In the sweet low voice whose



sun - light, And the soft blue beams a - bove, Oh, the world is full of  
streamlet, Murm'ring soft - ly through the grove, Oh, the world is full of  
ac - cents The spir - it's glad - ness prove, Oh, the world is full of



*rit. ad lib.*

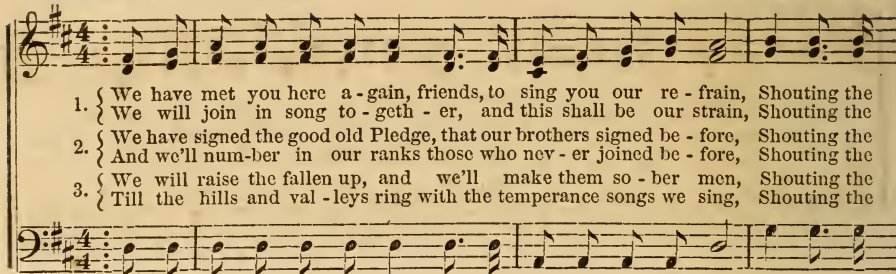


beau - ty, When the heart, yes, when the heart, the heart is full of love.

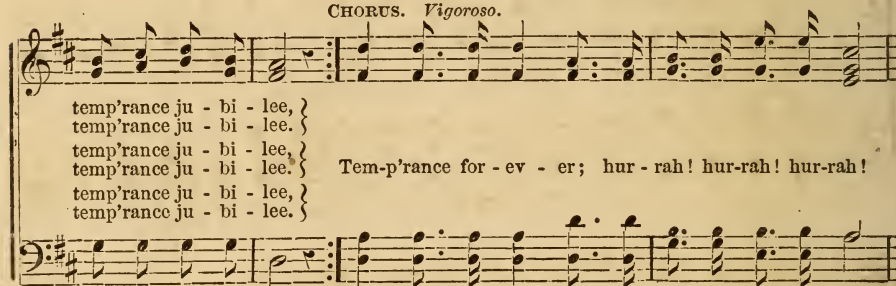


Words by Wm. H. McDONALD.

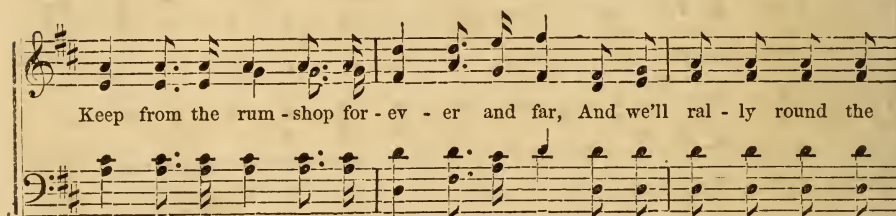
Music by HENRI ESPIE.



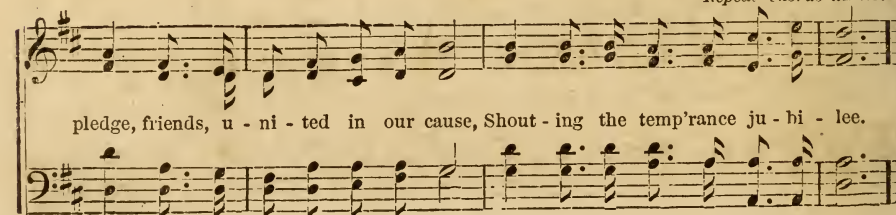
1. { We have met you here a - gain, friends, to sing you our re - frain, Shouting the  
 { We will join in song to - geth - er, and this shall be our strain, Shouting the  
 2. { We have signed the good old Pledge, that our brothers signed be - fore, Shouting the  
 { And we'll num - ber in our ranks those who nev - er joined be - fore, Shouting the  
 3. { We will raise the fallen up, and we'll make them so - ber men, Shouting the  
 { Till the hills and val - leys ring with the temperance songs we sing, Shouting the

CHORUS. *Vigorous.*


temp'rance ju - bi - lee, }  
 temp'rance ju - bi - lee. }  
 temp'rance ju - bi - lee, }  
 temp'rance ju - bi - lee. } Tem-p'rance for - ev - er; hur - rah! hur-rah! hur-rah!  
 temp'rance ju - bi - lee, }  
 temp'rance ju - bi - lee. }



Keep from the rum - shop for - ev - er and far, And we'll ral - ly round the

*Repeat Chorus ad lib.*


pledge, friends, u - ni - ted in our cause, Shout - ing the temp'rance ju - bi - lee.



P.

1. The hearth of home is beam - ing With rays of ho - ly light; And  
 2. The world in which thou mov - est Is bu - sy, brave, and wide; The  
 3. The world, so cold, in - hu - man, Will spurn thee, if thou fall; The

lov - ing eyes are gleam - ing, As fall the shades of night; And while thy steps are  
 dear ones whom thou lov - est, Would have thee by their side; They wait for thy warm  
 love of one pure wo - man Out - lasts and shames them all; Thy chil - dren will cling

leav - ing The cir - cle pure and bright, A ten - der voice, half  
 greet - ing, Thy smile is their de - light; Their gen - tle voic - es  
 round thee, Let fate be dark or bright; At home no shaft can

griev - ing, Says, "don't stay late to - night, Pray don't stay late to - night."  
 urg - ing, Say, "don't stay late to - night, Pray don't stay late to - night."  
 wound thee, "Pray don't stay late to - night, Pray don't stay late to - night."

Words by H. W.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

Arr. from W. MARTIN.

1. Come home, pa - pa! the shades of night Are gath - 'ring in the sky; The  
2. Come home! the birds have gone to rest In ma - ny a for - est tree; With-  
3. Come home! I'm sad where'er I go, To find no fath - er there; How

fire - fly shines with fit - ful light, The stars are out on high; And  
-in thy qui - et home, thy nest, Thy bird is wait - ing thee; She  
can we live with - out thee so? I'll say my eve - ning prayer, And

twin - kles bright the evening star; We've wait - ed long, come home, And twinkles bright the  
soft - ly sings, to cheer mamma The while she waits, come home, She soft - ly sings, to  
ask the God who made each star, To bring me home pa - pa, And ask the God who

## CHORUS.\*

eve - ning star, We've wait - ed long, come home, pa - pa. Come home, come home, Why  
cheer mam - ma The while she waits, come home, pa - pa. Come home, come home, Why  
made each star, To bring me home my dear pa - pa. Come home, come home, Why

\* Chorus by H.

should'st thou longer roam! With sad hearts we are wait - ing, To thee a welcome home.

## HOMEWARD BOUND.

JULE E. PERKINS.

1. Time is rushing in his chariot; Rap - id - ly his wheels go round; Tho' they cast no  
2. Flying months and years remind us Of the world we're passing to; Let us leave good

dust behind them, Tho' they leave no rumbling sound; Si - lent - ly they bear us onward,  
deeds behind us; In the world we're passing thro', Which shall be the seeds of kindness

Soon our journey will be o'er; Soon the friends with whom we min - gle We shall see and  
Watered by ce - les - tial dew; And shall bear good fruits for oth - ers, Fruits of joy, and

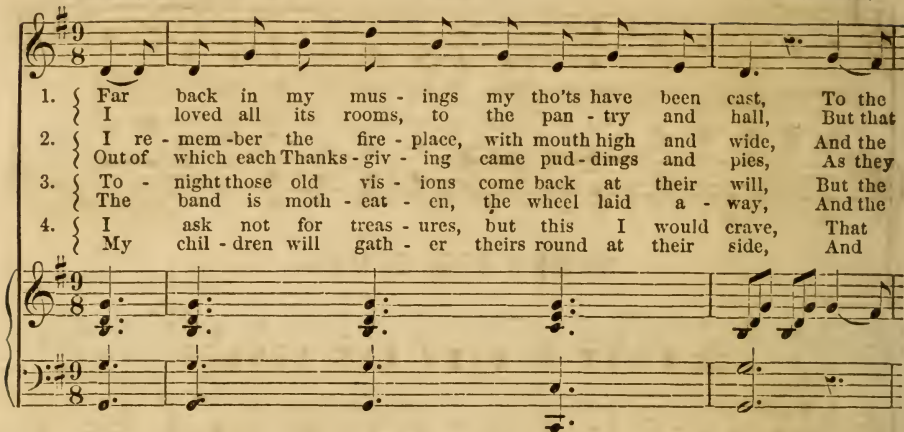
hear no more; Soon our feet shall press the meadows Of the vast e - ter - nal shore.  
peace and love, Years long af - ter we are sing - ing In th' immor - tal land a - bove.



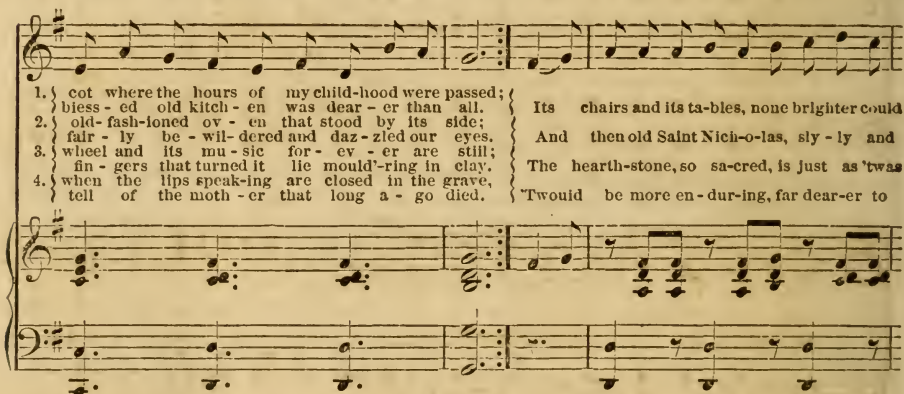
Words by Mrs. S. P. SNOW.

SONG.

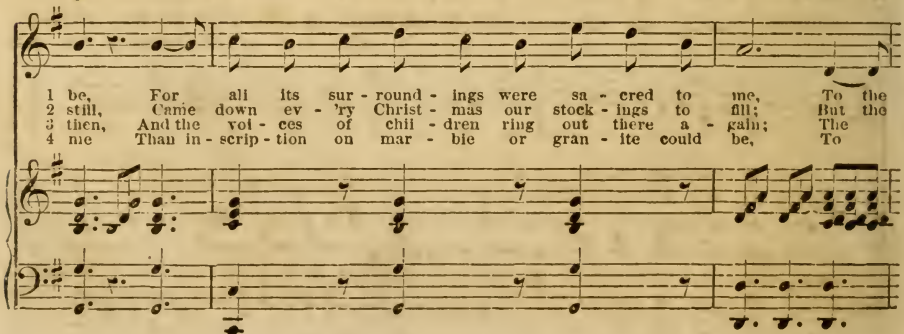
D. B. COLTON.



1. { Far back in my mus - ings my tho'ts have been cast, To the  
 I loved all its rooms, to the pan - try and hall, But that  
 2. { I re - mem - ber the fire - place, with mouth high and wide, And the  
 Out of which each Thanks - giv - ing came pud - dings and pies, As they  
 3. { To - night those old vis - ions come back at their will, But the  
 The band is moth - eat - en, the wheel laid a - way, And the  
 4. { I ask not for treas - ures, but this I would crave, That  
 My chil - dren will gath - er theirs round at their side, And



1. { cot where the hours of my child-hood were passed; { Its chairs and its ta-bles, none brighter could  
 2. { bless - ed old kitch - en was dear - er than all. { And then old Saint Nich-o-las, sly - ly and  
 3. { old - fash-ioned ov - en that stood by its side; { The hearth-stone, so sa-cred, is just as 'twas  
 4. { fair - ly be - wil - dered and daz - zled our eyes. { 'Twould be more en - dur - ing, far dear - er to  
 5. { wheel and its mu - sic for - ev - er are still;  
 6. { fin - gers that turned it lie mould - ring in clay,  
 7. { when the lips speak - ing are closed in the grave,  
 8. { tell of the moth - er that long a - go died.



1 be, For all its sur - round - ings were sa - cred to me, To the  
 2 still, Came down ev - 'ry Christ - mas our stock - ings to fill; But the  
 3 then, And the voi - ces of chil - dren ring out there a - gain; The  
 4 me Than in - scrip - tion on mar - ble or gran - ite could be, To

1 nail in the cell-ing, the latch on the door, Yet I love ev-'ry crack of that old kitch-en floor.  
 2 dear-est of mem-o-ries laid up in store, Are, dear moth-er, of thee, on that old kitch-en floor.  
 3 sun thro' the win-dow looks in as of yore, But it sees oth-er feet on that old kitch-en floor.  
 4 have them tell of-ten, as I did of yore, Of their moth-er they loved on that old kitch-en floor.

## THE DAY IS DARK AND DREARY.

*Largo.*

A. R. M.

1. The day is col', and dark, and dreary; It rains, and the wind is nev-er  
 2. My life is cold, and dark, and dreary; It rains, and the wind is nev-er  
 3. Be still my heart, and cease re-pin-ing; Be-yond the dark cloud the sun is

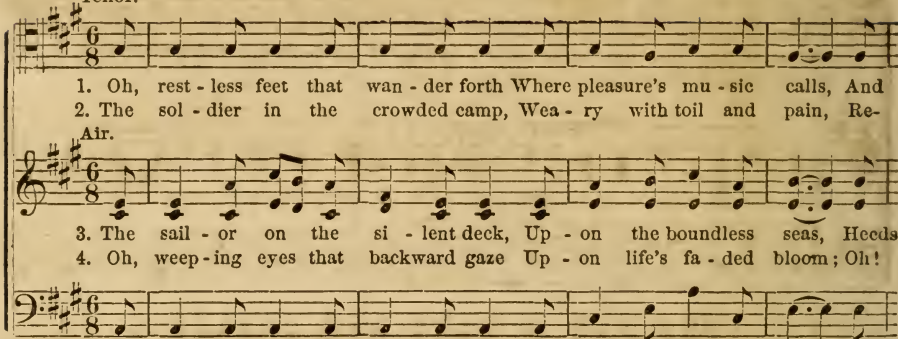
wea-ry; The vine still clings to the mould'ring wall, And at eve-ry breeze the  
 wea-ry; My tho'ts still cling to the dis-tant past, When the hopes of youth fell  
 shin-ing; Let no-ble deeds bear thy tho'ts a-way, It will bring sweet cheer from

dead leaves fall, And the day is dark and dreary, And the day is dark and dreary.  
 thick and fast. Now the days are dark and dreary, Now the days are dark and dreary.  
 day to day, Tho' some days are dark and dreary, Tho' some days are dark and dreary.

Words by AMY H. HUBBARD.

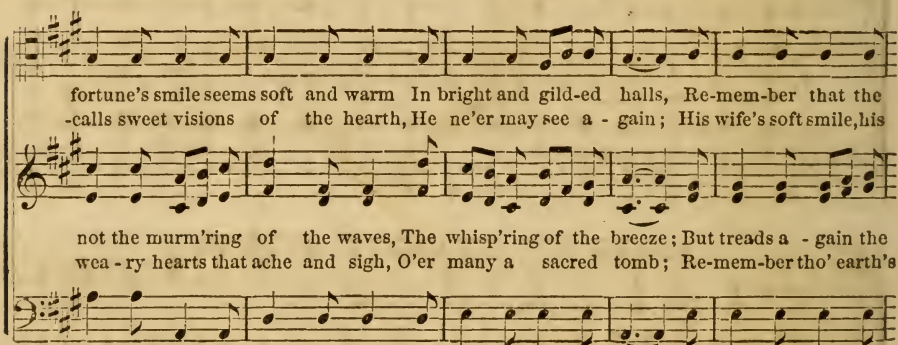
L. O. EMERSON.

Tenor.

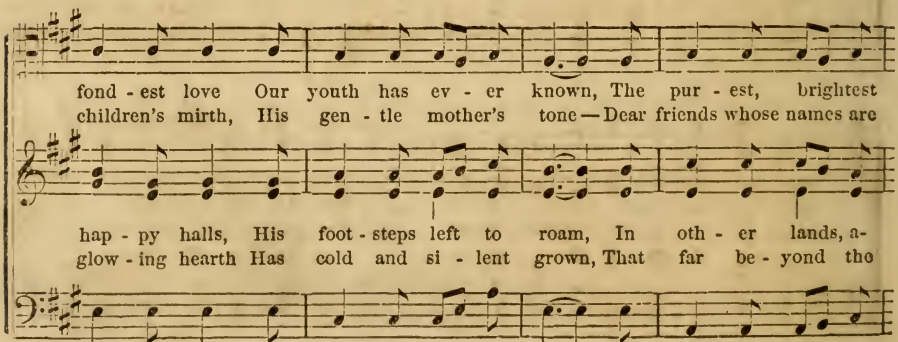


1. Oh, rest - less feet that wan - der forth Where pleasure's mu - sic calls, And  
 2. The sol - dier in the crowd - ed camp, Wea - ry with toil and pain, Re - Air.

3. The sail - or on the si - lent deck, Up - on the boundless seas, Heeds  
 4. Oh, weep - ing eyes that backward gaze Up - on life's fa - ded bloom; Oh!




fortune's smile seems soft and warm In bright and gild - ed halls, Re - mem - ber that the  
 - calls sweet visions of the hearth, He ne'er may see a - gain; His wife's soft smile, his  
 not the murm'ring of the waves, The whisp'ring of the breeze; But treads a - gain the  
 wea - ry hearts that ache and sigh, O'er many a sacred tomb; Re - mem - ber tho' earth's



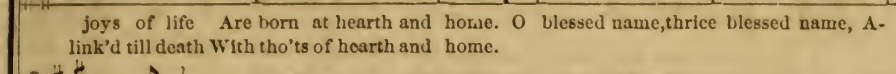
fond - est love Our youth has ev - er known, The pur - est, brightest  
 children's mirth, His gen - tle mother's tone — Dear friends whose names are  
 hap - py halls, His foot - steps left to roam, In oth - er lands, a -  
 glow - ing hearth Has cold and si - lent grown, That far be - yond tho



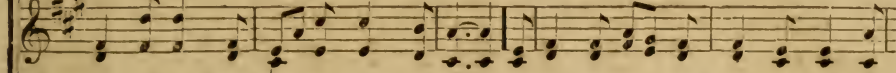

## CHORUS.



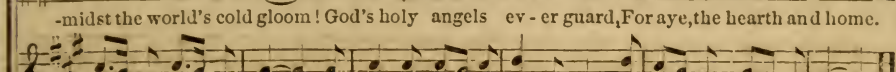
joys of life Are born at hearth and home. O blessed name, thrice blessed name, A-  
link'd till death With tho'ts of hearth and home.



-cross the seas, Far from his hearth and home. O blessed name, thrice blessed name, A-  
star - ry skies, Still smiles our heavenly home.

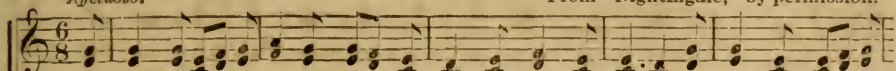
-midst the world's cold gloom! God's holy angels ev - er guard, For aye, the hearth and home.



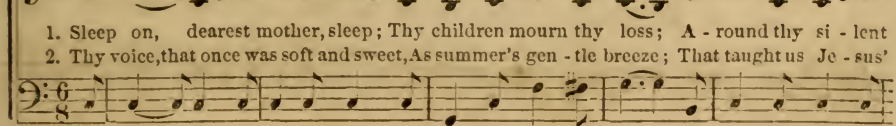
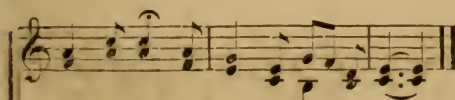
-midst the world's cold gloom! God's holy angels ev - er guard, For aye, the hearth and home.



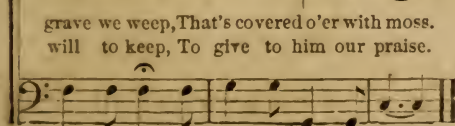
## SLEEP ON, DEAREST MOTHER.

*Affettuoso.*H. S. PERKINS.  
From "Nightingale," by permission.


1. Sleep on, dearest mother, sleep; Thy children mourn thy loss; A - round thy si - lent  
2. Thy voice, that once was soft and sweet, As summer's gen - tle breeze; That taught us Je - sus'

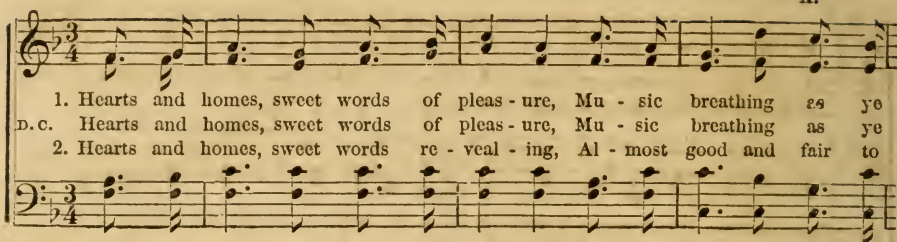



grave we weep, That's covered o'er with moss.  
will to keep, To give to him our praise.



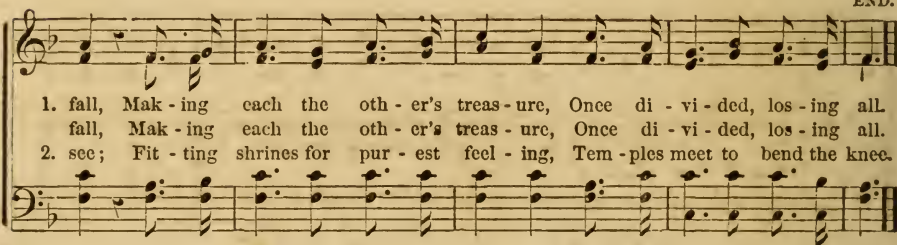
- 3 Yet why should we thus mourn and weep?  
Since God hath called thee home?  
Though we are filled with deepest grief,  
As o'er the earth we roam.
- 4 We cherish all the tender love  
That once thy lips did speak;  
As thou art sleeping in the grave,  
Thy spirit with the meek.

A.

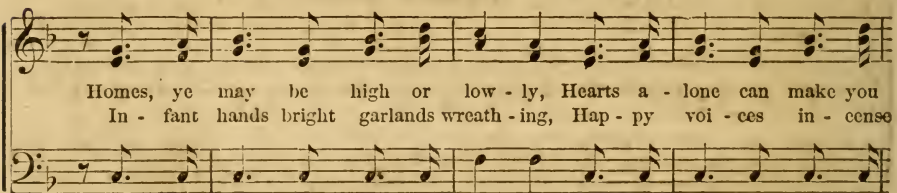


1. Hearts and homes, sweet words of pleas - ure, Mu - sic breathing as ye  
 D.C. Hearts and homes, sweet words of pleas - ure, Mu - sic breathing as ye  
 2. Hearts and homes, sweet words re - veal - ing, Al - most good and fair to

END.

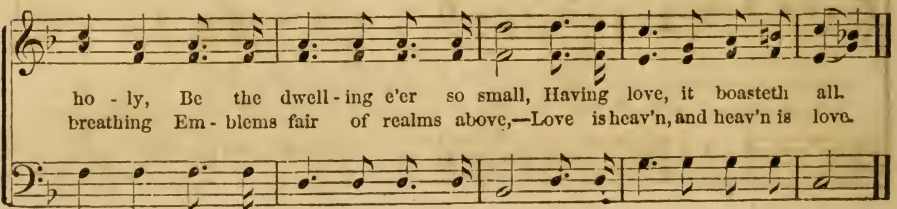


1. fall, Mak - ing each the oth - er's treas - ure, Once di - vi - ded, los - ing all.  
 fall, Mak - ing each the oth - er's treas - ure, Once di - vi - ded, los - ing all.  
 2. see; Fit - ting shrines for pur - est feel - ing, Tem - ples meet to bend the knee.



Homes, ye may be high or low - ly, Hearts a - lone can make you  
 In - fant hands bright garlands wreath - ing, Hap - py voi - ces in - cense

D. C.



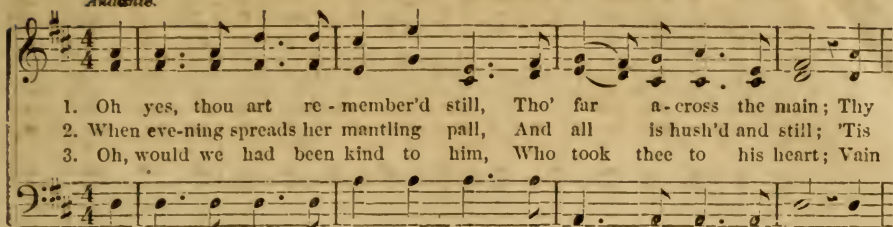
ho - ly, Be the dwell - ing e'er so small, Having love, it boasteth all.  
 breathing Em - blems fair of realms above, — Love is heav'n, and heav'n is love.

# AT HOME THOU ART REMEMBERED STILL. 117

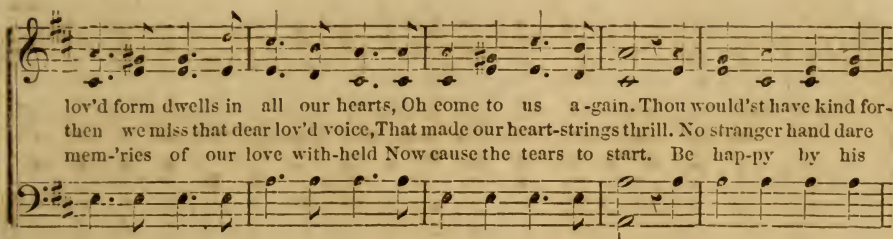
ANSWER TO "DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME?"

Words and melody by J. W. JOHNSON. Arr. by P.

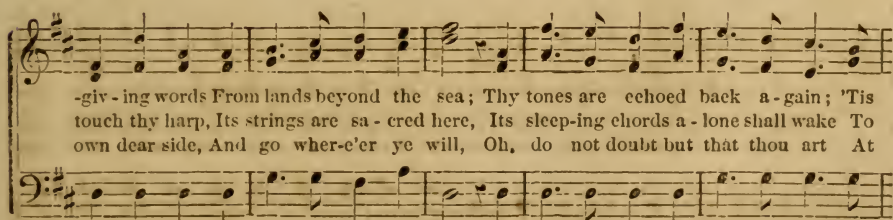
*Andante.*



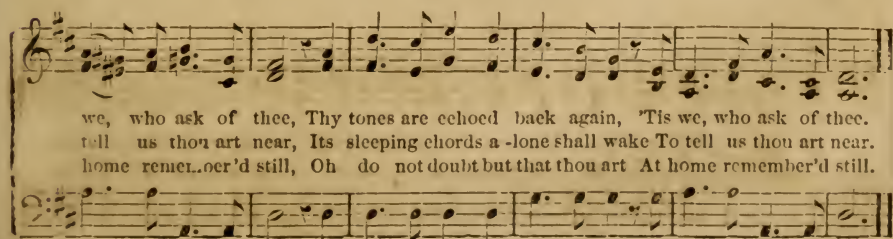
1. Oh yes, thou art re - member'd still, Tho' far a - cross the main; Thy  
2. When eve - ning spreads her mantling pall, And all is hush'd and still; 'Tis  
3. Oh, would we had been kind to him, Who took thee to his heart; Vain



lov'd form dwells in all our hearts, Oh come to us a - gain. Thou would'st have kind for -  
then we miss that dear lov'd voice, That made our heart-strings thrill. No stranger hand dare  
mem'-ries of our love with-held Now cause the tears to start. Be hap - py by his



-giv - ing words From lands beyond the sea; Thy tones are echoed back a - gain; 'Tis  
touch thy harp, Its strings are sa - cred here, Its sleep - ing chords a - lone shall wake To  
own dear side, And go wher - e'er ye will, Oh, do not doubt but that thou art At



we, who ask of thee, Thy tones are echoed back again, 'Tis we, who ask of thee.  
tell us thou art near, Its sleeping chords a - lone shall wake To tell us thou art near.  
home remem - ber'd still, Oh do not doubt but that thou art At home remember'd still.



*Allegretto.*

1. Life is a race where some suc - ceed, While oth - ers are be - gin - ning; 'Tis  
 2. And if you keep a - head, 'tis well, But nev - er trip your neigh - bor; 'Tis  
 3. Ne'er la - bor for an i - dle boast, Or vic - tory o'er an oth - er; But  
 4. Choose well the path in which you run, - Suc - ceed by no - ble dar - ing; Then,

luck in some, in oth - ers speed, That gives an ear - ly winning; But if you chance to  
 no - ble when you can ex - cel By hon - est, pa - tient la - bor; But if you are out -  
 while you strive your ut - ter - most Deal fair - ly with a broth - er; Where'er your sta - tion,  
 tho' the last, when once 'tis won, Your crown is worth the wear - ing. Then nev - er fret if

fall be - hind, Ne'er slacken your en - deav - or; Just keep this wholesome truth in mind, 'Tis  
 - stripped at last, Press on as bold as ev - er; Re - mem - ber, tho' you are surpassed, 'Tis  
 do your best, And hold your purpose ev - er; And if you fail to beat the rest, 'Tis  
 left be - hind, Nor slack - en your en - deav - or, But ev - er keep this truth in mind, 'Tis

## CHORUS.

bet - ter late than nev - er. 'Tis bet - ter late than nev - er, Bet - ter nev - er late,

bet - ter nev - er late, 'Tis bet - ter late than nev - er, Bet - ter nev - er late,

bet - ter nev - er late; Yes, ha! ha! ha! 'tis true, 'Tis bet - ter late than nev - er.

STAR OF THE TWILIGHT.

FROM VON WEBER.

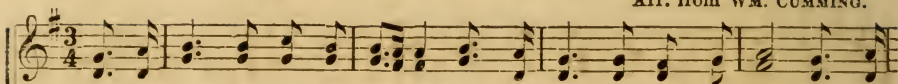
*Legato.*

1. Star of the twilight, Beau - ti - ful star, Glad - ly we hail thee, Shining a - far;  
2. Ea - ger - ly watching, Waiting for thee, Look we at evening, O'er the dark sea;

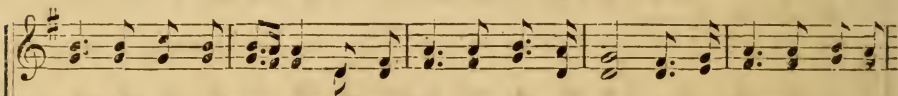
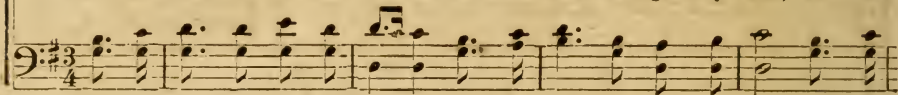
Rest from your labors, Children of toil, Night closes o'er ye, Rest ye a - while.  
Soon as thou shinest Soft on the air, Borne by the light breeze, Float - eth our prayer.

Rest ye, rest ye a - while.  
Floateth, floateth our prayer.

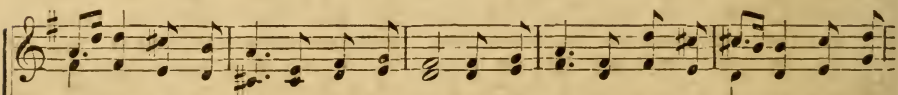
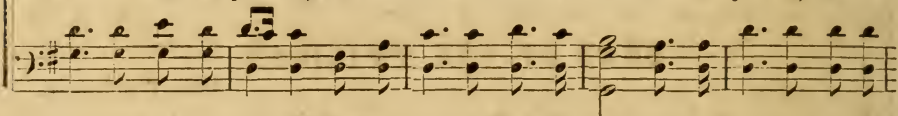
This is our greeting, Signalled a - far; Star of the twilight, Beau - ti - ful star.  
Watch o'er us kindly, Home from a - far; Light thou our pathway, Beautiful, beautiful star.



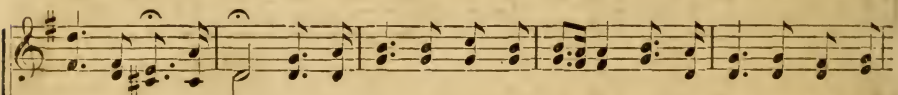
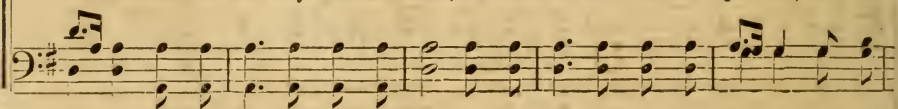
1. If a heart for thee is beating, Use it gent - ly, lest it break; Warm and
2. Oh! the heart, it is a blessing In its freshness and its youth; Be it
3. Oh! the heart, it is a treasure That should not be light - ly won, To be



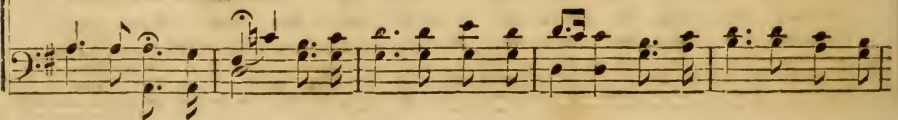
ten - der be thy greeting, 'Twill grow fond - er for thy sake. Oh! in sickness and in  
thine, 'mid thy ca - res - sing, To pre - serve it in its truth. 'Tis no worldly gem, at  
thrown a - side at pleasure, When the fes - tive hour is done. 'Tis a jew - el, that to



sorrow, Let thy care its so - lace be; Then 'twill all its gladness borrow From its  
pleasure To be worn or cast a - side; But a firm and priceless treasure, And more  
cherish Should be still thy constant boast; For when all be - side it per - ish, Will its



sun of hope in thee.  
val - ued when it's tried. } If a heart for thee is beat - ing, Use it gent - ly, lest it  
worth be known the most.





break; Warm and ten - der be thy greeting, 'Twill grow stronger for thy sake.

# SWEETLY CHIMES THE BELL.

Words in part by H. S.

1. Sweet - ly chimes thro' the eve - ning air, Bells so clear, with the sky so fair,  
2. Slow - ly sound - ing a - long the dell, Hear the tones of the eve - ning bell;

Calls the wea - ry from toil and care, The wea - ry from their care.  
Rest from la - bor, its num - bers tell, Its plain - tive num - bers tell.

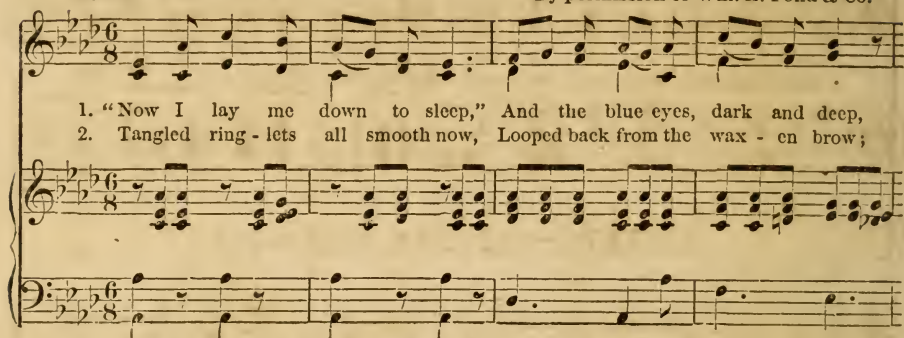
Cheer - ful smiles wait the trav - 'ler home, Glad hearts bound as his footsteps come;  
Loud - er now o'er the hill and bay, Come the tones of its morning lay;

Rest is sweet to the wea - ry soul, Rest to the wea - ry soul.  
Bounding joy - ous, it seems to say, "All hail the new - born day!"

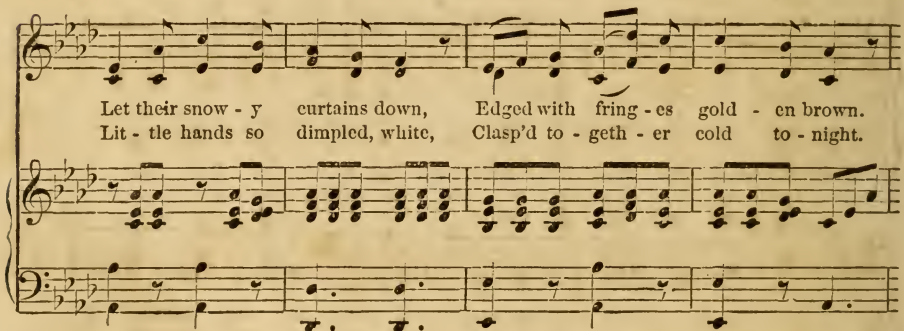
## NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

Words by Miss HATTIE A. FOX.  
DUETT.


A. D. WALBRIDGE.  
By permission of Wm. A. Pond & Co.



1. "Now I lay me down to sleep," And the blue eyes, dark and deep,  
2. Tangled ring - lets all smooth now, Looped back from the wax - en brow;



Let their snow - y curtains down, Edged with fring - es gold - en brown.  
Lit - tle hands so dimpled, white, Clasp'd to - geth - er cold to - night.



"All day long, the an - gels fair, I've been watch - ing o - ver there;  
Where the mos - sy, daisied sod Brought sweet mes - sa - ges from God,

Heaven's not far, 'tis just in sight, Now they're call - ing me, good night;  
Two pale lips with kiss - es press'd, There we left her to her rest;

Kiss me, moth - er, do not weep, Now I lay me down to sleep.  
And the dews of evening weep, Where we laid her down to sleep.

*Tempo.*

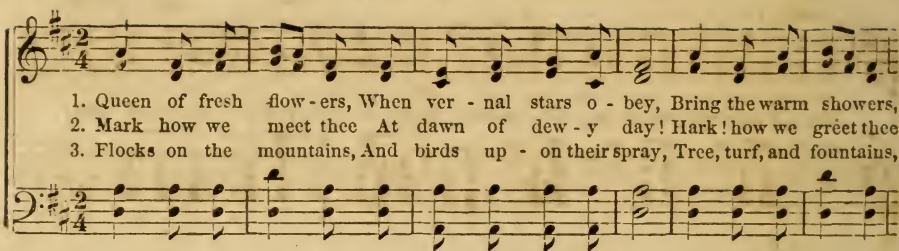
CHORUS.

O - ver there, just o - ver there, I shall say my morning prayer;  
O - ver there, just o - ver there, List the an - gel's morning prayer;

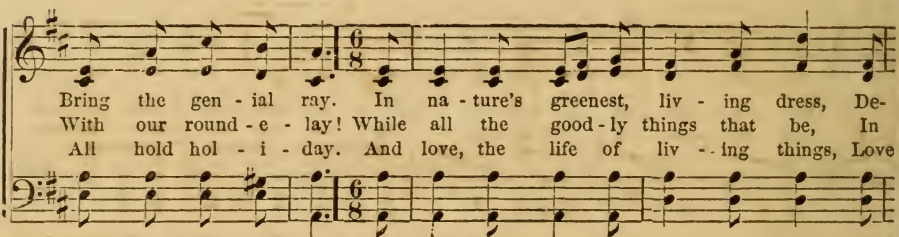
*A tempo.*

Kiss me, moth - er, do not weep, Now I lay me down to sleep.  
Lisp - ing low through fan - cy creep, Now I lay me down to sleep.

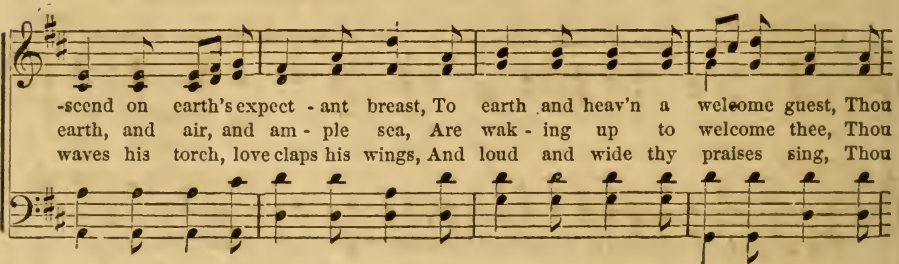




1. Queen of fresh flow-ers, When ver-nal stars o-bey, Bring the warm showers,  
 2. Mark how we meet thee At dawn of dew-y day! Hark! how we greet thee  
 3. Flocks on the mountains, And birds up-on their spray, Tree, turf, and fountains,

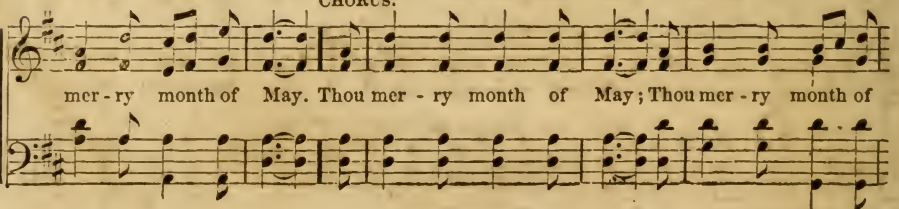


Bring the gen-ial ray. In na-ture's greenest, liv-ing dress, De-  
 With our round-e-lay! While all the good-ly things that be, In  
 All hold hol-i-day. And love, the life of liv-ing things, Love



-scend on earth's expect-ant breast, To earth and heav'n a welcome guest, Thou  
 earth, and air, and am-ple sea, Are wak-ing up to welcome thee, Thou  
 waves his torch, love claps his wings, And loud and wide thy praises sing, Thou

## CHORUS.



mer-ry month of May. Thou mer-ry month of May; Thou mer-ry month of

*Repeat chorus pp.*

May, We'll shout and sing our merry glee, In the mer-ry month of May.

## NEW ENGLAND HILLS.

DUETT AND CHORUS.

H. S. P.

1. New Eng - land hills, New Eng - land homes, We breathe our dear - est song to  
 2. We hear the clear New Eng - land bells Ring forth their wel - come Sabbath  
 3. We see our homes in qui - et lie A - mong New Eng - land's sacred

you; The peace - ful roof, the sunny domes, The friends whose hearts are warm and true.  
 peals; From hill to hill the mu - sic swells, And o'er re - membrance gent - ly steals.  
 hills; And mem - ry of the days gone by Our hearts with deep e - motion fills.

CHORUS.  
 New Eng - land hills, New Eng - land homes, With mem - ry dear we turn to

you, How - ev - er far our footsteps roam, Tho't will lin - ger back to you.

1. One by one the sands are flowing, One by one the moments fall; Some are  
2. Do not lin - ger with re - gretting, Or for passing hours de - spond; Nor, thy

com - ing, some are go - ing, Do not strive to grasp them all. One by  
dai - ly toil for - get - ting, Look too ea - ger - ly be - yond. Hours are

one thy du - ties wait thee, Let thy whole strength go to each, Let no  
gold - en links, God's to - ken, Reaching heav - en, one by one; Take them

fu - ture dream e - late thee, Learn thou first what these can teach.  
lest the chain be bro - ken, Ere thy pil - grim - age be done.

## ONE BY ONE. By ANNA BLANCK.

1 One by one life's zephyrs waft us  
Far away upon the main;  
One by one rise its great billows,  
Filling us with fear and pain.  
One by one clouds gather o'er us,  
Sending sadness to our hearts;  
One by one the sparkling sunbeams  
From hope's sun bid grief depart.

2 One by one fair schoolmates leave us,  
To progress without their aid;  
One by one their dear forms vanish,  
But their mem'ry will not fade.  
One by one we step up bravely  
On the stage of human life;  
One by one we win the laurels,  
As we conquer in the strife.



Arr. from J. P. WEBSTER.

1. Two on earth, their lit - tle feet Glance like sunbeams round the door;  
 2. Two with crowns of budding flowers, Dance the summer skies be - neath;  
 3. Oft I gazed with tear - ful eyes, When the church-yard daisies blow,

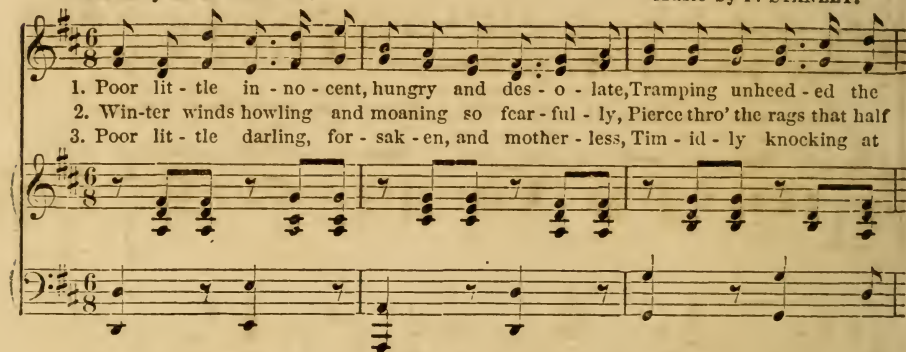
Two in heaven whose lips re - peat Words of bless - ing ev - er - more.  
 Two in heaven's un - fad - ing bowers, Wear the glo - ry like a wreath.  
 Oft my prayers are on - ly sighs, Yearning for my children so.

Two on earth at close of day, Soft - ly sink to cradled rest;  
 Two on earth whose mer - ry call Stirrs my heart to gladness now,  
 Yet I know an an - gel hand Led them home in ten - der love.

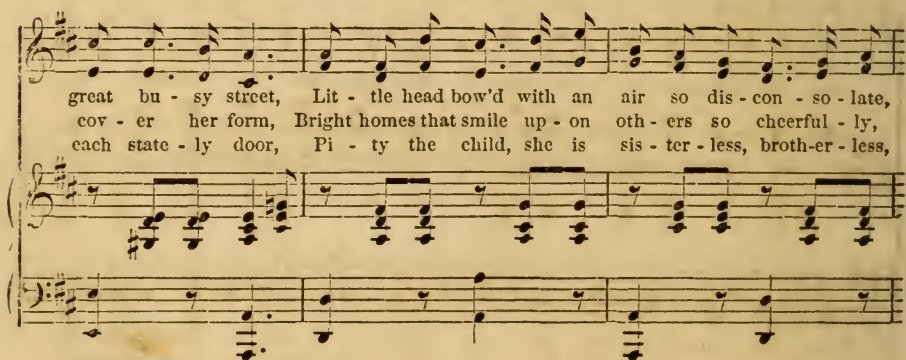
Two in heaven more blest than they, Slumber on an an - gel's breast.  
 Two in heaven whose kiss - es fall Through the si - lence on my brow.  
 Mine is sure a bless - ed band, Two on earth and two a - bove.

Words by E. A. WARDEN.

Music by F. STANLEY.



1. Poor lit - tle in - no - cent, hungry and des - o - late, Tramping unheed - ed the  
 2. Win - ter winds howling and moaning so fear - ful - ly, Pierce thro' the rags that half  
 3. Poor lit - tle darling, for - sak - en, and mother - less, Tim - id - ly knocking at



great bu - sy street, Lit - tle head bow'd with an air so dis - con - so - late,  
 cov - er her form, Bright homes that smile up - on oth - ers so cheerful - ly,  
 each state - ly door, Pi - ty the child, she is sis - ter - less, broth - er - less,



*rit.* *A tempo.*  
 Sum - mer suns blist'ring her poor lit - tle feet, List to the voice that so  
 Heed not the lit - tle one out in the storm. Cold, sleet - y rains fall up -  
 An - gel of char - i - ty, pi - ty the poor! Down on the pavement she

*col voce.*

sweetly and mournful-ly Begs from the stranger a pittance of bread. Treat not the  
-on her so chilling-ly, Dy-ing with pur-ple her poor lit-tle hands, She would par-  
sinks in her wea-riness, On-ly a snow-bank to pillow her head, Morn'ing will

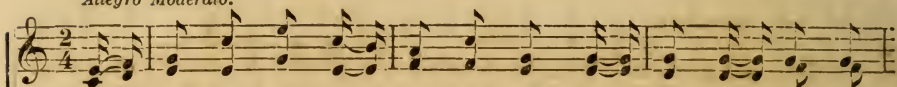
poor lit-tle beg-gar so scorn-fully, No home will shelter her poor lit-tle head.  
-take of the bounty most wil-ling-ly, Proud-hearted own-er of mon-ey and land.  
break in its cold bit-ter drea-riness, On the poor beg-gar girl, fro-zen and dead.

## CHORUS.

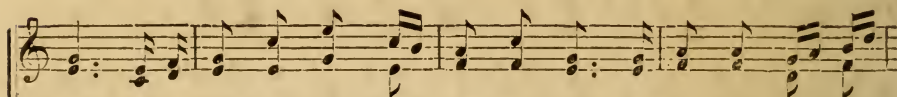
*f* Lifeless she lays, but her spirit so beautiful Enters the gates of the City of Pearl.

*ritard.* *f*  
Old mother earth to her children so dutiful, Takes to her bosom the poor beggar girl.

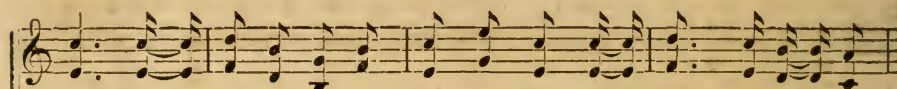
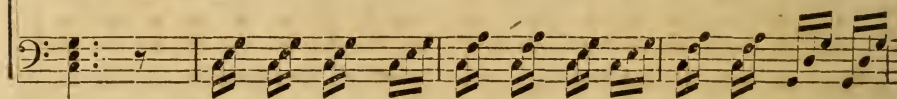


*Allegro Moderato.*

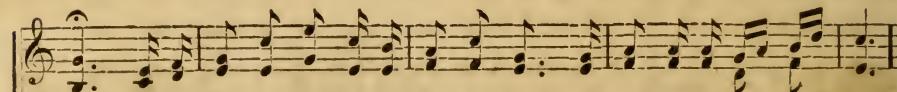
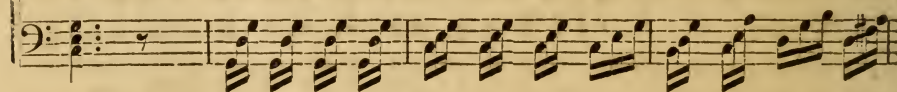
1. You may talk and sing of the bud-ding spring, With its wealth of fra-grant  
 2. The sail-or free may choose the sea, And sing of his bon-ny



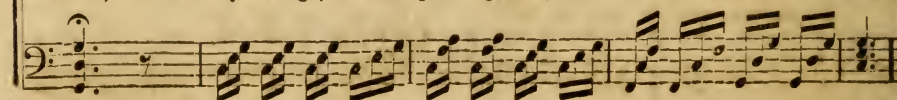
flowers; And its sweet-voiced birds, whose songs are heard In ev-'ry ver-nal  
 boat; He may take the ship, and I the whip, I'd ra-ther ride than



bower; But there's not for me a joy more free Than to guide the foam-ing  
 float. Then haste a-way, bring out the sleigh, And har-ness th'impatient



steed, As a-way we go, o'er the sparkling snow, And vie with the wind in speed.  
 steed; And a-way we go, o'er the sparkling snow, And vie with the wind in speed.



CHORUS. Repeat *pp.*

With coursers gai - ly prancing, and the snow-light brightly glancing, And our

n.c. Our mer - ry song shall min-gle, min-gle, min-gle, min-gle, min-gle, With our

friends be - side, and our friends be - side; Our mer - ry song shall min-gle with the

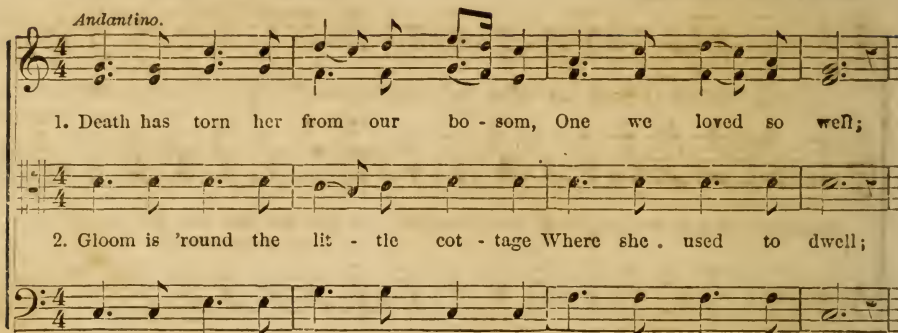
friends be - side, with our friends be - side; The sleigh-bells' cheerful jin - gle, jin - gle,

sleigh-bells' cheerful jin - gle, As a - way we go, As a - way we go.

jin - gle, jin - gle, jin - gle, As a - way we go, As a - way we go.

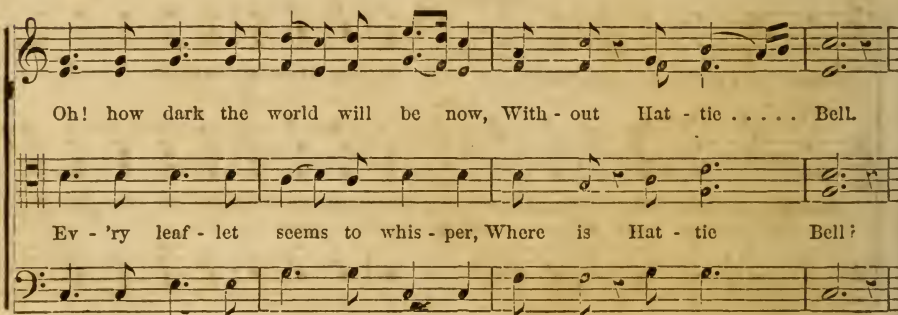
Words by FRANK D. HATFIELD.

Music by J. P. WEBSTER.

*Andantino.*

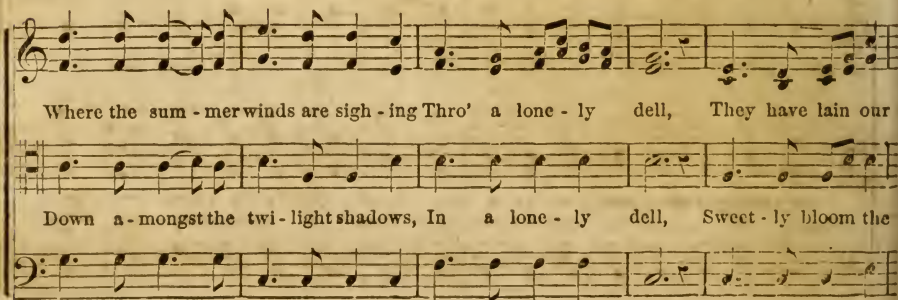
1. Death has torn her from our bo - som, One we loved so well;

2. Gloom is 'round the lit - tle cot - tage Where she . used to dwell;



Oh! how dark the world will be now, With - out Hat - tie . . . . Bell.

Ev - 'ry leaf - let seems to whis - per, Where is Hat - tie Bell?



Where the sum - mer winds are sigh - ing Thro' a lone - ly dell, They have lain our

Down a - mongst the twi - light shadows, In a lone - ly dell, Sweet - ly bloom the



lit - tle i - dol, Dear - est Hat - tie Bell. 1. Dear - - - - - est Hat - tie  
2. Dear - - - - - est Hat - tie

wildwood flow - ers O - ver Hat - tie Bell. 1. Dearest Hat - tie Bell!  
2. Dearest Hat - tie Bell!

Bell! Dar - - - - - ling Hat - tie Bell!  
Bell! Dar - - - - - ling Hat - tie Bell!

Darling Hat - tie Bell! Where the summer winds are sigh - ing Thro' a lone - ly dell,  
Darling Hat - tie Bell! Down among the twilight shadows, In a lone - ly dell,

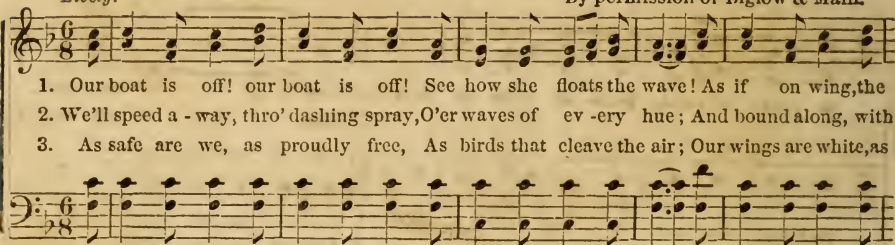
*Repeat pp.*

They have lain our lit - tle i - dol, Dear - est Hat - tie Bell.  
Sweet - ly bloom the wild - wood flow - ers O - ver Hat - tie Bell.

They have lain our lit - tle i - dol, Dear - est Hat - tie Bell.  
Sweet - ly bloom the wild - wood flow - ers, O - ver Hat - tie Bell.

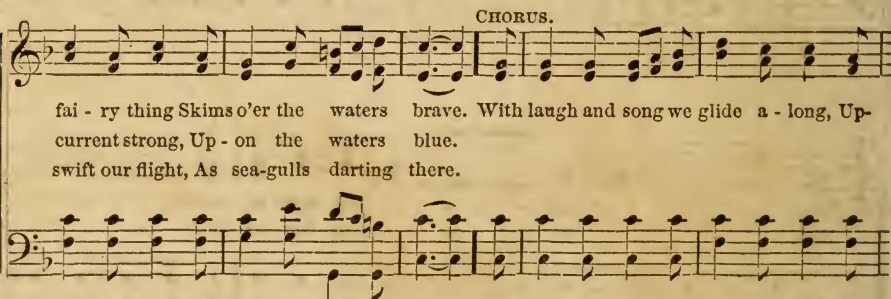
Words by AGNES BURNEY.  
*Lively.*

T. J. COOK.  
By permission of Biglow & Main.

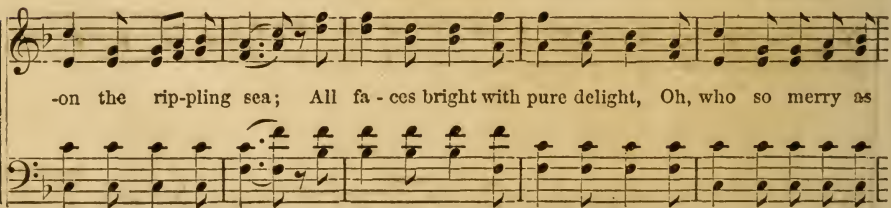


1. Our boat is off! our boat is off! See how she floats the wave! As if on wing, the  
2. We'll speed a-way, thro' dashing spray, O'er waves of ev-ery hue; And bound along, with  
3. As safe are we, as proudly free, As birds that cleave the air; Our wings are white, as

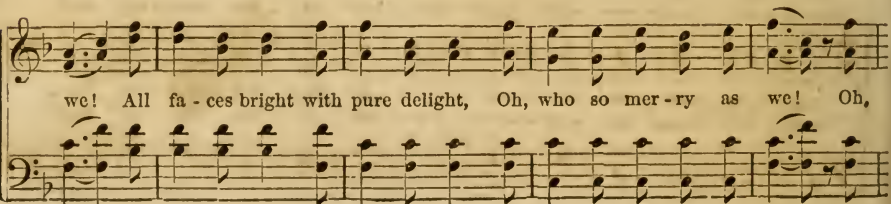
CHORUS.



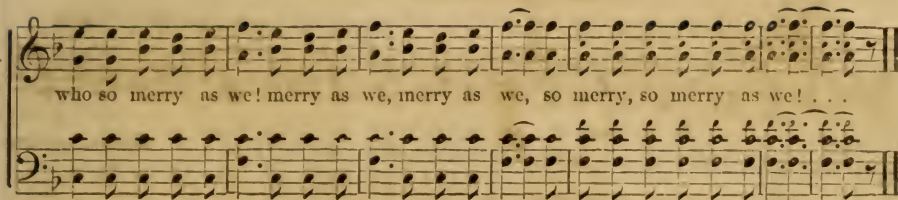
fai-ry thing Skims o'er the waters brave. With laugh and song we glide a-long, Up-  
current strong, Up-on the waters blue.  
swift our flight, As sea-gulls darting there.



-on the rip-pling sea; All fa-cies bright with pure delight, Oh, who so merry as



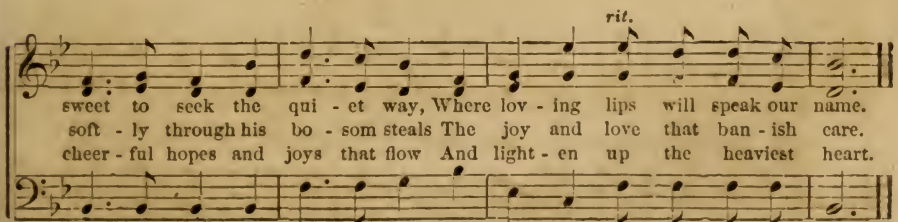
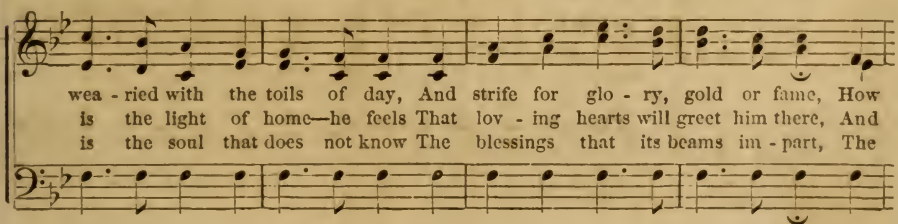
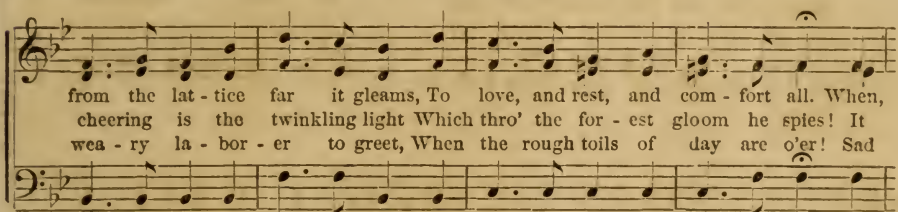
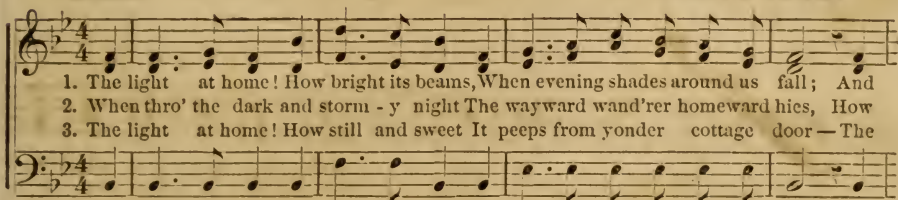
we! All fa-cies bright with pure delight, Oh, who so mer-ry as we! Oh,



## THE LIGHT AT HOME.

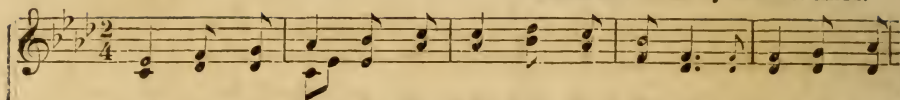
*Moderato.*

JULE E. PERKINS.

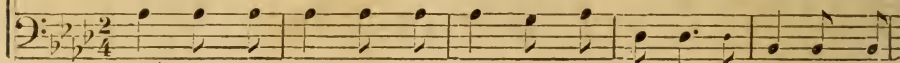




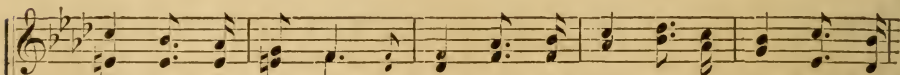
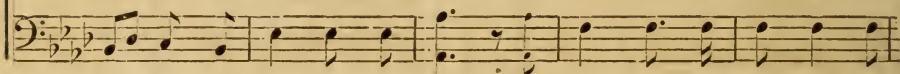
Words and music by WILL S. HAYS.



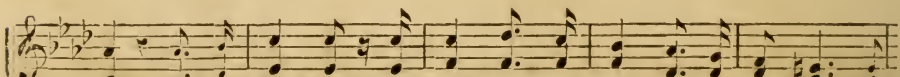
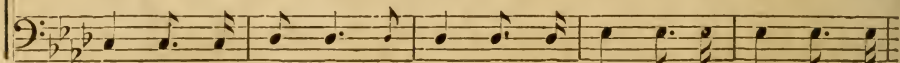
1. Hark! how the cold, bit - ter winds now are blowing! Mother, dear  
 2. Oh! let me see once a - gain that sweet riv - er, Up - on whose soft  
 3. Moth - er, 'tis hard, from our home we are driv - en By war, a - mid



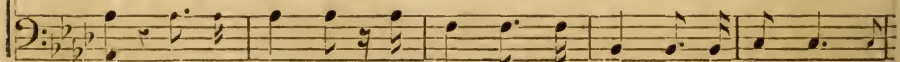
moth - er, draw near - er to me; Stay by my bed - side — I  
 bo - som I gazed when a child, And looked all a - round me, and  
 stran - gers, and none seem to care. But oh, there's a home that is



feel I am go - ing, Far from this cold, cru - el world and from  
 won - dered if ev - er The moon on a love - li - er pic - ture e'er  
 ours in heav - en, Where there is no war, nor no en - e - mies



thee. Weep not, for naught in this world can de - iay thee From  
 smil'd. Let me see the old homestead, the house I was born in, The  
 there. Kiss me, dear moth - er, oh, why art thou sigh - ing?



fol - low - ing me, for I'll soon "go be - fore;" But oh! ere I  
 flow - ers that grew 'round the porch and the door; Where I've welcomed the  
 Let all thy sor - row and sad - ness be o'er; Moth - er, draw

die, my dear moth - er, I pray thee, "Take me back home,—let me  
 sun when it rose in the morn - ing, "Take me back home,—let me  
 near - er, I'm weak,—oh! I'm dy - ing, "Take me— oh! let me but

## CHORUS.

see it once more." Stay by my bed - side, I feel I am

*ritard.*  
 go - ing; Take me back home, let me see it once more.

Words by GEO. COOPER.

Arr. from J. R. THOMAS.

*Moderato.*

1. Oh! must we part! how sad the words Are fall - ing on my heart! Your  
2. What bliss to hold your hand in mine, And gaze with - in your eyes! What

beam - ing eyes would bid me stay, Then, dear one, must we part? And  
bliss to know one heart is true, 'Neath fair or cloud - y skies! Your

yet the words of hope you breathe Have borne a - way my pain, I  
lov - ing words, like sum - mer flow'rs, Shall in my soul re - main, And


bless the lips that sweet - ly say, "Good bye, but come a - gain."  
soon I'll press the lips that say, "Good bye, but come a - gain."

CHORUS.


*Repeat chorus pp.*

Good bye, good bye, good bye, good bye, Good bye, but come a - gain.

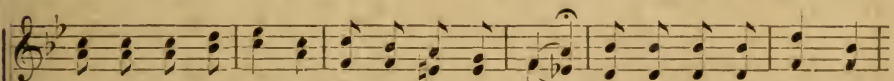





1. Singing in the morning, Singing thro' the day, Singing at the hearthstone,  
 2. Singing at the sun - set, Singing in the eve, Singing with re - joic - ing,  
 3. Cares may come to vex us, Burdens may op - press, Time may bring us trou - ble,



Singing on our way; Singing at our la - bors, Singing in our rest,  
 Singing when we grieve; Singing cheers the lone - ly, Singing soothes the sad,  
 Treasures may be less; Yet with fond com - panions, Loved and cherished long,



Singing we are thankful, Singing we are blest. Singing in the morning,  
 Singing makes us gen - tle, Singing makes us glad. Singing in the morning,  
 All our sorrows van - ish, Charm'd away by song. Singing in the morning,



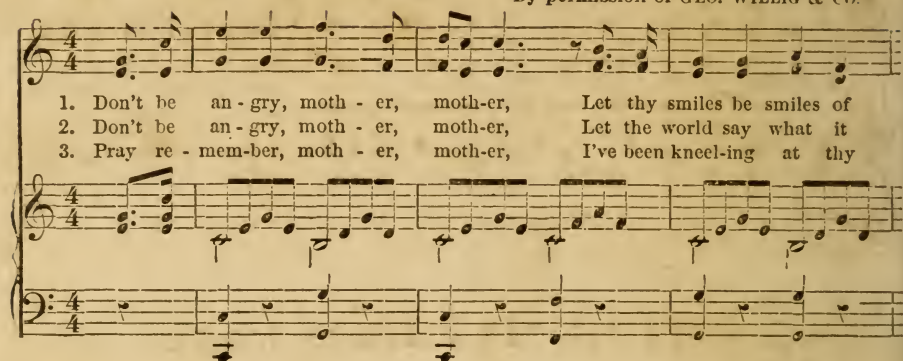
Singing thro' the day, Mu - sic is a bless - ing, Use it while we may.

## DON'T BE ANGRY, MOTHER.

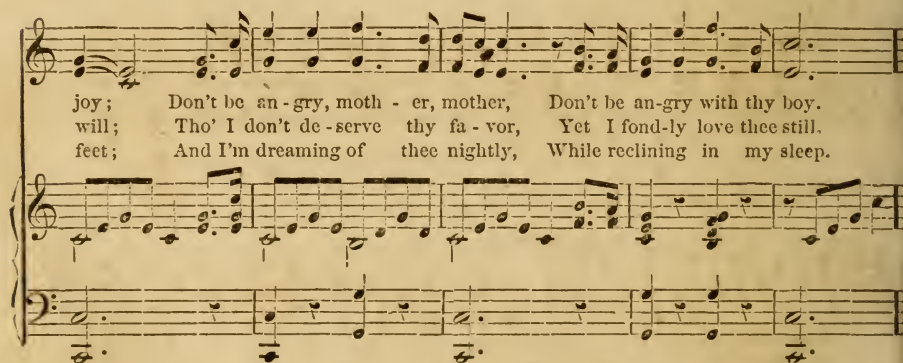
Written by ADAMS.

Arr. by H. S. P.

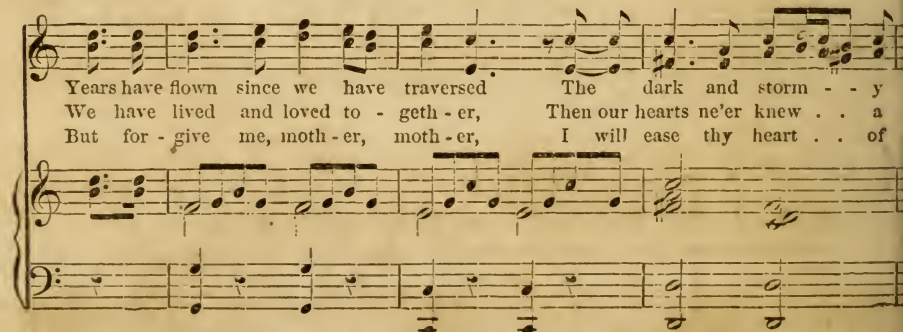
By permission of GEO. WILLIG &amp; Co.\*



1. Don't be an - gry, moth - er, moth-er, Let thy smiles be smiles of  
 2. Don't be an - gry, moth - er, moth-er, Let the world say what it  
 3. Pray re - mem-ber, moth - er, moth-er, I've been kneeling at thy



joy; Don't be an - gry, moth - er, mother, Don't be an-gry with thy boy.  
 will; Tho' I don't de - serve thy fa - vor, Yet I fond-ly love thee still.  
 feet; And I'm dreaming of thee nightly, While reclining in my sleep.



Years have flown since we have traversed The dark and storm - - y  
 We have lived and loved to - geth - er, Then our hearts ne'er knew . . a  
 But for - give me, moth - er, moth-er, I will ease thy heart . . of

sea; Whilst your boy, quite bro - ken - hearted, Ne'er has ceased to think of thee.  
 pain; But for-give me, moth - er, mother, Oh, for-give thy boy a - gain.  
 pain; But for-give me, moth - er, mother, Oh, for-give thy boy a - gain.

## SONG FOR THE CLOSE OF SCHOOL.

Words by T. H. BROSNAN.

H. N. D.

1. We part to-day to meet, perchance, Till God shall call us home; And from this room we  
 2. Farewell old room, within thy walls No more with joy we'll meet; Nor voices join in  
 3. Farewell to thee we loved so well, Farewell our schoolmates dear; The tie is rent that

wan - der forth, A - lone, a-lone to roam. And friends we've known in childhood's days May  
 morning song, Nor ev'ning hymn re - peat. But when in fu-ture years we dream Of  
 linked our souls In hap-py un-ion here. Our hands are clasped, our hearts are full, And

live but in the past, But in the realms of light and love May we all meet at last.  
 scenes of love and truth, Our fondest tho'ts will be of thee, The school-room of our youth.  
 tears bedew each eye; Ah, 'tis a time for fond regrets, When school-mates say "Good bye."



## YOU'VE BEEN A FRIEND TO ME.

Words and music by WILL S. HAYS.

1. My bark of life was toss - ing down The troubled stream of time, When  
 2. Mis - fortune nursed me as her child, And loved me fond - ly, too; I  
 3. The light of hope from your bright eyes Dispeiled the clouds of strife, And

first I saw your smiling face, When youth was in its prime. Then  
 would have had a bro - ken heart, Had it not been for you. Kind  
 shed their rays of sunshine down My wea - ry path in life; I

life's dark hours were turned to light, My sorrowed heart was free; And  
 words were whispered soft - ly sweet, But glad I could not be, Un-  
 now look back up - on the past, A-cross life's storm - y sea, And

since that time I've al - ways found You've been a friend to me.  
 -til I found that you had been A faith - ful friend to me.  
 smile to think, 'mid all life's scenes, You've been a friend to me.

CHORUS.

I'll ne'er for - get, wher - e'er I roam, Wher - ev - er you may

be, If ev - er I have had a friend, You've been that friend to me.

## A SWEET FACE AT THE WINDOW.

Words by W. C. BAKER.

Composed by H. P. DANKS.

1. A sweet face at the win-dow, A dear one at the door, A  
 2. A sweet face at the win-dow, Oh! how I long to be With-  
 3. A sweet face at the win-dow, A spir-it bright and blest, That

fair form at the gate-way, To greet me home once more; And  
 -in that lit-tle cot-tage, Where all are dear to me:— Where  
 watches for my com-ing, More con-stant than the rest. And

as I tread the path-way Of du-ty and of care, How  
 fond hearts beat re-spon-sive To eve-ry wish of mine; And  
 she will come to meet me, The first out-side the door; With



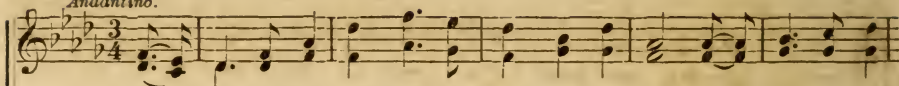
sweet to know the lov'd ones A - wait my com ing there! .....  
 love, like gen - tle i - vy, In fragrance round it twine. ....  
 her so true and lov - ing, I'll tar - ry ev - er - more. ....

## CHORUS.

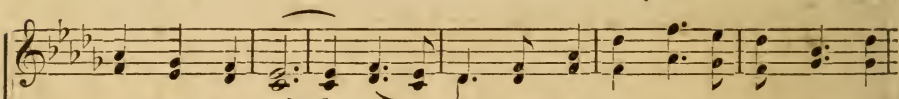
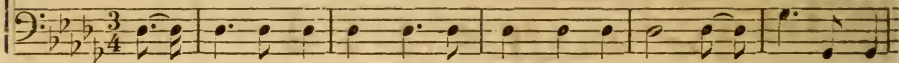
A sweet face at the win - dow, A dear one at the door, A  
 A sweet face at the win - dow, A dear one at the door, A

fair form at the gate - way, To greet me home once more.  
 fair form at the gate - way, To greet me home once more.

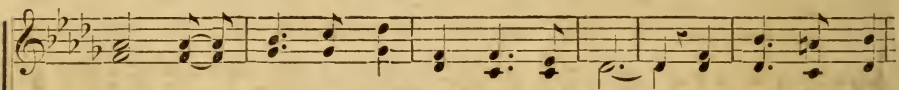
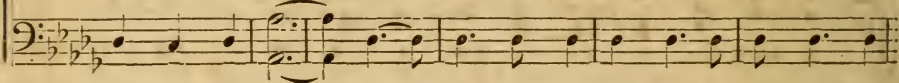
WILL S. HAYS.

*Andantino.*

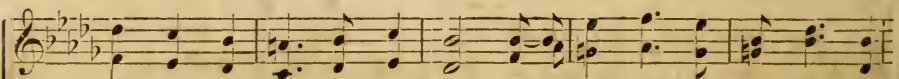
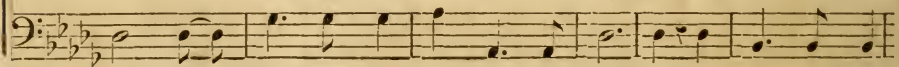
1. When the curtains of night are pinned back by the stars, And the beauti - ful
2. I have loved you too fond - ly, to ev - er for - get The love you have
3. When heav - en - ly an - gels are guarding the good, As God has or -



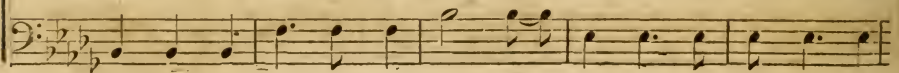
moon leaps the skies, And the dew - drops of heav - en are kiss - ing the  
 spok - en for me, And the kiss of af - fec - tion, still warm on my  
 - dained them to do, In an - swer to prayers I have of - fered to




rose, It is then that my mem - o - ry flies, As if on the  
 lips, When you told me how true you would be; I know not if  
 Him, I know there is one watch - ing you; And may its bright

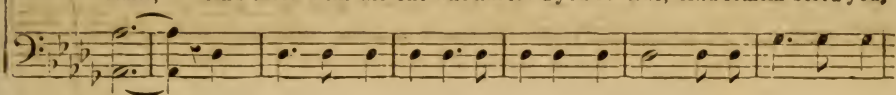


wings of some beau - ti - ful dove, In haste with the mes - sage it  
 for - tune be fick - le or friend, Or if time on your mem - o - ry  
 spir - it be with you thro' life, To guide you up heav - en's bright

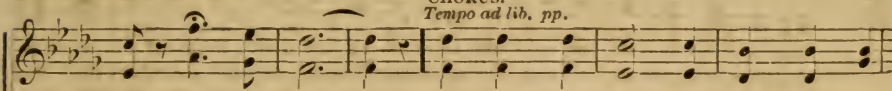




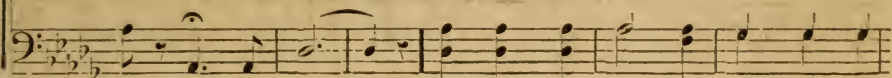
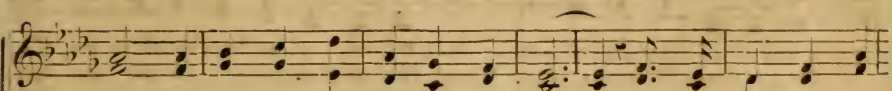
bears, To bring you a kiss of af - fection, and say I re - mem - ber you,  
wears; I know that I love you wherev - er you roam, And re - mem - ber you,  
stairs, And meet with the one who has lov'd you so true, And remem - bered you,



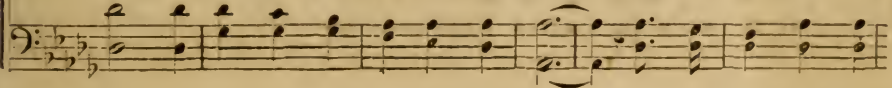
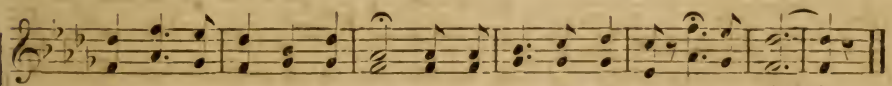
CHORUS.  
*Tempo ad lib. pp.*



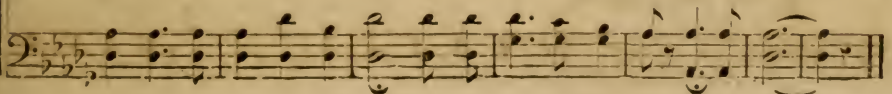
love, in my prayers. } Go where you will, on land, or on  
love, in my prayers. }  
love, in her prayers. }

sea, I'll share all your sorrows and cares; And at night, when I

kneel by my bed - side and pray, I'll re - member you, love, in my prayers.





*Moderato.*

1. O! when I gaze up - on his face, That once was young and fair, I  
 2. O! who can tell a fa - ther's love? When age brings on de - cay, The  
 3. His jour - ney to the grave is short, His work is al - most done; His

al-most weep to think that age Could leave its im - age there; He stood the ma - ny  
 form grows weak, the eyes are dim, The mind fades fast a - way, Till years have past, life's  
 tottering limbs grow weaker still, His race is near - ly run. Old age de - serts him

storms of life That round his pathway rolled, He's rest - ing in life's sun - shine now, My  
 sun goes down, The sto - ry then is told, Time whispers gent - ly in my ear, My  
 on the road, He waits for death to come; He's lost up - on the shores of time, But

## CHORUS.

fa - ther's grow - ing old. I sit be - side his ea - sy chair, His hand in mine I  
 fa - ther's grow - ing old.  
 an - gels lead him home.

hold; He breathes his life yet sweet-ly there, My fa-ther's grow-ing old.

*rit.*

The musical score for "My Father's Growing Old" is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a single system with a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked "rit." (ritardando).

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

1. O say, can you see by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we  
2. And war's clam-ors o'er, with her man-tle hath peace Once a-gain, in its  
3. O thus be it ev-er when free-men shall stand Be-tween their loved

The musical score for "The Star-Spangled Banner" is written in D major (two sharps) and 3/4 time. It consists of a single system with a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The time signature is 3/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff.

hailed at the twi-light's last gleam-ing; Whose broad stripes and bright  
folds, the na-tion en-shroud-ed; Let no fra-tri-cide  
homes and the war's de-so-la-tion; Blest with vic-t'ry and

The musical score for "The Star-Spangled Banner" continues on this system. It consists of a single system with a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The time signature is 3/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff.

stars thro' the per - il - ous fight, O'er the ramparts we watched were so gal - lant - ly  
hand, up - lift - ed e'er be The glo - ry to dim which now is un-  
peace, may the heaven-rescued land Praise the pow'r that has made and preserved us a

streaming; And the rock-et's red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave  
-cloud-ed; Not as North or as South in the fu - ture we'll stand, But as  
na - tion. Then con-quer we must, when our cause it is just, And

proof thro' the night that our flag was still there; O say, does that star-spangled  
broth - ers u - ni - tied throughout our broad land, And the star-spangled ban - ner for -  
this be our mot-to,\* "In God is our trust," And the star-spangled ban - ner in

\* A full pause should be made after the word "motto" in the 3d verse, which word should be sung quite short, in about the time of two-eighth notes, after which the full chorus may join in the words "in God is our trust," very soft and slow, all singing the remaining lines and the chorus with great vigor and animation.



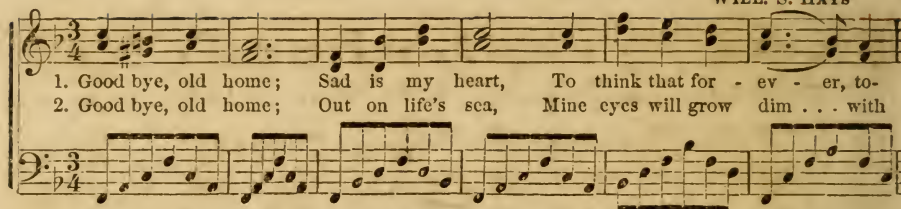
ban-ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?  
 -ev - er shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.  
 triumph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

CHORUS  
AIR.

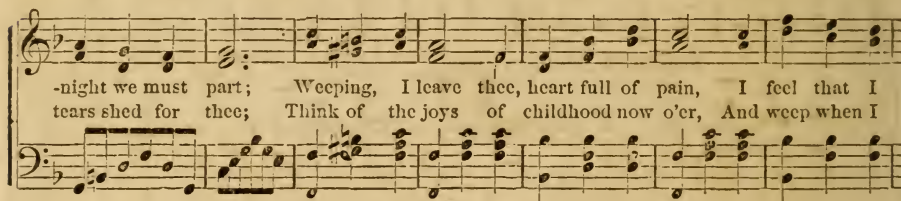
O say, does that star-span-gled ban-ner yet wave O'er the  
 And the star-span-gled ban-ner for-ev-er shall wave O'er the  
 And the star-span-gled ban-ner for-ev-er shall wave O'er the

land of the free and the home of the brave.  
 land of the free and the home of the brave.  
 land of the free and the home of the brave.

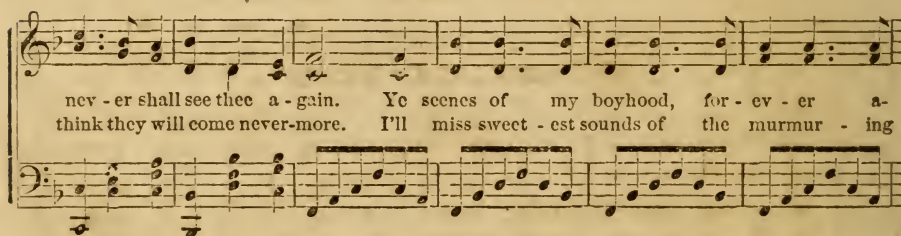
WILL. S. HAYS



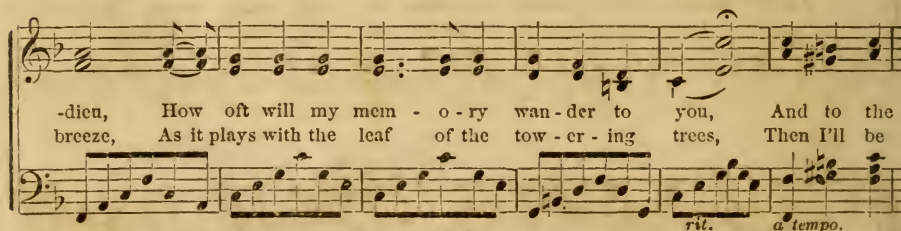
1. Good bye, old home; Sad is my heart, To think that for - ev - er, to-  
2. Good bye, old home; Out on life's sea, Mine eyes will grow dim . . . with



-night we must part; Weeping, I leave thee, heart full of pain, I feel that I  
tears shed for thee; Think of the joys of childhood now o'er, And weep when I

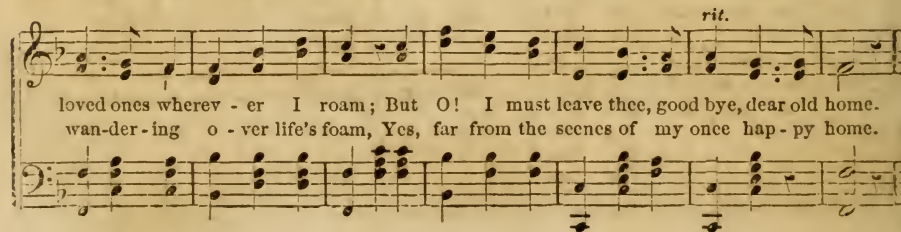


nev - er shall see thee a - gain. Ye scenes of my boyhood, for - ev - er a-  
think they will come never-more. I'll miss sweet - est sounds of the murmur - ing



-dien, How oft will my mem - o - ry wan - der to you, And to the  
breeze, As it plays with the leaf of the tow - er - ing trees, Then I'll be

*rit.* *a tempo.*



loved ones wherev - er I roam; But O! I must leave thee, good bye, dear old home.  
wan - der - ing o - ver life's foam, Yes, far from the scenes of my once hap - py home.

## CHORUS.

Home of my heart, home, sweet home, O! how I love thee, wher-ev-er I roam, But we must

part, For the hour is nigh, When, weeping, I'll murmur, old home, good bye.

## WE ARE ALL HERE.\*

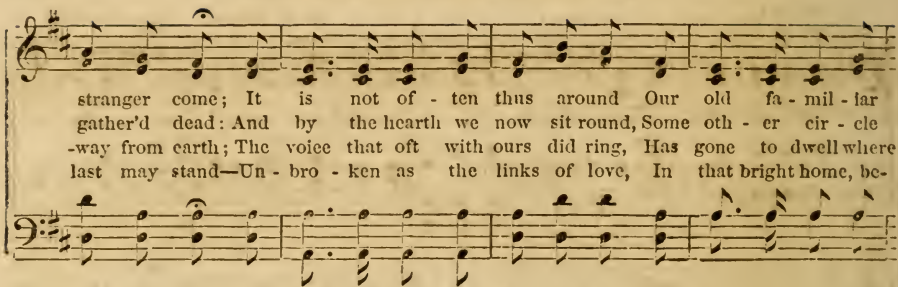
*Andante.*H. S. P.  
From the "Church Bell."

1. We are all, all here! Father, mother, sis-ter, brother, All who hold each  
 2. We are all, all here! Father, mother, sis-ter, brother, Those we love with  
 3. We are not all here! Father, mother, sis-ter, brother, Some have gone who  
 4. We are not all here! Father, mother, sis-ter, brother, Yet our tho'ts will

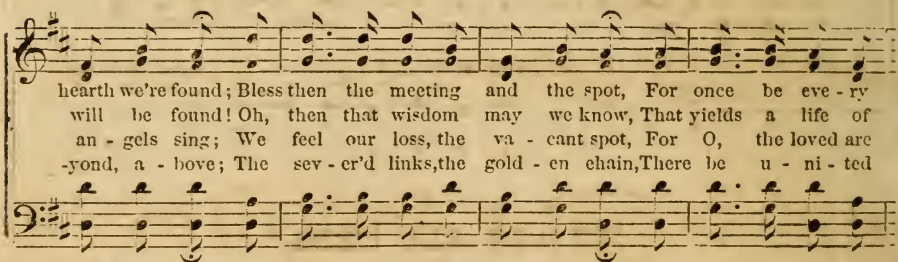
oth-er dear; Each chair is fill'd, we're all at home, To-night let no cold  
 love so dear. This may not long of us be said; Soon we must join the  
 were most dear; But we now gath-er round this hearth, While some have passed a-  
 bring them near; We pray that our whole earth-ly band Be-fore God's throne at

\* "Father, mother, sister, brother," in third and fourth verses may be omitted.

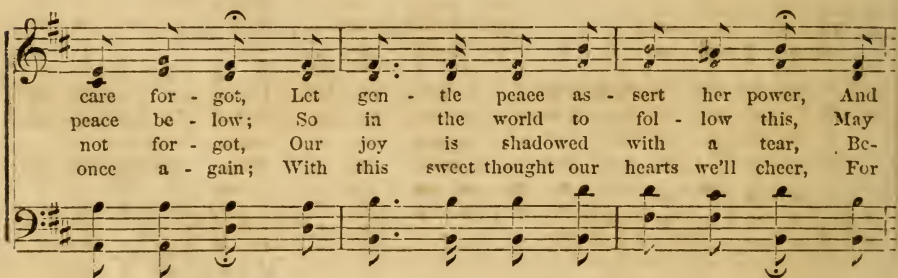




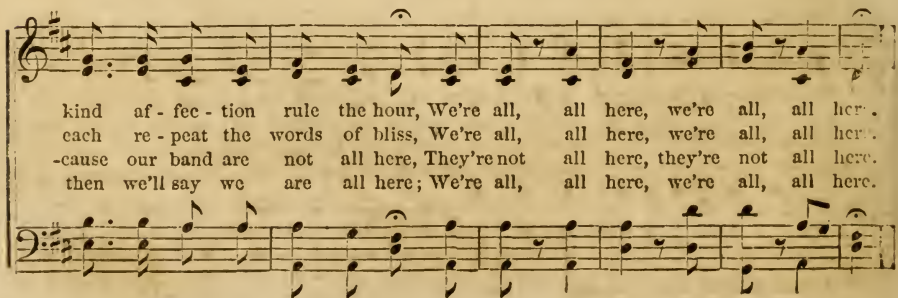
stranger come; It is not of - ten thus around Our old fa - mil - lar  
gather'd dead: And by the hearth we now sit round, Some oth - er cir - cle  
- way from earth; The voice that oft with ours did ring, Has gone to dwell where  
last may stand—Un - bro - ken as the links of love, In that bright home, be -



hearth we're found; Bless then the meeting and the spot, For once be eve - ry  
will be found! Oh, then that wisdom may we know, That yields a life of  
an - gels sing; We feel our loss, the va - cant spot, For O, the loved are  
- yond, a - bove; The sev - er'd links, the gold - en chain, There be u - ni - ted



care for - got, Let gen - tle peace as - sert her power, And  
peace be - low; So in the world to fol - low this, May  
not for - got, Our joy is shadowed with a tear, Be -  
once a - gain; With this sweet thought our hearts we'll cheer, For



kind af - fec - tion rule the hour, We're all, all here, we're all, all here.  
each re - peat the words of bliss, We're all, all here, we're all, all here.  
- cause our band are not all here, They're not all here, they're not all here.  
then we'll say we are all here; We're all, all here, we're all, all here.

Words by Miss BELLE C. GILBERT.

W. F. HEATH By permission.

1. O - ver the hills . . . . . I love to roam, . . . . .  
 O - ver the hills . . . . . when ear - ly dew . . . . .  
 D.C. Roaming a - mid . . . . . the smil - ing flowers, . . . . .

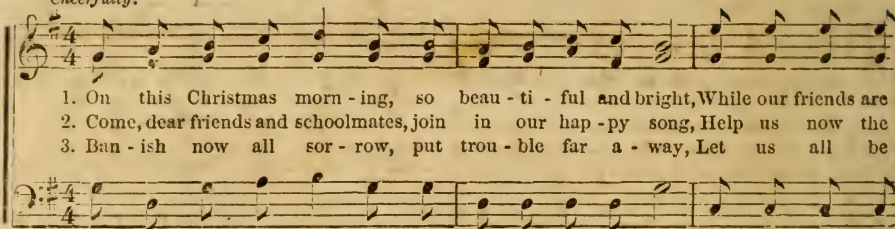
2. O - ver the hills . . . . . my steps re - trace, . . . . .  
 What is more gay . . . . . than sun - rise sky . . . . .  
 D.C. Yielded had I . . . . . to drows - y powers, . . . . .

1. Gay in the joy . . . . . of youth and . . . home; }  
 Glis - tens a - round . . . . . the mead - ows . . . through; } Breathing the  
 Beau - ti - ful, love - - - ly morn - ing . . . hours.

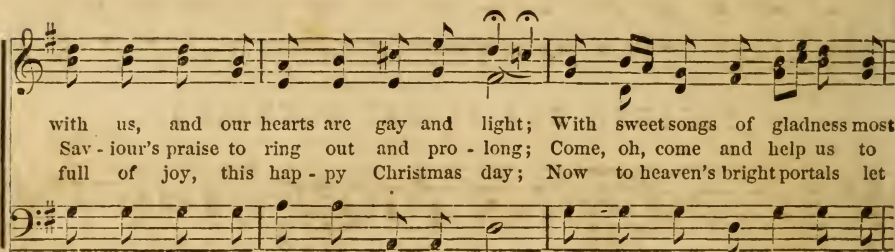
2. Nap - py and free, . . . . . in morn's em - - brace, }  
 Meet - ing the hills . . . . . with fond re - - ply; } Op - 'ning the  
 I should have missed . . . . . these morn - ing . . . hours.

1. hush of the morn - ing air, Driv - ing a - way all world - ly care;

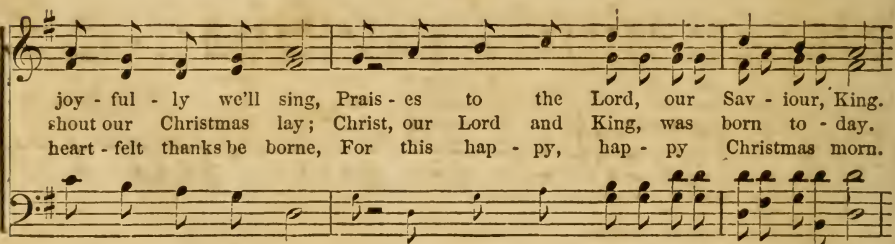
2. buds of the dai - sies sweet, Touch - ing the blos - soms un - der my feet;

*Cheerfully.*


1. On this Christmas morn - ing, so beau - ti - ful and bright, While our friends are  
 2. Come, dear friends and schoolmates, join in our hap - py song, Help us now the  
 3. Ban - ish now all sor - row, put trou - ble far a - way, Let us all be



with us, and our hearts are gay and light; With sweet songs of gladness most  
 Sav - iour's praise to ring out and pro - long; Come, oh, come and help us to  
 full of joy, this hap - py Christmas day; Now to heaven's bright portals let



joy - ful - ly we'll sing, Prais - es to the Lord, our Sav - iour, King.  
 shout our Christmas lay; Christ, our Lord and King, was born to - day.  
 heart - felt thanks be borne, For this hap - py, hap - py Christmas morn.

Praises to the Lord, our Saviour, King.  
 Christ, our Lord and King, was born to-day.  
 For this happy, happy Christmas morn.

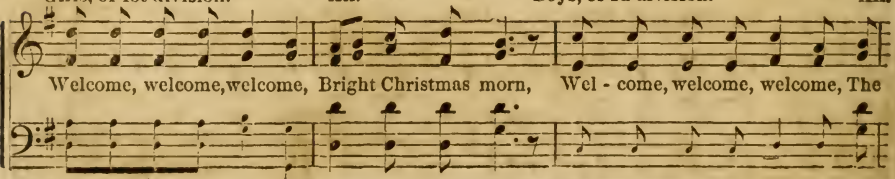
## CHORUS.

Girls, or 1st division.

All.

Boys, or 2d division.

All.



Welcome, welcome, welcome, Bright Christmas morn, Wel - come, welcome, welcome, The



day our Christ was born; With God's ho - ly an - gels Send

round the joy - ous strain, "Peace on earth, good will to men, good will to men."

## THROUGH THE FOREST BOUNDING.

H. S. P.

*Allegro.*

1. Thro' the for-est bounding, O-ver hill and dale, Come at morn the archers,  
 2. As in an the ea-gle Beareth roy-al sway, So the cliff and val-ley  
 3. Far as sweep the ar-row From the springing bow, All that runs or fli-eth  
 4. Trust they to their Mak-er, And their own brave arms, He who helps the trusting,

## CHORUS.

On the chamois trail. Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la,  
 Archers bold o-bey.  
 Will their sceptres know.  
 Saves them from all harm.

*Repeat pp.*

la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la.

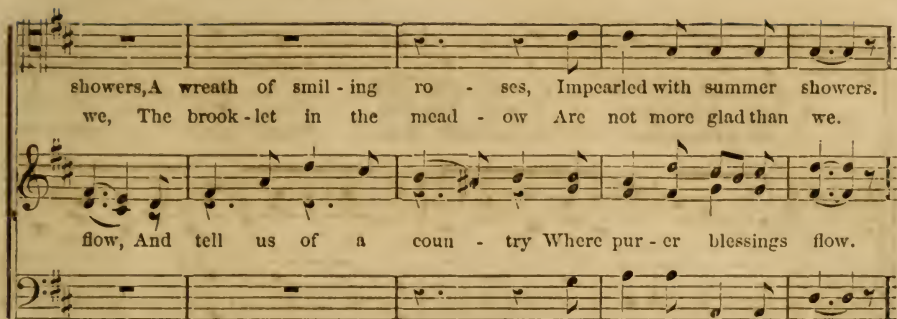
A. C. GUTTERSON.  
By permission.

1. Come, join our cho - ral number, Our mer - ry, mer - ry lay; While pleasure like a  
2. O hap - py, gold-en moments, We hail them with de - light; While ev'-ry heart re-

3. Yet while our strains of mu - sic, In tune-ful ech - oes fall, Oh, let us each re-

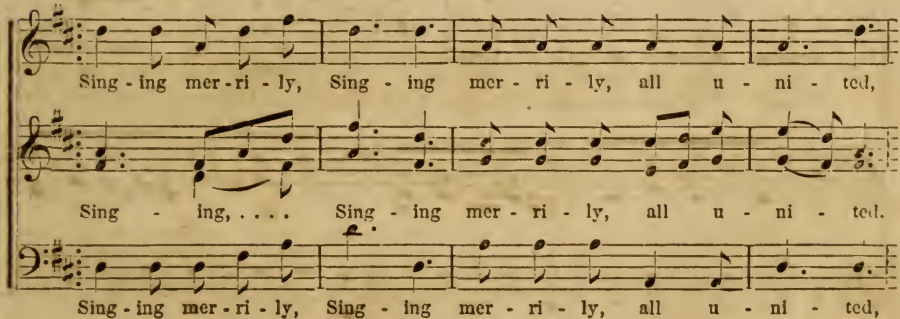
fai - ry, Now trips a - long our way; She brings a fes-tive gar - land From  
-joice - es, And ev' - ry heart is bright; The bird that wakes the greenwood, The  
mem - ber The Lord, the source of all, Who crowns with joy and com - fort, Our

hope's enchant - ed bowers, A wreath of smil - ing ro - ses, Impearled with summer  
breeze that fans the lea, The brooklet in the mead - ow Are not more glad than  
youthful days be - low, And tells us of a coun - try, Where pur - er blessings



showers, A wreath of smil - ing ro - ses, Impearled with summer showers.  
we, The brook - let in the mead - ow Are not more glad than we.  
flow, And tell us of a coun - try Where pur - er blessings flow.

## CHORUS.



Sing - ing mer - ri - ly, Sing - ing mer - ri - ly, all u - ni - ted,  
Sing - ing, . . . Sing - ing mer - ri - ly, all u - ni - ted.  
Sing - ing mer - ri - ly, Sing - ing mer - ri - ly, all u - ni - ted,

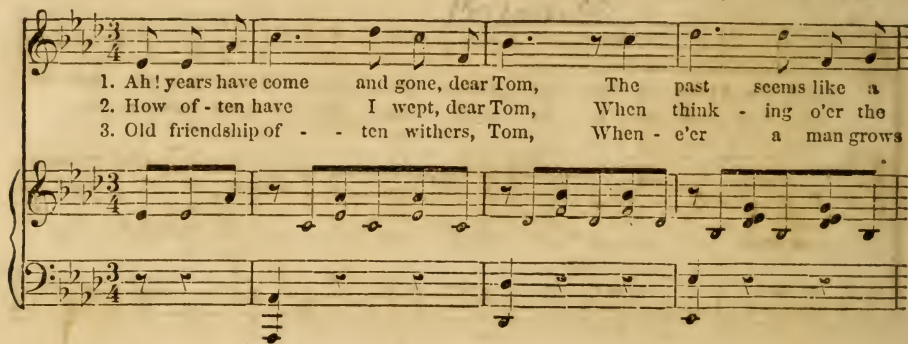
*Repeat p.*


Joy - ful, Joy - ful, Joy - ful mingling our fes - tive song.  
Joy - ful, . . . Joy - ful mingling our fes - tive song.  
Joy - ful, Joy - ful, Joy - ful mingling our fes - tive song.

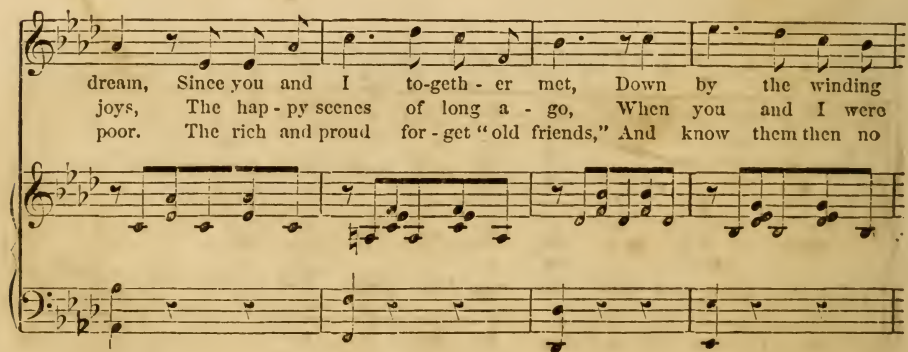


## I'M STILL A FRIEND TO YOU.

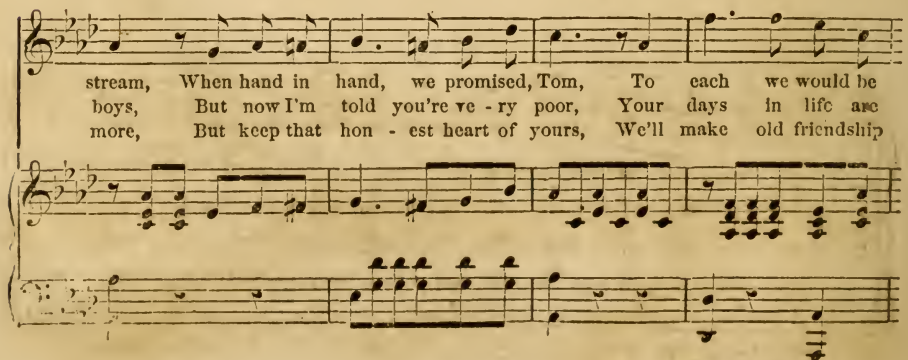
Words and music by WILL S. HAYS.



1. Ah! years have come and gone, dear Tom, The past seems like a  
 2. How of - ten have I wept, dear Tom, When think - ing o'er the  
 3. Old friendship of - - ten withers, Tom, When - e'er a man grows



dream, Since you and I to-geth - er met, Down by the winding  
 joys, The hap - py scenes of long a - go, When you and I were  
 poor. The rich and proud for - get "old friends," And know them then no



stream, When hand in hand, we promised, Tom, To each we would be  
 boys, But now I'm told you're ve - ry poor, Your days in life are  
 more, But keep that hon - est heart of yours, We'll make old friendship

true, Old time has made no change in me, I'm still a friend to you.  
 few; It gives me joy to meet you, Tom, I'm still a friend to you.  
 new, I care not what the world may say, I'm still a friend to you.

*ritard.*      *tempo.*      *colla voce.*

CHORUS.

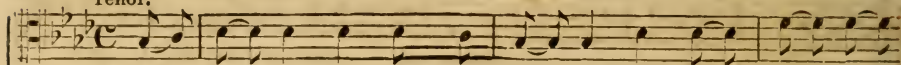
*Mimic*

I'm still a friend to you, dear Tom, A - las! there are but  
 I'm still a friend to you, dear Tom, A - las! there are but

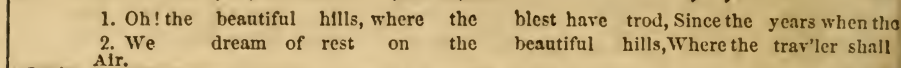
few, Have ev - er been as true and kind, as I have been to you.  
 few, Have ev - er been as true and kind, as I have been to you.

JAMES G. CLARK.

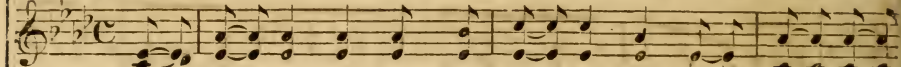
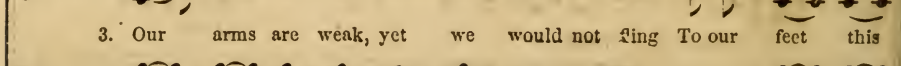
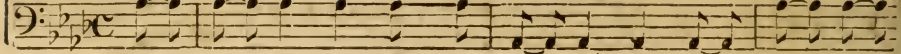

Tenor.



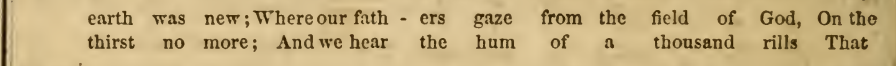
1. Oh! the beautiful hills, where the blest have trod, Since the years when thou  
 2. We dream of rest on the beautiful hills, Where the trav'ler shall  
 Air.




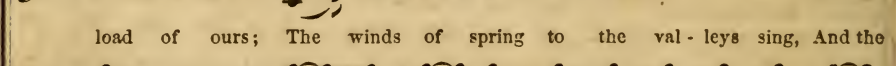
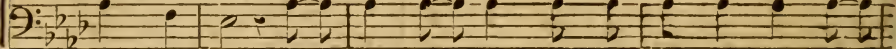
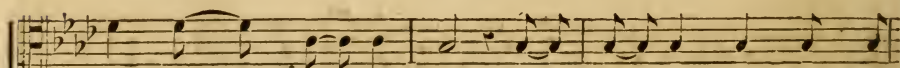
3. Our arms are weak, yet we would not sing To our feet this

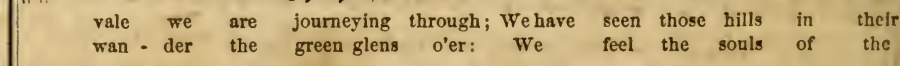
earth was new; Where our fathers gaze from the field of God, On the  
 thirst no more; And we hear the hum of a thousand rills That



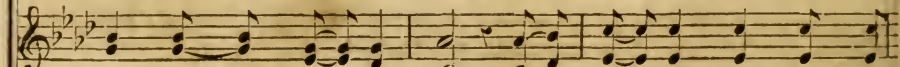
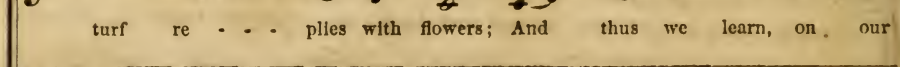
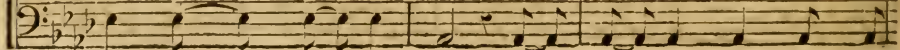
load of ours; The winds of spring to the valleys sing, And the

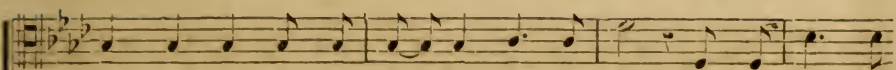
vale we are journeying through; We have seen those hills in their  
 wander the green glens o'er: We feel the souls of the



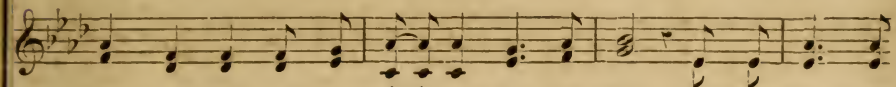
turf re - - - plies with flowers; And thus we learn, on our

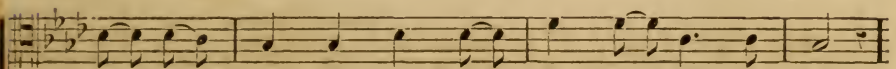
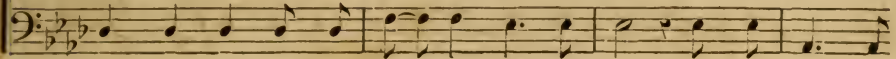




bright - ness rise, When the world was black be - low, And we've felt the  
mar - tyred men Who have braved a cold world's frown; We can bear the



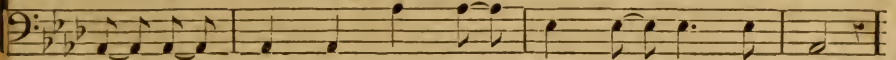
win - try way, How a might - ier arm con - trols; That the breath of



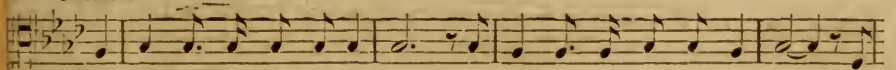
thrill of im - mor - tal eyes In the might of our dark - est woe.  
burden which they did then, Nor shrink from their thorn - y crown.



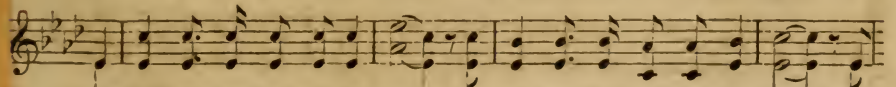
God on our lives will play, 'Till our bod - ies bloom to souls.



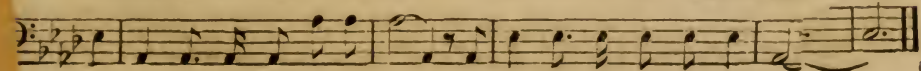
# CHORUS.



Then sing for the beau - ti - ful hills, That rise from the ev - er-green shore; O,



Then sing for the beau - ti - ful hills, That rise from the ev - er-green shore; C



sing for the beauti - ful hills, Where the wea - ry shall toil no more.

sing for the beauti - ful hills, Where the wea - ry shall toil no more.

## BOAT SONG. No. 2.

D. F. HODGES.

From "Jubilant Voices." By permission.

Tenor.

1. Row! row! row! O - ver the beau - ti - ful blue we go; Row! row! row!

2. Row! row! row! O - ver the beau - ti - ful blue we go; Row! row! row!

3. Row! row! row! O - ver the beau - ti - ful blue we go; Row! row! row!

O - ver the wa - ters so bright we go; Row! row! row! Light - ly ev' - ry

O - ver the wa - ters so bright we go; Row! row! row! Star - ry vaults a -

O - ver the wa - ters so bright we go; Row! row! row! Heart to heart we'll

heart is bounding, Gay the voice of song re - sound - ing, Sweet the light gui -  
 -bove us beam - ing, Star - ry depths be - low us seem - ing, Sil - ver wave - lets

sail to - geth - er, Hand in hand for aye and ev - er, Naught shall change us,

*Inst.*

-tar is sounding, Row! row! row! Sweet the light gui - tar is sound - ing, Thus we  
 round us gleaming, Row! row! row! Sil - ver wavelets round us gleam - ing, Thus we

naught shall sev - er, Row! row! row! Naught shall change us, naught shall sev - er, Thus we

*Inst.*

*rit. e dim.*

gai - ly row, we gai - ly row, we gai - ly row, . . . . . we gaily row. . . .

gai - ly row, we gai - ly row, we gai - ly row, we gaily row, we gaily row. . . .  
 row, . . . . .

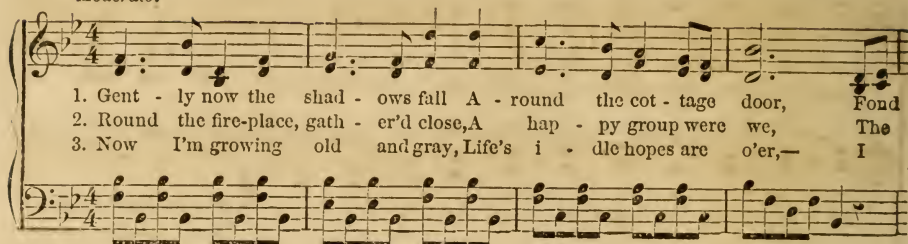
*rit.*



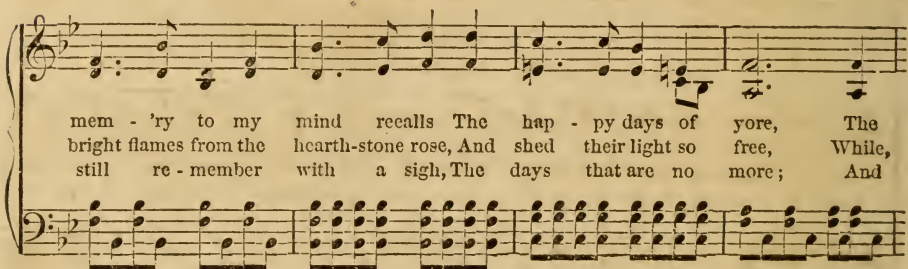
## THE SHADOWS ON THE WALL.

Words and Music by J. C. MACY.

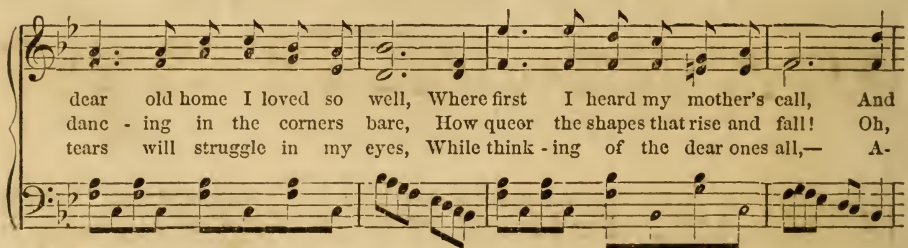
## DUETT AND CHORUS.

*Moderato.*


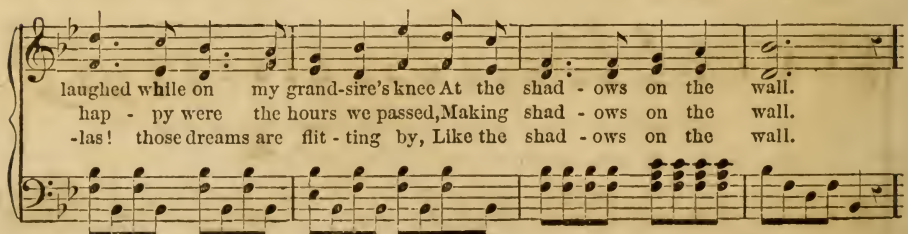
1. Gent - ly now the shad - ows fall A - round the cot - tage door, Fond  
 2. Round the fire-place, gath - er'd close, A hap - py group were we, The  
 3. Now I'm growing old and gray, Life's i - dle hopes are o'er, — I



mem - 'ry to my mind recalls The hap - py days of yore, The  
 bright flames from the hearth-stone rose, And shed their light so free, While,  
 still re - member with a sigh, The days that are no more; And

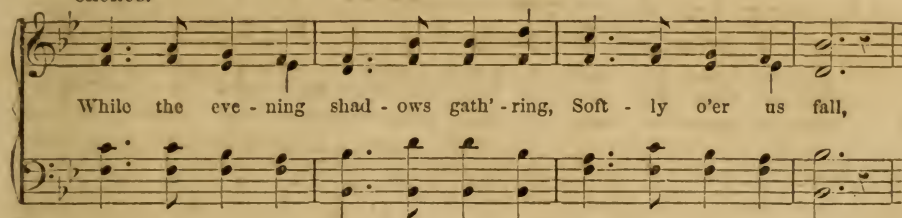


dear old home I loved so well, Where first I heard my mother's call, And  
 danc - ing in the corners bare, How queer the shapes that rise and fall! Oh,  
 tears will struggle in my eyes, While think - ing of the dear ones all, — A-

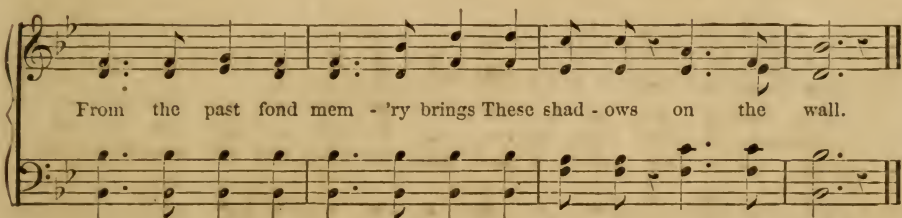


laughed while on my grand-sire's knee At the shad - ows on the wall.  
 hap - py were the hours we passed, Making shad - ows on the wall.  
 -las! those dreams are flit - ting by, Like the shad - ows on the wall.

## CHORUS.



While the eve - ning shad - ows gath' - ring, Soft - ly o'er us fall,

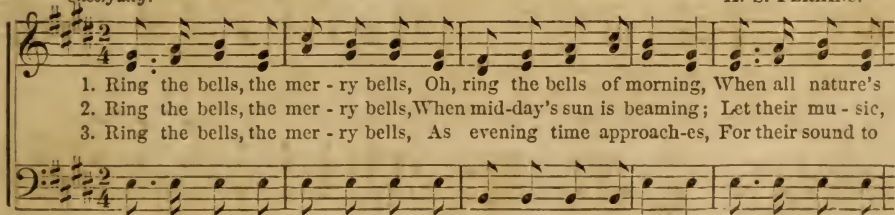


From the past fond mem - 'ry brings These shad - ows on the wall.

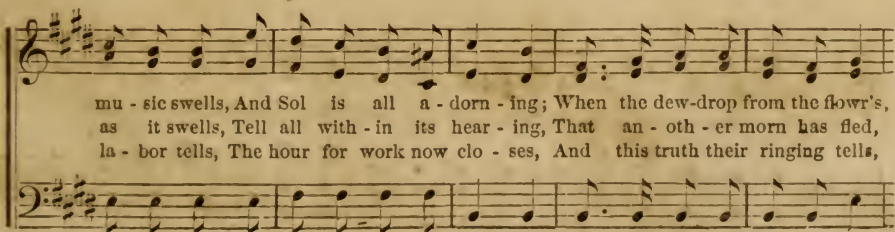
## X RING THE MERRY BELLS.

*Cheerfully.*

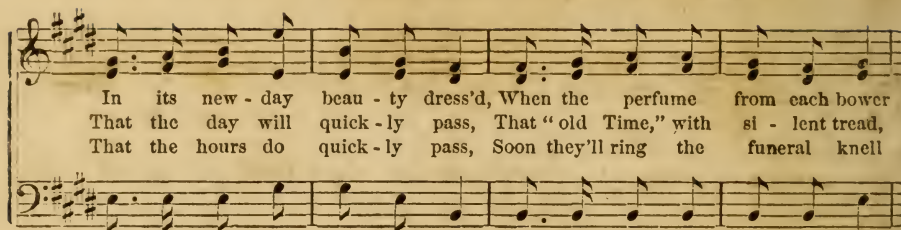
H. S. PERKINS.



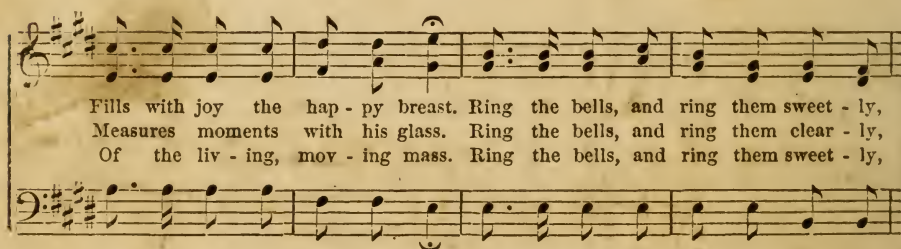
1. Ring the bells, the mer - ry bells, Oh, ring the bells of morning, When all nature's
2. Ring the bells, the mer - ry bells, When mid-day's sun is beaming; Let their mu - sic,
3. Ring the bells, the mer - ry bells, As evening time approach-es, For their sound to



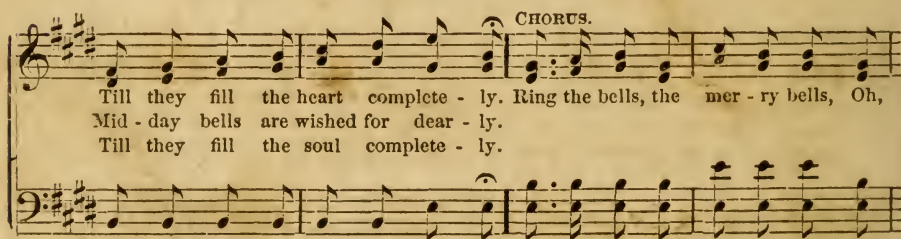
mu - sic swells, And Sol is all a - dorn - ing; When the dew-drop from the flower's,  
as it swells, Tell all with - in its hear - ing, That an - oth - er morn has fled,  
la - bor tells, The hour for work now clo - ses, And this truth their ringing tells,



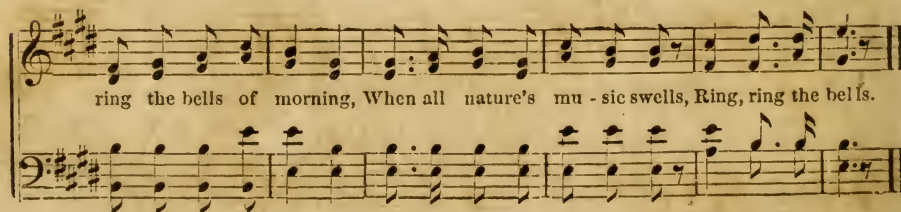
In its new-day beau-ty dress'd, When the perfume from each bower  
That the day will quick-ly pass, That "old Time," with si-lent tread,  
That the hours do quick-ly pass, Soon they'll ring the funeral knell



Fills with joy the hap-py breast. Ring the bells, and ring them sweet-ly,  
Measures moments with his glass. Ring the bells, and ring them clear-ly,  
Of the liv-ing, mov-ing mass. Ring the bells, and ring them sweet-ly,



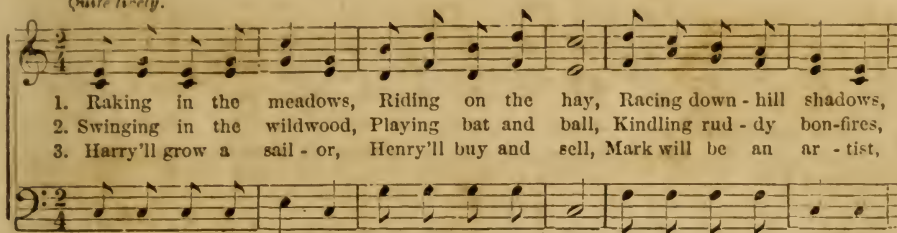
CHORUS.  
Till they fill the heart complete-ly. Ring the bells, the mer-ry bells, Oh,  
Mid-day bells are wished for dear-ly.  
Till they fill the soul complete-ly.



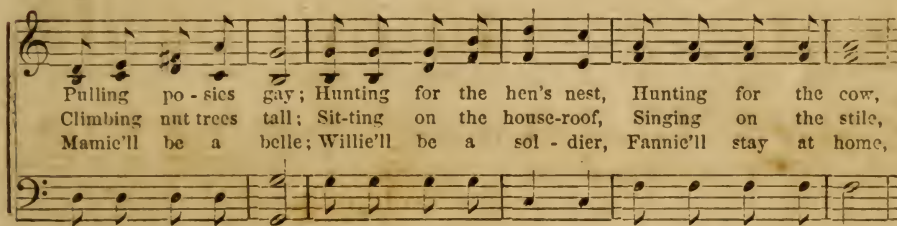
ring the bells of morning, When all nature's mu-sic swells, Ring, ring the bells.



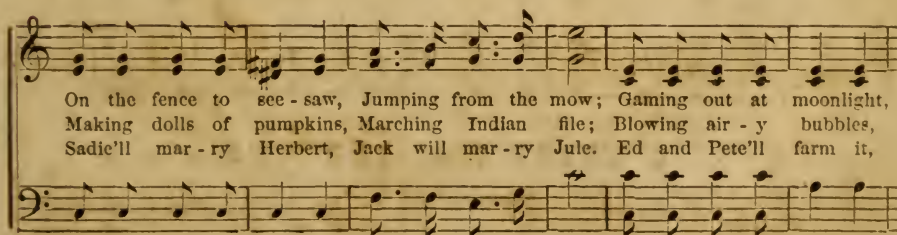
*Quite lively.*



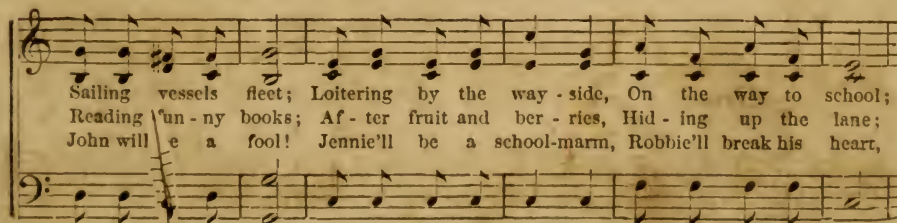
1. Raking in the meadows, Riding on the hay, Racing down - hill shadows,  
 2. Swinging in the wildwood, Playing bat and ball, Kindling rud - dy bon-fires,  
 3. Harry'll grow a sail - or, Henry'll buy and sell, Mark will be an ar - tist,



Pulling po - sies gay; Hunting for the hen's nest, Hunting for the cow,  
 Climbing nut trees tall; Sit-ting on the house-roof, Singing on the stile,  
 Mamie'll be a belle; Willie'll be a sol - dier, Fannie'll stay at home,

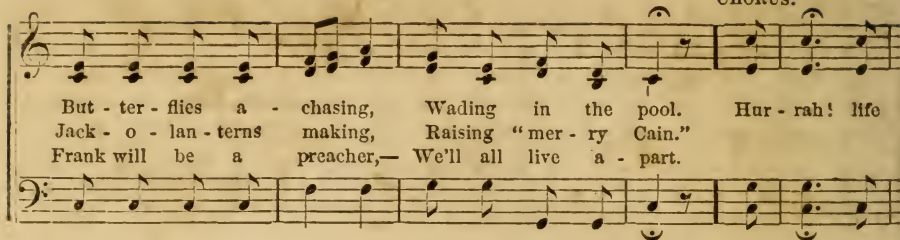


On the fence to see - saw, Jumping from the mow; Gaming out at moonlight,  
 Making dolls of pumpkins, Marching Indian file; Blowing air - y bubbles,  
 Sadie'll mar - ry Herbert, Jack will mar - ry Jule. Ed and Pete'll farm it,

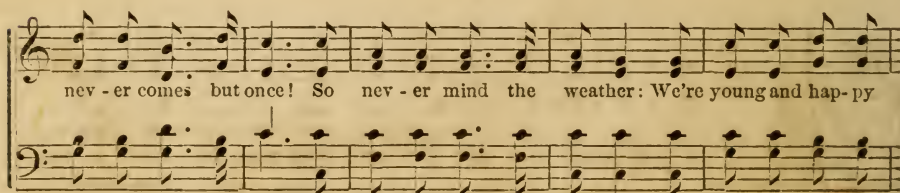


Sailing vessels fleet; Loitering by the way - side, On the way to school;  
 Reading un - ny books; Af - ter fruit and ber - ries, Hid - ing up the lane;  
 John will e a fool! Jennie'll be a school-marm, Robbie'll break his heart,

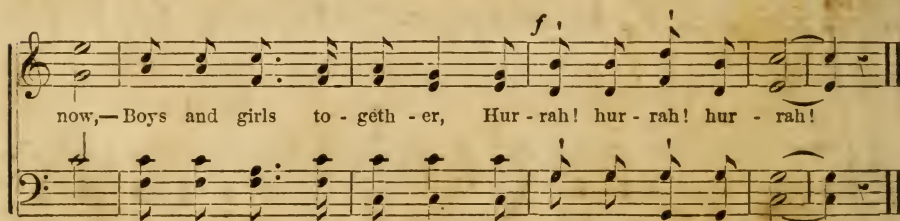
## CHORUS.



But - ter - flies a - chasing, Wading in the pool. Hur - rah! life  
 Jack - o - lan - terns making, Raising "mer - ry Cain."  
 Frank will be a preacher, — We'll all live a - part.



nev - er comes but once! So nev - er mind the weather: We're young and hap - py

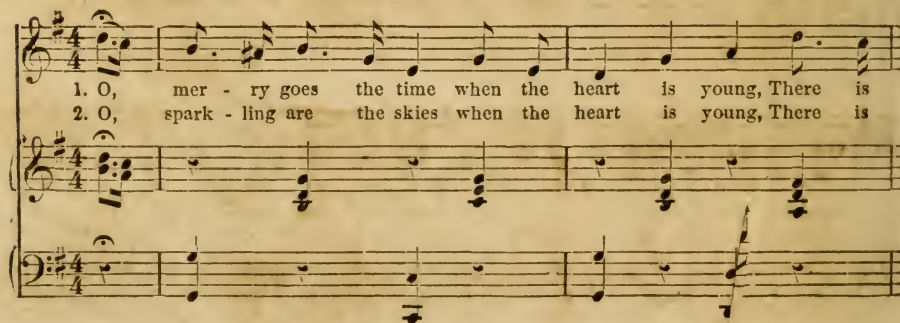


now, — Boys and girls to - geth - er, Hur - rah! hur - rah! hur - rah!

## O, MERRY GOES THE TIME.

## SONG AND CHORUS.

S. WESLEY MARTIN.



1. O, mer - ry goes the time when the heart is young, There is  
 2. O, spark - ling are the skies when the heart is young, There is

naught too hard to climb when the heart is young; A spir - it of delight scatters  
bliss in beauty's eyes when the heart is young; The gold - en break of day bringeth

ro - ses in its flight, And there's mag - ic in the night, when the heart is young.  
gladness in its ray, And eve - ry month is May, when the heart is young.

CHORUS. (*Tempo primo* each verse.)

O, mer - ry goes the time when the heart is young, There is

Chorus may be repeated *ad lib.*

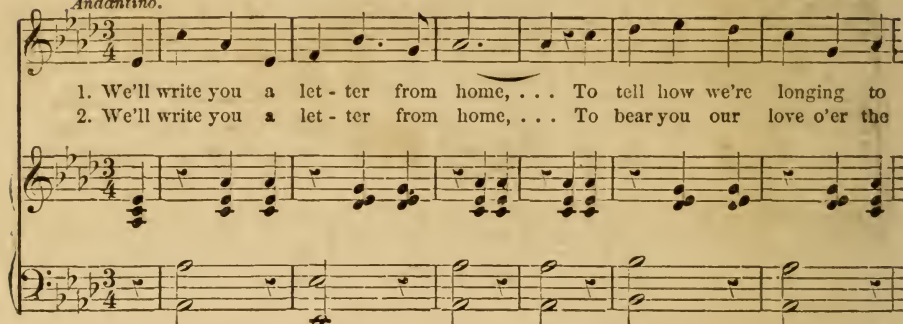
naught too hard to climb when the heart is young.



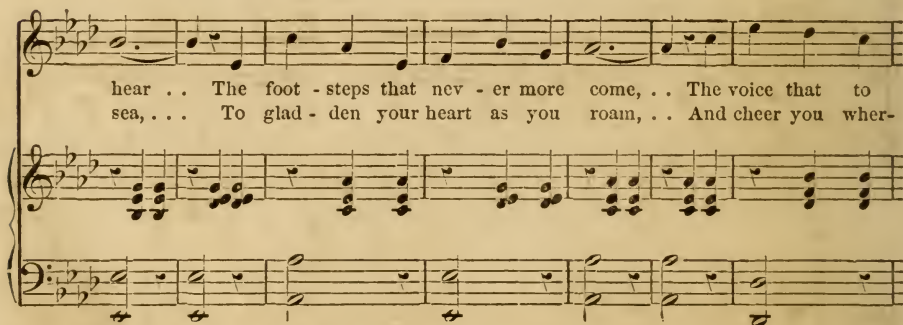
# 172 YES, WE'LL WRITE YOU A LETTER FROM HOME.

H. TUCKER.

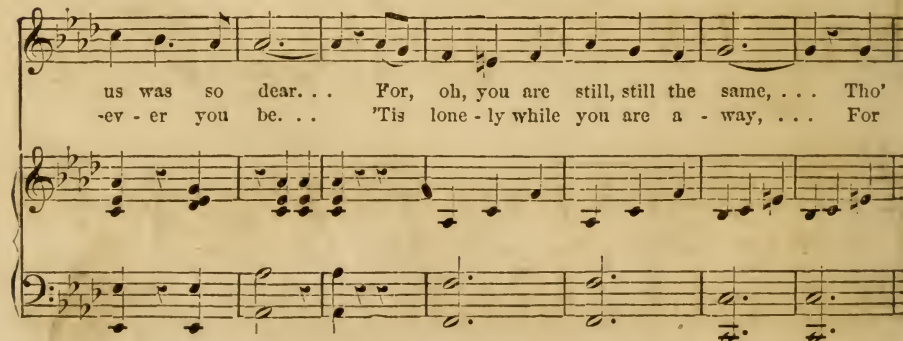
*Andantino.*



1. We'll write you a let - ter from home, . . . To tell how we're longing to  
 2. We'll write you a let - ter from home, . . . To bear you our love o'er the



hear . . The foot - steps that nev - er more come, . . The voice that to  
 sea, . . . To glad - den your heart as you roam, . . And cheer you wher -



us was so dear. . . For, oh, you are still, still the same, . . . Tho'  
 -ev - er you be. . . 'Tis lone - ly while you are a - way, . . . For

dark, ra-ging seas may di-vide; ... We sigh when we hear your dear  
sweet was the joy that you gave; ... Oh! sad-ly we pine while you

name, To welcome you back to our side. ....  
stray, Come back o'er the lone wea-ry wave. ....

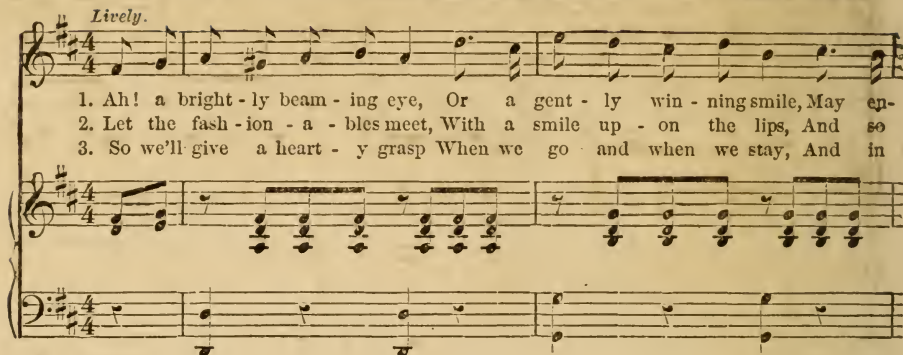
CHORUS.

We'll write you a let-ter from home, We dream of you, darling, each night, We

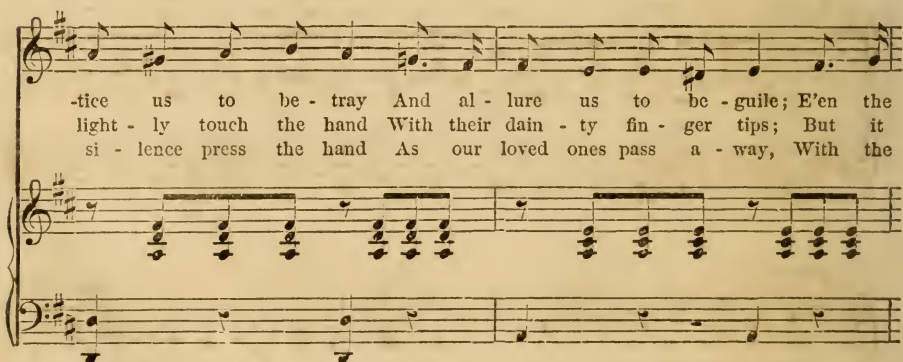
love you wher-ev-er you roam, We'll kiss ev'-ry word that we write.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

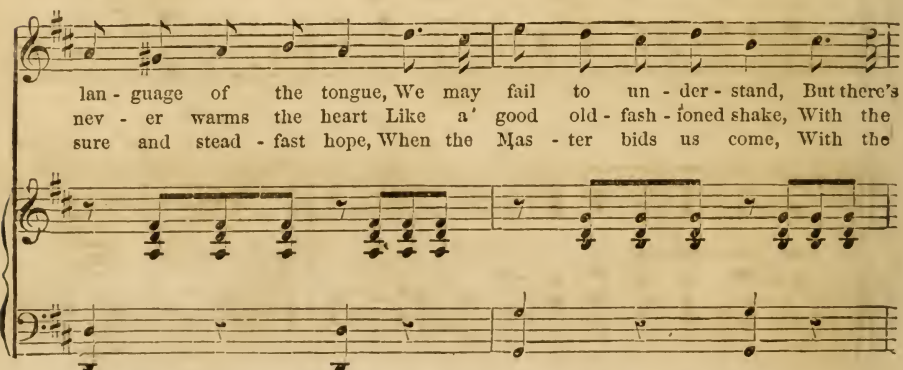
T. MARTIN TOWNE.

*Lively.*


1. Ah! a bright - ly beam - ing eye, Or a gent - ly win - ningsmile, May en-  
 2. Let the fash - ion - a - bles meet, With a smile up - on the lips, And so  
 3. So we'll give a heart - y grasp When we go - and when we stay, And in



-tice us to be - tray And al - lure us to be - guile; E'en the  
 light - ly touch the hand With their dain - ty fin - ger tips; But it  
 si - lence press the hand As our loved ones pass a - way, With the



lan - guage of the tongue, We may fail to un - der - stand, But there's  
 nev - er warms the heart Like a' good old - fash - ioned shake, With the  
 sure and stead - fast hope, When the Mas - ter bids us come, With the

BY PERMISSION OF ROOT &amp; CADY.



noth - ing like do - ceit In the shak - ing of the hand.  
 hands so tight - ly clasped That the pris - oned fin - gers ache.  
 shak - ing of the hand, They will shout us "wel - come home."

## CHORUS.

1. & 2. Oh! the shaking of the hand Speaks the lan - guage of the heart; Ev - er  
 3. Oh! the shaking of the hands, As we gain the oth - er shore, Will be

## REFRAIN.

joyous when we meet, Ev - er hopeful when we part. Oh! the shaking, shaking, shaking, The  
 joy - ful when we meet, Where our partings are no more. Oh! the shaking, shaking, shaking, The

*Repeat pp.*

shaking of the hand, Oh! the shaking of the hand, Speaks the language of the heart.  
 shaking of the hands Will be joy - ful when we meet Where our partings are no more.

Tenor.  
Moderato.

H. S. PERKINS.  
From the "Nightingale."

1. O give me back my native hills, Rough, rugged tho' they be; No oth - er  
2. Tho' far from home, the heart may still Reflect surrounding light; Where stranger  
**Air.**

3. My na - tive hills still dear to me, Wher - ev - er I may roam, With lof - ty  
4. Then give me back my native hills, Rough, rugged tho' they be; No oth - er

clime, no oth - er land, Is half so dear to me; The sun looks bright, the world looks  
smiles enkin - dle love, And stranger hearts de - light; Yet, O, they call the mem'ry

pride, with cherish'd love, I'll think on thee, my home; For, root - ed in thy rock-bound  
clime, no oth - er land, Is half so dear to me; Af - fection's ties around my

fair, And friends surround me here, But mem'-ry brooding o'er the past, Gives  
back, As me - teor - like they glide, To tell how kind our earth - ly friends, How

shore The no - blest vir - tues grow, And beauty's choicest flow'rs are culled, From  
home, Like i - vy ten - drils twine, My love, my blessings, and my prayers, My

home its tribute tear, But mem'ry brooding o'er the past, Gives home its tribute tear.  
sweet our own fire-side, To tell how kind our earthly friends, How sweet our own fire-side.

out thy highland snow, And beauty's choicest flow'rs are culled, From out thy highland snow.  
na - tive hills, are thine, My love, my blessings, and my prayers, My na - tive hills, are thine.

## THE LIVING WATERS.

TEMPERANCE SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by B. M. LAWRENCE, M. D.

Music by JAMES G. CLARK.

*Andantino.*

1. By the riv - ers of peace where the pure shall reign When the  
2. The mock - er, strong drink, is de - nounced by the word, It de -  
3. While waiting for that home, sweet home of the blest, Where the

storms of life are past, There re-mains a rest, free from  
-stroys every im - pulse di - vine; The drunkards of Ephraim were con -  
tempter shall come no more, We sigh for the wea - ry who



toil and pain, While the peace - ful a - ges last; But we  
-demned by the Lord, And priests have erred through wine. Wine  
find no rest, Till the jour - ney of life is o'er. But more

read in the Word by the wise re - vered, That those  
drink - ers have woe and wounds with - out cause, They have  
dark is the doom of the drunk - en host, Whose

joys they ne'er shall know Whose souls by the love of  
sorrow and red - ness of eyes, They live in de - fiance of  
lives through drink go down; Then come help to res - cue and re -

wine are seared, Ere they leave this world be - low.  
 na - ture's great laws, And they die as the fool - ish man dies.  
 -claim the lost, And Christ will re - ward thee a crown.

CHORUS.

Then shun the foul poi - son that kills Soul and bod - y by the ten thousand  
 Then spurn the vile monster that fills Jails and prisons by the ten thousand  
 Oh! check the chief cause of these ills, Save the fall - en by the ten thousand

score; Oh! drink from the life - giving rills, Where they hunger and thirst no more.  
 score; Oh! drink from the pure liv - ing rills, Where they hunger and thirst no more.  
 score; Then at last, on the ev - er-green hills Thou shalt hunger and thirst no more.

Words by R. M. H.

BENEDICT

*Vigorous.*

1. Joy, joy, happy are we! Shout, shout, now we are free! Freedom will health and our

vig - or re - store; Joy, joy, study is done! Hur-rah! now for some fun!

Lessons and books dis - turb us no more. Na - ture calls, the woods, and fields and

flowers, Lake, and sky, and balm - y air, All in - vite to spend the

hours Where we may their blessings share. Hurrah! Joy, joy, hap - py are we!



Shout, shout, now we are free! Freedom will health and our vig - or re - store; Joy, joy,

stud - y is done! Hur-rah! now for some fun! Les - sons and books dis-

turb as no more. Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Health,  
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

*con fuoco.*

pleas - ure joy! Hurrah! we're glad we're free! Hurrah! We're glad we're free! Health  
Hurrah! hurrah! we're free! Hurrah! hurrah! we're free!

*cres.*

pleas - ure joy! We're hap - py, gay, and free! We're hap - py, gay, and free!  
Hurrah! . . . we're gay and free! Hurrah! . . . . we're gay and free!

Words and Music by ABRAM KIMMELL.

*Andante con espress.*

Piano introduction in G major, 6/8 time. The right hand features a melodic line with grace notes and a final flourish. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and eighth notes. Dynamics include *p* (piano) and *cres.* (crescendo).

1. Oh, sweet lit - tle Nell is our darling, She's ev - er so hap - py and  
 2. Oh, sweet lit - tle Nell is our loved one, Of my heart she is al - ways the  
 3. Oh, sweet lit - tle Nell is our loved one, And oft in my dreams she'd ap -

Piano accompaniment for the first vocal line, consisting of two staves. The right hand has a simple melody, and the left hand has a bass line with some chords.

gay, She's always as bright as the morning, And her heart seems so light all the  
 pride, And lone-ly and sad are the hours, When Nel-lie is not by my  
 -pear, And then like a sweet heav'nly an - gel, She's ev - er my own Nel - lie

Piano accompaniment for the second vocal line, consisting of two staves. The right hand has a simple melody, and the left hand has a bass line with some chords.

day; Yes, ev - er her smiles are as charming, Her joy there is none e'er can tell, She's  
side; The lil - ies are gay in the woodland, The birds chipper sweet in the trees, Yet  
dear; But soon with the robe of an angel, In heaven for - ev - er she'll roam, And

*cres.*

al - ways the same lit - tle darling, Oh, I love you, my sweet lit - tle Nell.  
still there is none near so charming, As our sweet lit - tle Nel - lie to me.  
then all on earth will be dreary, For my darling, my sweet one has gone.

*p*

## CHORUS.

Oh, yes, she is ev - er our dear one, The joy of her heart none can tell, She'll  
soon be a bright heav'nly an - gel, Oh, we love you, our sweet lit - tle Nell.



## TEMPERANCE SONG.

H. S. P

Tenor.

1. Oh, if for me the cup you fill, Then fill it from the gushing rill, With  
 Air.  
 2. Speak not to me of ro - sy wine, Of nec - tar cups or draughts di - vine, The  
 3. Kiss not to me the mantling brim, Whose dancing bubbles gai - ly swim, For

wa - ter pure and spark - ling bright, As clear as truth, and free as light.  
 taste of bit - ter tears is there, For those we love and hearts most dear.  
 in each shi - ning, crys - tal round A dead - ly, lurk - ing fiend is found.

CHORUS.

Then if for me the cup you fill, Then if for me the  
 Then if . . . . for me the cup . . . . you  
 Then if for me the cup you fill, Then if for me the

cup you fill, O, fill it from the gushing rill, O, fill it from the  
fill, O, fill . . . it from the gush - - - ing

cup you fill, O, fill it from the gushing rill, O, fill it from the

This system consists of three staves: a vocal line with lyrics, a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The vocal line includes a triplet of eighth notes in the second measure of the second line.

gush - ing rill. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,  
rill. Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

gush - ing rill. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

This system continues the musical score with three staves. The vocal line features a series of 'La' notes and a 'Tra, la' phrase. The piano accompaniment includes triplet markings over the eighth notes in the final measures of the vocal line.

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, O, fill it from the gushing rill.  
la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, O, fill it from the gushing rill.

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, O, fill it from the gushing rill.

This system concludes the piece with three staves. The vocal line repeats the 'la' sequence and the 'O, fill it from the gushing rill' phrase. The piano accompaniment features triplet markings over the eighth notes in the final measures.

Words by S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

Music by W. F. HEATH.

Tenor.

1. List the mer-ry school bell ring; How it charms the list-'ning ear; }  
 Float-ing with a ca-dence sweet, Thrill-ing all our hearts to hear. } Thro' the

2. We are glad when on the air Comes the mu-sic of the bell; }  
 All the pleas-ure that it brings, Sim-ple song could hard-ly tell. } Playmates'

3. May we nev-er fail to heed When the school bell calls a-way; }  
 We must learn to brave-ly work, Just as well as brave-ly play. } We must

o-pen win-dow now, 'Neath the porch and at the door, Calls its mer-ry-heart-ed  
 greeting, teacher's smile, And the les-son loved so well, We are summoned to en-  
 walk in learn-ing's path While our morning sun doth shine, So our ri-per years may

CHORUS. *ff A little faster.*

voice To the pleasant school once more. Hear the mer-ry school bell ring, Hear the  
 joy, By the mu-sic of the bell. Hear the mer-ry school bell ring, Hear the  
 be Full of words and deeds di-vine. Hear the mer-ry school bell ring, Hear the



mer - ry school bell ring; Hear it ring,\* hear it ring,\* Hear the mer - ry school bell

*Inst.*

mer - ry school bell ring; Hear it ring,\* hear it ring,\* Hear the mer - ry school bell

ring, Hear the mer - ry school bell ring, Hear the mer - ry, mer - ry school bell ring.

ring, Hear the mer - ry school bell ring, Hear the mer - ry, mer - ry school bell ring.

\*The words "Hear it ring," may be repeated as an echo, instead of small notes.

TWILIGHT.

Words by S. A. MUNSON.

S. K. WHITING.

1. Now the sun - set's glow is o - ver, And the daylight fades a - way, While the  
2. Thro' the win - dow of the cot - tage, Like the sunbeam's noise - less light, Steals the

twi - light, rud - dy twi - light, Throws a - round its shad - ows gray. In the  
twi - light, mys - tic twi - light, As comes on the dusk - y night, And the

val - ley and the wild - wood, By the crys - tal riv - er's shore, They are  
young stars up in heav - en, With their bril - liant dia - mond glow, Come out

steal - ing, twi - light shad - ows, Like as they were wont of yore, They are  
peep - ing, dim - ly peep - ing, As they used to long a - go, Come out

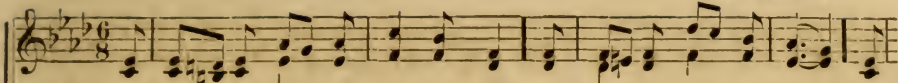
*rit. ad lib.*  
steal - ing, twi - light shad - ows, Like as they were wont of yore.  
peep - ing, dim - ly peep - ing, As they used to long a - go.

## CHORUS.

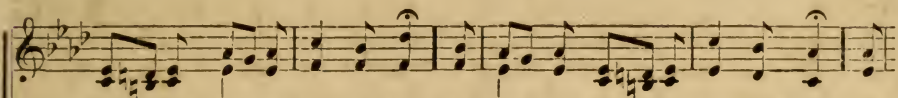
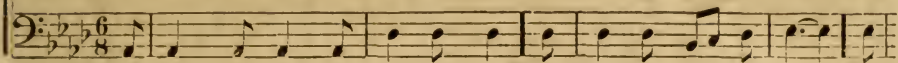
Ten - der tho'ts now fond - ly lin - ger, And their whisp'ring sounds we hear;

O, how dear are childhood's mem'ries, When they bring sweet words of cheer.  
*rit.*

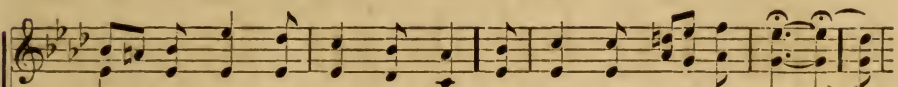
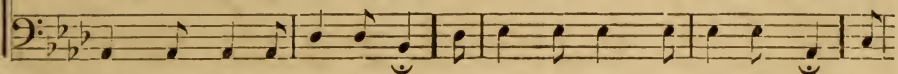
J. E. PERRINS.



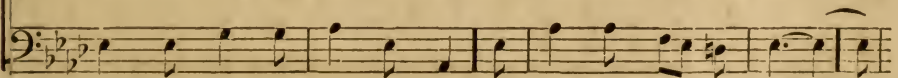
1. I come, I come from Southern lands, Where skies are bright and clear; Where
2. I come, I come with o - pen hands, And scatter flow - ers free; I
3. From win - ter's hand I've loos'd your streams, And set them free a - gain; I
4. I come, I come with fes - tal strain, With au - tumn in the rear; I



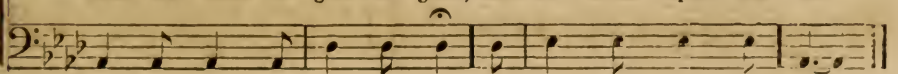
or - ange trees are way - ing green, And bright the lit - tle sunbeams gleam, And  
fling them down in qui - et dells, I plant them by your mos - sy wells, And  
breathe up - on the whitened earth, And chil - dren, in their playful mirth, Laugh  
bring the sunshine and the rain, And quick - en in - to life a - gain, The



land - scapes beau - ti - ful are seen, At all times of the year, And  
'mid the rocks the bright bud swells, And by the bounding sea, And  
gai - ly as they quit the hearth To sport up - on the plain, Laugh  
farm - ers' fields of gold - en grain, And au - tumn ripes the ear, The



landscapes beau - ti - ful are seen At all times of the year.  
'mid the rocks the bright bud swells, And by the bound - ing sea.  
gai - ly as they quit the hearth To sport up - on the plain.  
farm - ers' fields of gold - en grain, And au - tumn ripes the ear.





# DOWN BY THE DEEP SAD SEA.

Words and music by WILL S. HAYS.

1. Down by the deep sad sea, . . Down where the sea-gulls roam, I  
 2. Down by the deep sad sea, . . Evening shades draw nigh, I  
 3. Down by the dear old sea, . . Morning sweet-ly smiles, I

wan - der on the rock - bound shore, Where stood my boyhood's home. . .  
 gaze up - on its bo - som soft With sad and tear - ful eye. . .  
 see the white sails flit - ting A - cross its breast for miles. . . The

But years have chang'd those hap - py scenes That once were dear to me, For  
 And mem'ry takes its wayward flight To scenes that used to be, And  
 play - ful white caps chase and leap Each oth - er in their glee; O!

all I loved in life now sleep . . . Down by the deep sad sea. For  
 leaves me sit - ting lone and sad, . . . Down by the deep sad sea. And  
 when I die, here let me rest, . . . Down by the dear old sea. O!

all I loved in life now sleep Down by the deep sad sea.  
 leaves me sit - ting lone and sad, Down by the deep sad sea.  
 when I die, here let me rest Down by the dear old sea.

## CHORUS.

O! the sea, the sad, sad sea, O! the sea, the deep blue sea, My love, to  
 thee, I'd give the world to live a - gain, Down by the deep sad sea.

Words by Miss KATE E. DUCAT.  
Tenor.

H. S. PERKINS.

1. Come, let us sing a part - ing song, The last 'twill be to - night, And  
2. When shall we meet a - gain, and where, An - oth - er song to sing? Per -  
Air.

3. Oh, now is it not sweet? but list! 'Tis hush'd, 'tis gone, and there, That

let us join with heart and voice, To make this hour seem bright; Then  
-haps 'twill be a part - ing song, A long - re - membered thing; Then

oth - er peal went far a - way, And died up - on the air; Why

let us tune our harp, the tone Will min - gle with the song; Now  
let us swell a joy - ous peal, And waft up - on the air The

fade and die ye love - ly tones? Why sigh yourselves a - way? Be -



touch the strings, with voice u - nite, And each sweet tone pro - long.  
sweet-est tone of ev' - ry voice, That ev - er rev-el'd there.

-neath your in - flu - ence we dream Of ev - er - last - ing day.

## GOOD-NIGHT.

TRIO FOR FEMALE VOICES.

FR. SCHNEIDER.

By permission of O. DITSON &amp; CO.

*p* *Slowly.* *dim.* *p*

1. All good - night, All good-night! Now is la - bor end - ed quite; Now the day is  
2. Sweet re - pose, Sweet re - pose! Now all wea - ry eye-lids close! Silence rests on  
3. Peace - ful sleep, Peace - ful sleep! Sleep till morning dawn doth peep; Sleep un - til an -

*p* *dim.* *p*

soft - ly closing, Bu - sy hands from toil re - posing, Till new morning  
field and mountain, Soft - ly mur - mur brook and fountain, Peace o'er all things  
-oth - er morrow Brings its care, and joy, and sor-row, Sleep, our Fa - ther

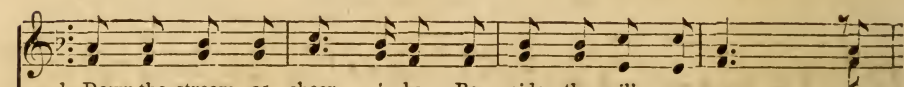
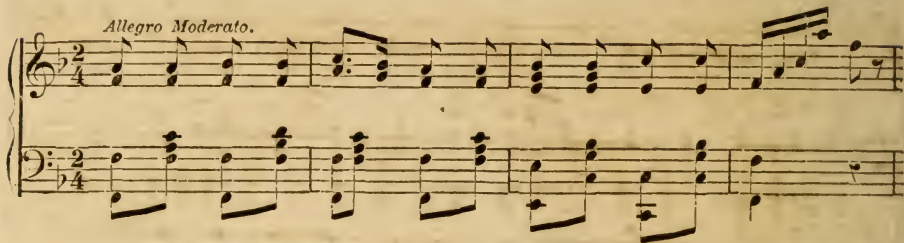
*mf*

wakes in light, Till new morning wakes in light, All good-night, All good night.  
nightfall throws, Peace o'er all things nightfall throws; Sweet re - pose, Sweet re - pose.  
watch will keep, Sleep, our Fa - ther watch will keep; Peaceful sleep, Peaceful sleep.

*mf*

## BOHEMIAN MELODY.

Arr. by W. C. PETERS.

*Allegro Moderato.*

1. Down the stream, as cheer - i - ly, Be - side the mill we row;

2. When we call, Oh! read - i - ly, She an - swers us a - gain, And



Where the ech - oes mer - ri - ly Their play - ful cho - rus throw.

stops the wheel right stead - i - ly, To hear our homeward strain.



# NATALIE, THE MAID OF THE MILL. Continued. 195

Solo.

*pp* *f*

Tra la la la la la la la la la la la la Tra la la la la

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

la . . . . .

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la. To the pret-ty Na - talie A  
Part-ing then re-gret - tingly, We



passing draught we fill, Sweet - ly sings she there, . . . . Where  
twine the dark'ning bill, With "pret - ty maid, a - dieu!". . . . And

tic, tac, tic, tac, goes the mill, Tic, tac, tic, tac, goes the mill,

tic, tac, goes the mill. *cres.* La la la la la la la la, La la

*dim.*

*f* la . . . . . *dim.*

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.

## GRADUATING ODE.

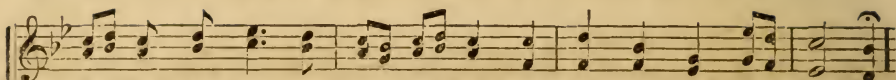
Words by Miss D. J. MAYHEW.

Music by M. Z. TINKER.


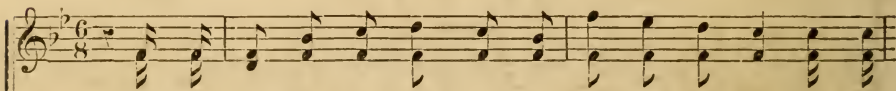
1. Loudswell our songs, our strains are glad, When hap-py hours are fly-ing;  
 2. Our feet have clam-bered up the hill That leads from life's sweet dawning,  
 3. To you who strove with lov-ing voice To lead us to that por-tal,

Low fall our notes, our hearts are sad, When hours we loved are dy-ing;  
 Yet glad hearts, beat-ing light-ly still, Re-lect the beams of morning,  
 Where wis-dom of-fers to our choice Rich treas-ures and im-mor-tal,

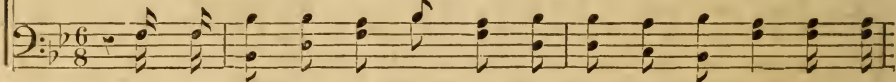

Our school-day scenes were bright and fair, And strong the tie that bound us,  
 Tho' far a-way those sum-mits show, To which our feet are hast-ing,  
 To you, dear schoolmates cherished long, To you, for-got-ten nev-er,



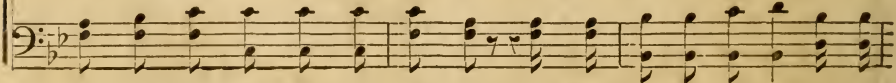
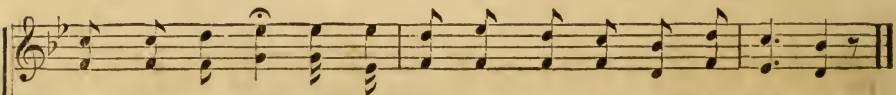
Sweet flow - 'rets bloom'd a - long our way, While loved ones gath - ered round us.  
Dark shad - ows in the vale be - low Tell how the day is wast - ing.  
We sing to - day our part - ing song, Sad song, be - fore we sev - er.

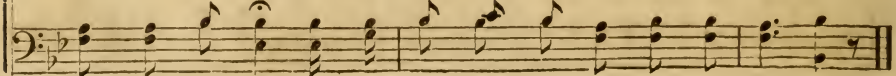
Yes, the long days were bright, and each morning's fresh light Thro' our  
But the fields we draw near white for har - vest ap - pear, And the  
When our barks ev - er - more on that beau - ti - ful shore Be - yond

lives sent the broad sun - shine danc - ing; But those days flit - ted past, those fair  
rip - ened grain wait - eth our reap - ing; Let us up and a - way, ere the  
death's roll - ing riv - er are land - ed, May we sing once a - gain in a

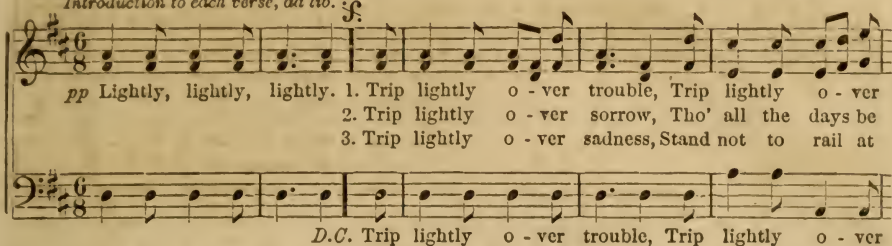
flowers fa - ded fast, And that sun - shine no long - er is glanc - ing.  
clos - ing of day From life's la - bor our hands shall be keep - ing.  
joy - ful re - frain, As a school that shall ne'er be dis - band - ed.





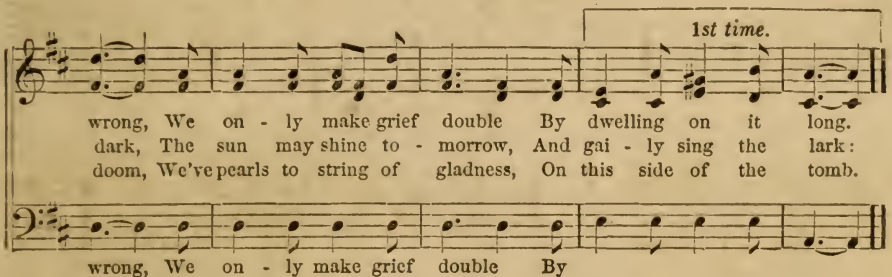
*With expression.**Introduction to each verse, ad lib.*

H. S. P.



*pp* Lightly, lightly, lightly. 1. Trip lightly o - ver trouble, Trip lightly o - ver  
 2. Trip lightly o - ver sorrow, Tho' all the days be  
 3. Trip lightly o - ver sadness, Stand not to rail at

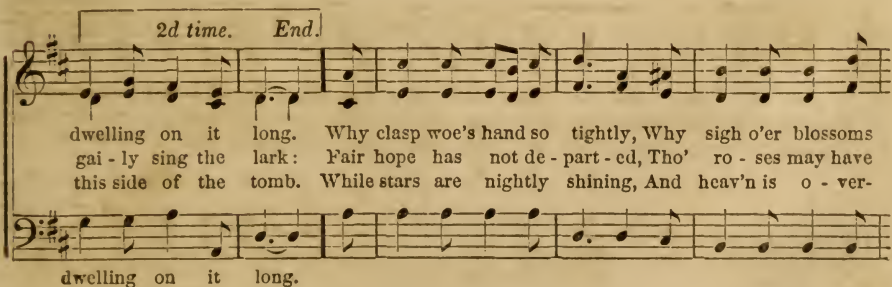
*D.C.* Trip lightly o - ver trouble, Trip lightly o - ver



*1st time.*

wrong, We on - ly make grief double By dwelling on it long.  
 dark, The sun may shine to - morrow, And gai - ly sing the lark:  
 doom, We've pearls to string of gladness, On this side of the tomb.

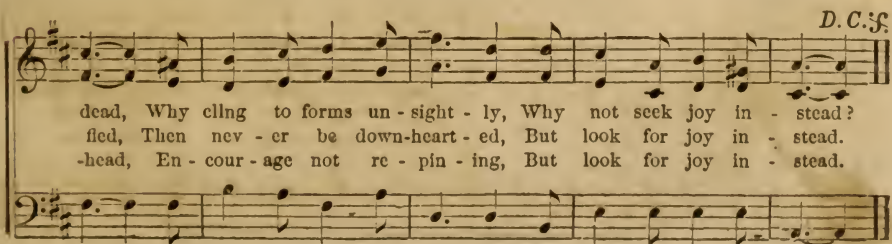
wrong, We on - ly make grief double By



*2d time. End.*

dwelling on it long. Why clasp woe's hand so tightly, Why sigh o'er blossoms  
 gai - ly sing the lark: Fair hope has not de - part - ed, Tho' ro - ses may have  
 this side of the tomb. While stars are nightly shining, And heav'n is o - ver -

dwelling on it long.



*D.C. ♯*

dead, Why cling to forms un - sight - ly, Why not seek joy in - stead?  
 fled, Then nev - er be down - heart - ed, But look for joy in - stead.  
 -head, En - cour - age not re - pin - ing, But look for joy in - stead.

## THE WANDERING REFUGEE.

Words and music by WILL S. HAYS.

By permission of the publisher.\*

1. Farewell, mother, home and friends,

2. Farewell, sun - ny southern home,

*Additional verses by Dr. W. B. Woods, inscribed to the memory of the lamented Ex-Gov. Allen.*

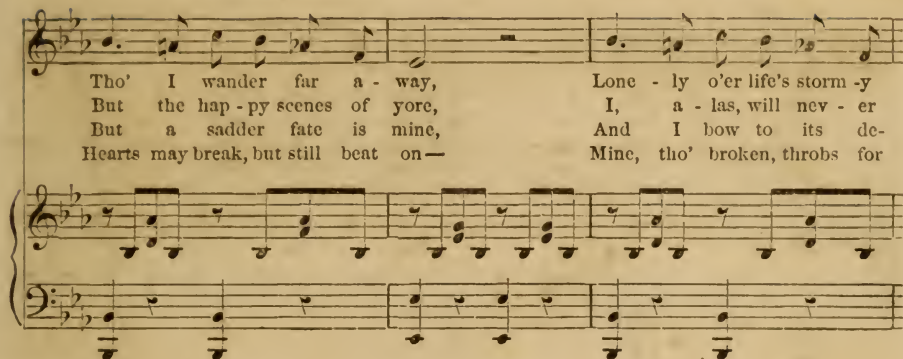
3. Farewell, faithful, gallant braves,

4. Farewell, all that made life dear,

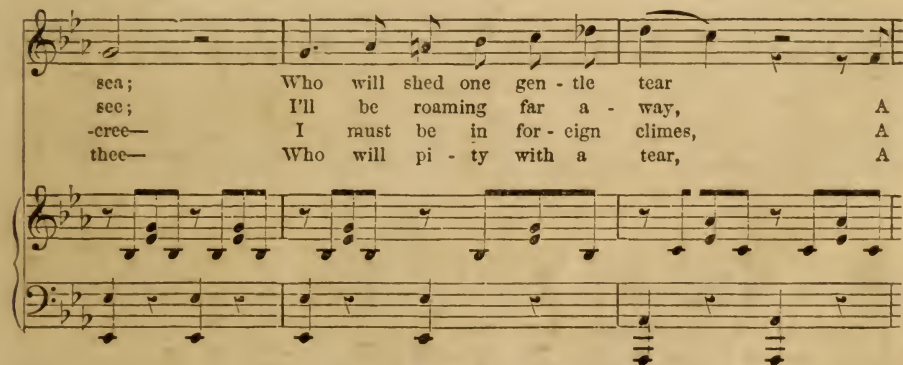
We may nev - er meet a - gain;  
 Home I always loved so true;  
 Sev - ered now our path - way lies;  
 No - ble, gen'rous, Southern home!

Soon 'mid strangers I must  
 Oft will tear-drops dim mine  
 You perhaps may soon for-  
 Oh! how wild - ly throbs my

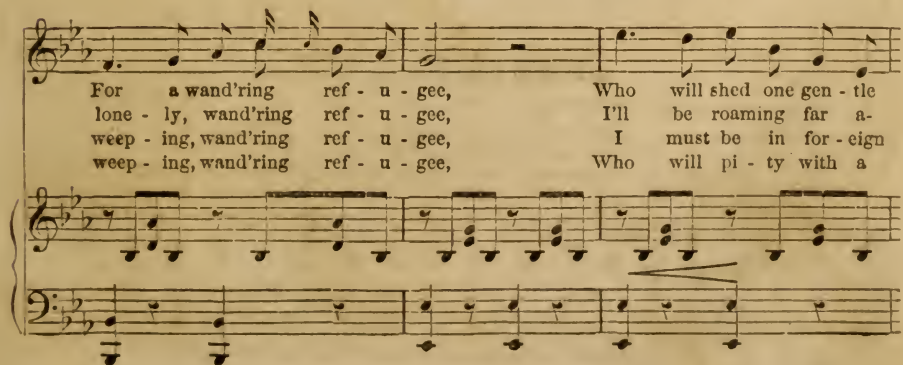
roam, Oh! the part - ing gives me pain.  
 eyes, When my mem' - ry flies to you.  
 -get, Cheer'd by home and kin - dred skies;  
 heart, As a - way from thee I roam;



Tho' I wander far a - way, Lone - ly o'er life's storm - y  
 But the hap - py scenes of yore, I, a - las, will nev - er  
 But a sadder fate is mine, And I bow to its de -  
 Hearts may break, but still beat on— Mine, tho' broken, throbs for



sea; Who will shed one gen - tle tear A  
 see; I'll be roaming far a - way, A  
 -cree— I must be in for - eign climes, A  
 thee— Who will pi - ty with a tear, A



For a wand'ring ref - u - gee, Who will shed one gen - tle  
 lone - ly, wand'ring ref - u - gee, I'll be roaming far a -  
 weep - ing, wand'ring ref - u - gee, I must be in for - eign  
 weep - ing, wand'ring ref - u - gee, Who will pi - ty with a



tear, For a wand'ring ref - u - gee.  
 -way, A lone - ly, wand'ring ref - u - gee.  
 clines, A weep - ing, wand'ring ref - u - gee.  
 tear, A weep - ing, wand'ring ref - u - gee.

## CHORUS.

Moth - er, oh! fare - well! I must go, I'll think of thee, Oh! *ritard.*

*A tempo.* *ritard.*  
 Moth - er, I must leave thee now, I'm a wand'ring ref - u - gee.

## ALWAYS DO RIGHT.

Words by Miss JENET PIERCY.

L. O. EMERSON.

Tenor.

1. Do right is our mot - to, Do right is our aim, We strive not for glo - ry, For  
 Air.  
 2. Do right to our friend, Do right to our foe; Do right to all people, Where

wealth nor for fame; A pure, spotless banner We'll raise with our might, With  
-ev - er we go; Let this be the standard, Kept high in our sight, Right

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The middle staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is split between the middle and bottom staves. The lyrics are written below the staves.

CHORUS.

this for our mot - to, "Al - ways do right." Onward and upward, We'll  
onward and upward, "Al - ways do right." Onward and upward, We'll

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The middle staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is split between the middle and bottom staves. The lyrics are written below the staves.

sing with our might, With this for our mot - to, "Al - ways do right."

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The middle staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is split between the middle and bottom staves. The lyrics are written below the staves.

## ALL AMONG THE BARLEY.

*Allegro.*

ELIZABETH STERLING.

1. Come out, 'tis now Sep - tem - ber, The hun - ter's moon's be - gun, And  
 2. The Spring, she is a young maid, That does not know her mind; The  
 3. The wheat is like a rich man, That's sleek and well to do; The

thro' the wheat - en stub - ble Is heard the frequent gun; The  
 Sum - mer is a ty - rant, Of most un - righteous kind; The  
 oats are like a pack of girls, Laugh - ing and dancing too; The

leaves are pal - ing yel - low, Or kin - dling in - to red, And the  
 Au - tumn is an old friend, That loves one all he can, And that  
 rye is like a mi - ser, That's sulk - y, lean and small, But the

ripe and gold - en bar - ley Is hanging down its head. All a - mong the bar - ley,  
 brings the ripen'd bar - ley To glad the heart of man.  
 free and bearded bar - ley Is monarch of them all.

Who would not be blithe, When the free and hap - py bar - ley Is smiling on the



scythe, While the free and hap - py bar - ley is smiling on the scythe.

## DRIVEN FROM HOME

Words and music by WILL S. HAYS.

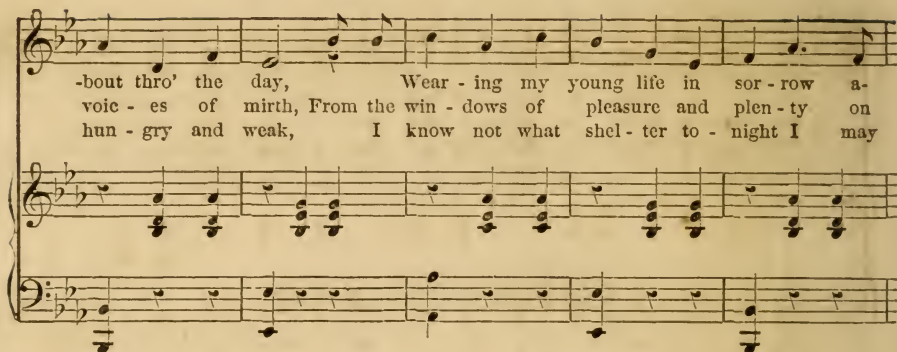
*Andante.*

*Andante.*

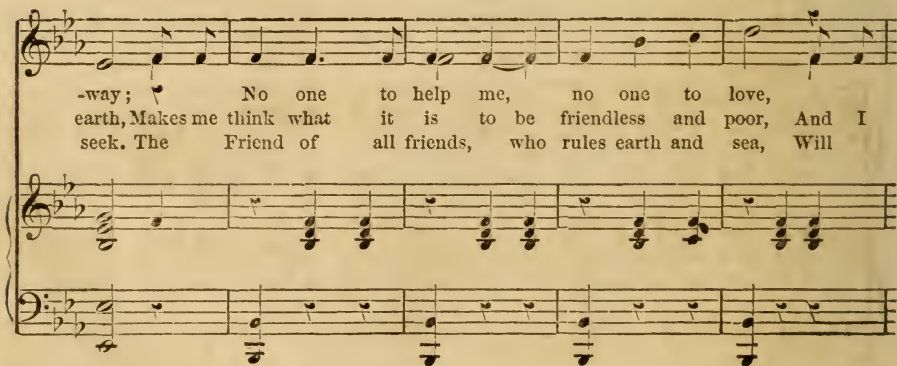
1. Out in this cold world, out in the street, Asking a  
2. The flowers that bloomed, That I once loved to see, Seem bowing their  
3. O! where shall I go, Or what can I do? I've no one to

The musical score is written on three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef, featuring chords and single notes. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, also featuring chords and single notes. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Andante.' The lyrics are written below the staves, with line numbers 1, 2, and 3 indicating different parts of the song.

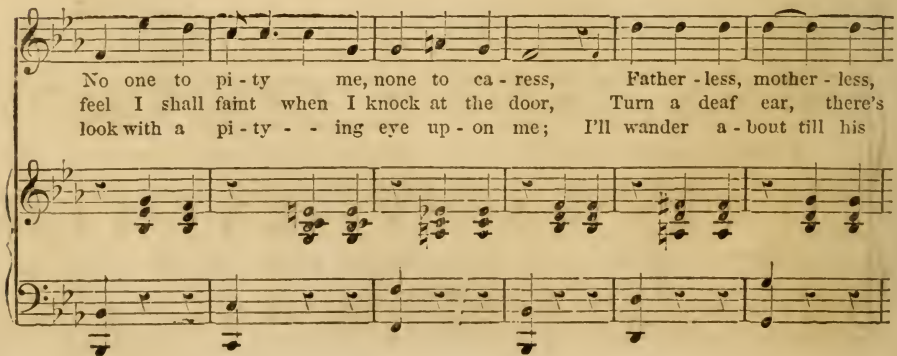
pen-ty of each one I meet, Shoeless I wander a-  
heads as if pi-ty-ing me; The mu-sic that mingles with  
tell me what course to pur-sue; I'm wea-ry and foot-sore, I'm



-bout thro' the day,      Wear - ing my young life in sor - row a -  
 voic - es of mirth, From the win - dows of pleasure and plen - ty on  
 hun - gry and weak,      I know not what shel - ter to - night I may



-way;      No one to help me, no one to love,  
 earth, Makes me think what it is to be friendless and poor, And I  
 seek. The Friend of all friends, who rules earth and sea, Will



No one to pi - ty me, none to ca - res,      Father - less, mother - less,  
 feel I shall faint when I knock at the door,      Turn a deaf ear, there's  
 look with a pi - ty - - ing eye up - on me;      I'll wander a - bout till his

sad - ly I roam, A child of mis - for - tune, I'm driven from home.  
 no one will come To help a poor wan - der - er, Driven from home.  
 mes - sen - ger comes To lead me to fath - er and mother at home.

## CHORUS.

No one to help me, No one to bless, No one to pi - ty me, None to caress;  
 No one to help me, No one to bless, No one to pi - ty me, None to caress;

*ritard.*

Father-less, mother-less, sadly I roam, Nursed by my pov - er - ty, Driven from home.  
 Father-less, mother-less, sadly I roam, Nursed by my pov - er - ty, Driven from home.



Words by R. M. H.

From DONIZETTI.

Strike for the cause of free - dom, Fighting for truth and glo - ry!

This system is the first of five. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B-flat4, and C5. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

Living in song and sto - ry, What matter tho' we die?

This system is the second of five. It continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has a triplet of eighth notes in the final measure, marked with a fermata and the instruction 'Inst.'. The piano accompaniment continues with its rhythmic pattern.

*Voice.* The tri-umph won, *Inst.* we live for - ev - - er.

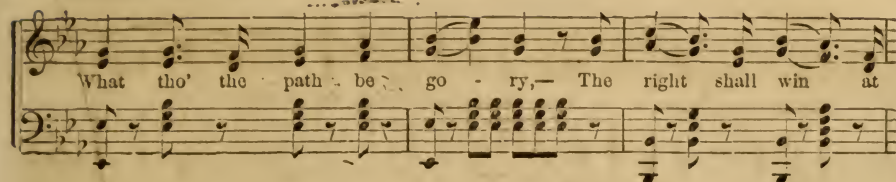
This system is the third of five. The vocal line is marked 'Voice.' and features a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B-flat4. The piano accompaniment continues. The final measure of the system has a fermata over the vocal line and is marked 'Inst.'.

*Voice.* And if we die, *rit.* we still shall live.

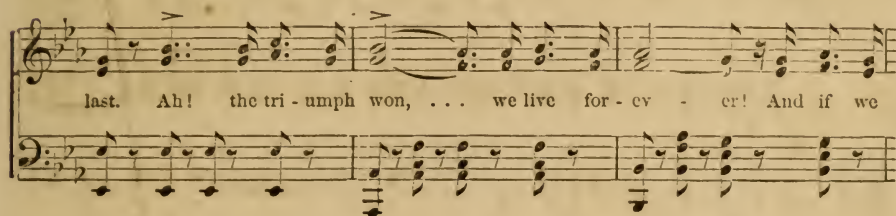
This system is the fourth of five. The vocal line is marked 'Voice.' and features a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B-flat4. The piano accompaniment continues. The final measure of the system has a fermata over the vocal line and is marked 'rit.'.

*A tempo.* Truth bids us rise and con - quer! Fame beck - ons us to glo - - ry!

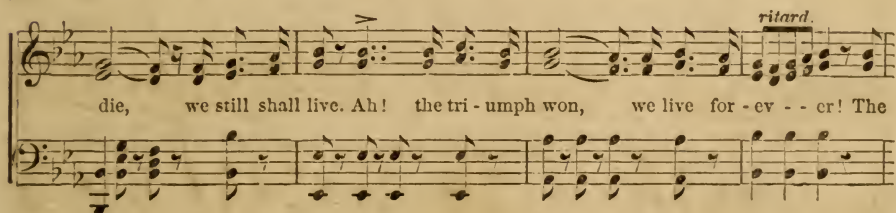
This system is the fifth and final of five. It begins with the instruction 'A tempo.' The vocal line features a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B-flat4. The piano accompaniment continues with its rhythmic pattern.



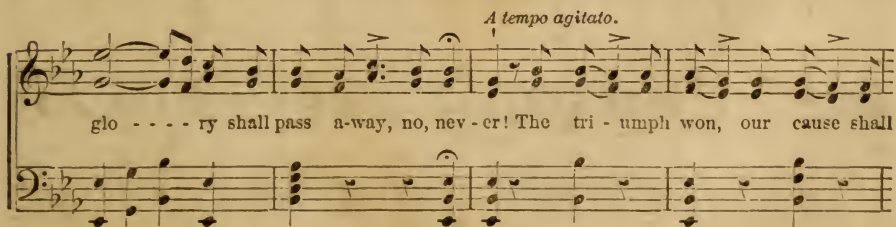
What tho' the path be go - ry, — The right shall win at



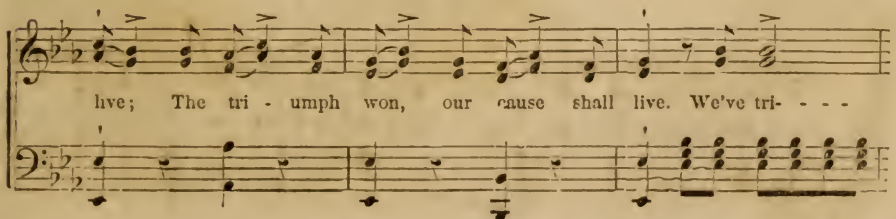
last. Ah! the tri - umph won, . . . we live for - ev - er! And if we



die, we still shall live. Ah! the tri - umph won, we live for - ev - er! The



glo - - - ry shall pass a-way, no, nev - er! The tri - umph won, our cause shall



live; The tri - umph won, our cause shall live. We've tri - - -

*Accelerando.*

umphed! with glo - - ry! Vic-to-ri - a! Vic-to-ri - a! Vic-to - ri - a!

## ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

KNIGHT.

*f*

1. Rocked in the cra - dle of the deep, . . . . I lay me  
2. And such the trust that still were mine, . . . . Tho' storm - y

*p*

down . . . in peace to sleep;  
winds . . . swept o'er the brine,

Se - cure I rest up - on the  
Or though the tempest's fie - ry

*tr* *ff*

*2d time. ff*



wave, . . . . For thou, oh Lord! hast pow'r to save. I  
breath . . . . Roused me from sleep to wreck and death! In

know thou wilt not slight my call, For thou dost mark the spar-row's  
o - cean cave still safe with Thee, The germ of im - mor - tal - i-

fall; And calm and peaceful is my sleep, . . . .  
-ty, And calm and peaceful is my sleep, . . . .

*pp*

Rocked in the cradle of the deep, And calm and peaceful is my

*tr*

*rit. pp rit.*

sleep, . . . . . Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

*tr*

*colla voce.*

*Ped.* \*

*tr*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

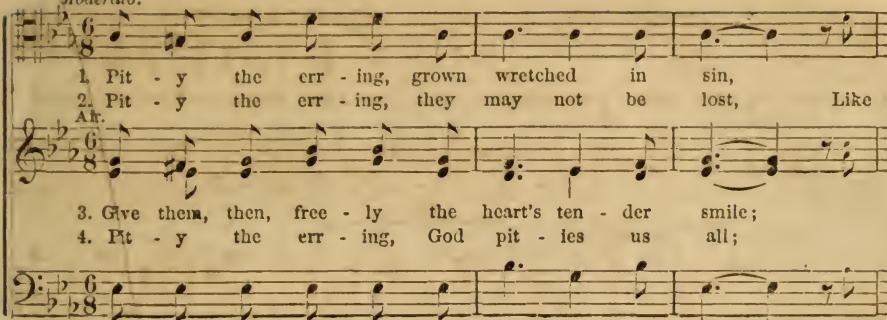
# PITY THE ERRING.

213

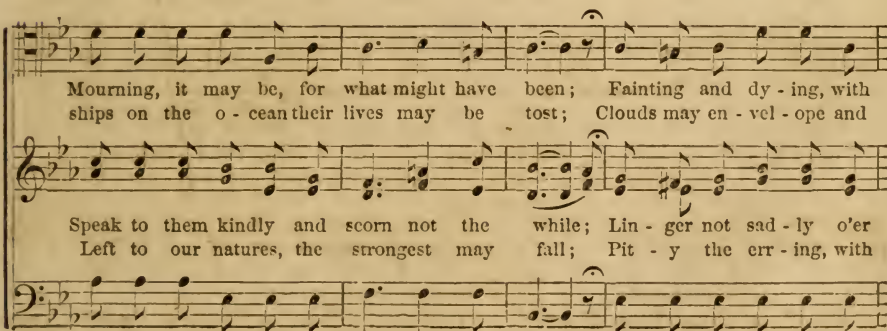
Words by LOUIS PRINDLE.

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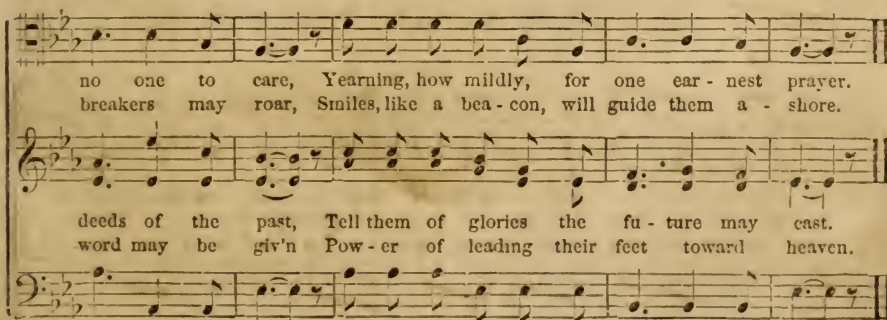
*Moderato.*



1. Pit - y the err - ing, grown wretched in sin,  
 2. Pit - y the err - ing, they may not be lost, Like  
 3. Give them, then, free - ly the heart's ten - der smile;  
 4. Pit - y the err - ing, God pit - ies us all;

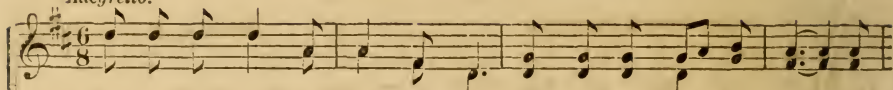


Mourning, it may be, for what might have been; Fainting and dy - ing, with  
 ships on the o - cean their lives may be tost; Clouds may en - vel - ope and  
 Speak to them kindly and scorn not the while; Lin - ger not sad - ly o'er  
 Left to our natures, the strongest may fall; Pit - y the err - ing, with

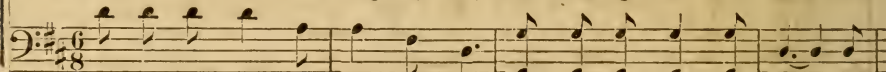


no one to care, Yearning, how mildly, for one ear - nest prayer.  
 breakers may roar, Smiles, like a bea - con, will guide them a - shore.  
 deeds of the past, Tell them of glories the fu - ture may cast.  
 word may be giv'n Pow - er of leading their feet toward heaven.

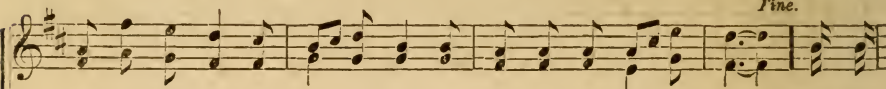


*Allegretto.*

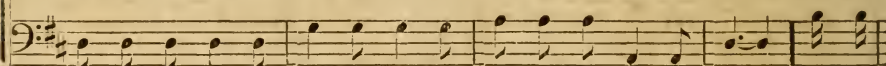
1. Mer - ri - ly rolls the mill-stream on, Mer - ri - ly goes the mill, And  
 2. Well may the mil - ler's heart re - joice, Well may his song be gay; The  
 3. Fair is the mil - ler's daughter, too, With her bright au - burn hair; With



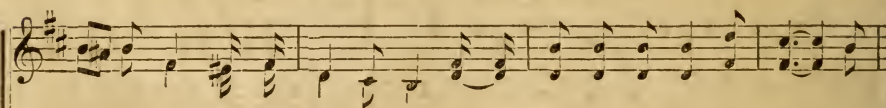
*D.C.* Mer - ri - ly rolls the mill-stream on, Mer - ri - ly goes the mill, And

*Fine.*

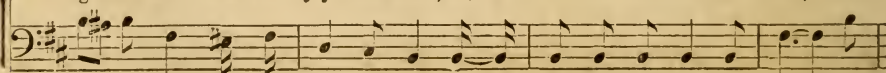
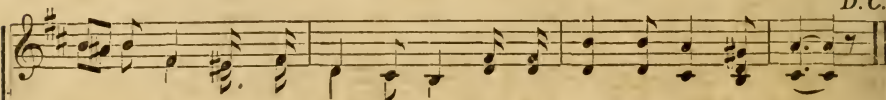
mer - ry to-night shall be our song, As ev - er the gay lark's trill. While the  
 smile of the rich, the prayer of the poor Have been his for many a day. And they  
 laughing bright eyes and sun - ny brow, Still bet - ter is she than fair. She has



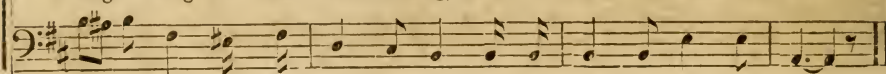
mer - ry to-night shall be our song, As ev - er the gay lark's trill.



stream shall flow, and the mill shall go, And his garners are bravely stored, Come  
 bless the name of the miller's dame In cots where the low - ly mourn, For  
 lighten'd toil with her joy - ous smile, And if ev - er his heart is sad, She'll

*D. C.*

all who will, there's a wel - come still At the sumptuous miller's board.  
 want and woe at her presence go, Joy and peace both soon re - turn.  
 sing the song he has loved so long, And the mil - ler's heart is glad.



# "LET US HAVE PEACE."

215

SOLO AND CHORUS.

Words by WM. OLAND BOURNE.

Music by H. S. PERKINS.

*Con fuoco.*

1. "Let us have peace," is the cry of the mil - lions Who fought for the  
2. "Let us have peace," is the cho - rus re-sound - ing From ham - lets that  
3. "Let us have peace," in a ho - ly thanks-giv - ing, The he - ro's voice

The first system of the musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a vocal melody on a treble staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staves (treble and bass). The piano part consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a similar pattern in the left hand. The lyrics are numbered 1, 2, and 3, corresponding to the vocal lines.

star - ry - gem'd flag of the free; 'Tis the prayer of the he - ro, the  
lie 'mid the pine - cov - er'd hills, And like a glad an - them in  
cries, in the name of the Lord! For the sake of the dead, for the

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal melody and piano accompaniment are consistent with the first system. The lyrics continue from the previous system, with a slight pause in the piano accompaniment during the phrase "For the sake of the dead, for the".

song of ci - vil - ians, That rolls from the moun-tains far down to the  
u - ni - son blend - ing, Floats on till the plain with its mel - o - dy  
sake of the liv - ing! Turn spears in - to pruning hooks, to plow-shares the

The third system concludes the musical score. The vocal melody and piano accompaniment are consistent with the previous systems. The lyrics conclude with the phrase "Turn spears in - to pruning hooks, to plow-shares the".

sea. The na - tions that rock'd in the tem - pest and gloom, And  
thrills; And riv - ers that roll to the land of the west, And  
sword! And out of the dark - ness shall come forth the light Of

drift - ed in doubt to be wrecked on the shore, The storm has outlived, and the  
prai - ries that wake to the hymn of the free, With mil - lions of free - men im-  
glo - ries' bright sun where the free-men have trod, And free-dom shall teach with the.

thun - ders that boomed, Are voic - es that tell us of peace ev - er - more.  
-plor - ing for rest, Swell psalms of re - joic - ing while bend - ing the kneec.  
truth and the right, That peace with our broth - er is peace with our God.



CHORUS.

Air.

rit. ad lib.

"Let us have peace," the he-ro proclaims; "Let us have peace," in God's ho-ly name.

"Let us have peace," the he-ro proclaims; "Let us have peace," in God's ho-ly name.

THE SILENT VOICE.

Soprano solo.

P.

1. There's a voice of gen-tle com-fort, Sweetly sooth - - - ing ev - 'ry  
2. 'Tis a pleas - ant thing to list - en To its breath - - - ings soft and

Soprano and Alto.

1. There's a voice of gen - tle com-fort, Sweet-ly soothing ev - 'ry  
2. 'Tis a pleasant thing to list - en To its breathings soft and

care, On the wings of si-lence float-ing, Thro' the bright and shining air.  
low; To its mel - low, cheerful whispers, That in pleas - - ing sadness flow.

care, On the wings of si-lence float-ing, Thro' the bright and shining air.  
low; To the mellow, cheerful whispers, That in pleasing sad-ness flow.

## DAYLIGHT IS BREAKING.

Words by H. S. PERKINS.

From "Moses in Egypt."

*Allegro. mp f mp f mp f*

Daylight is breaking, Nature's a - waking, Rise from thy slumbers, Work while 'tis

*f mp*

day; Smiling and cheerful, Hap - py the greeting, Sweet voices ringing,

*p*

At break of day. Brightness we wel - come, Sunlight so cheer - ful,

*cres. 3 3 ff 3 3 3 1st time. 2d time.*

Sad - ness and sor - row ban - ish to - day, Ban - ish to - day.

*mp f mp f mp*

Smil - ing and cheer - ful, Sweet voi - ces ring - ing, Hap - py the  
Bright - ness we wel - come, Sun - light so cheer - ful, Sad - ness and

greet - ing, At break of day.  
sor - row, Ban - ish a - way. A - way, a - way, a - way.

# WELCOME, FRIENDS.

Dedicated to the "National Teachers' Association." Composed for, and sung as a "Song of Welcome," at the annual meeting of the Association, at Ogdensburg, N. Y., August, 1864.

Words by T. H. BROSANAN.

Music by H. S. PERKINS.

1. We welcome you, guides of the youth of our land, Your names have been  
2. We welcome you here from the far distant West, From mountain, from  
3. We welcome you all from New Eng - land with joy, Sea - gird - ed, rock -  
4. We welcome the true loy - al ones who are here, From the land where re -  
5. Then welcome you all! may our meet - ing to - day, Be long to our

known to us long; We meet you to - day with the read - y right hand, And  
prai - rie and lake; This la - bor of love ma - ny millions will bless, We  
- guarded, and old; Tho' en - vy the weapons of strife should employ, We'll  
- bellion has sped; Our pleasure at meeting is damp'd by the tear That  
mem - o - ries dear; And may it be granted, we earnest - ly pray To

## CHORUS.

greet you with glad - ness and song. Wel - come, wel - come,  
wel - come you here for their sake.  
not leave you "out in the cold."  
flows for the pa - tri - ot dead  
of - ten meet you who are here.

Welcome, welcome, welcome, friends,



wel - - eome, friends, Wel - - come all, from ;

welcome, welcome, welcome all, Welcome, welcome welcome friends,

east and west; While a fer - - vent

Welcome, all, from east and west, While a fer - vent prayer as - cends,

prayer as - - cends, That this meet - ing

While a fer - vent prayer as - cends, Welcome, welcome, that this

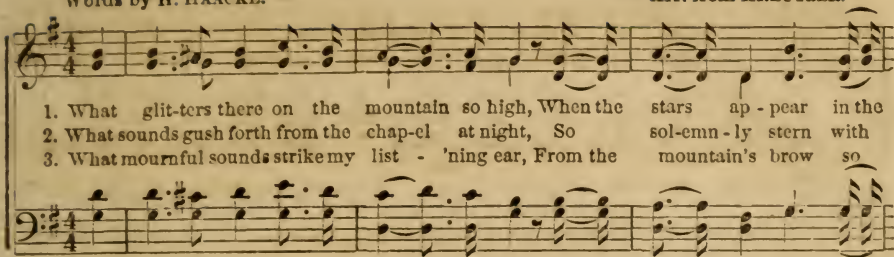
FINALE.  
*f rit. ad lib.*

may be blest. Wel - come, wel - come, friends, wel - come.

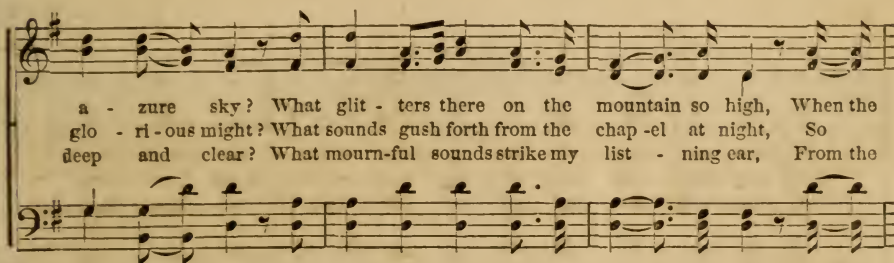
meet - ing may be blest.

Words by H. HAACKE.

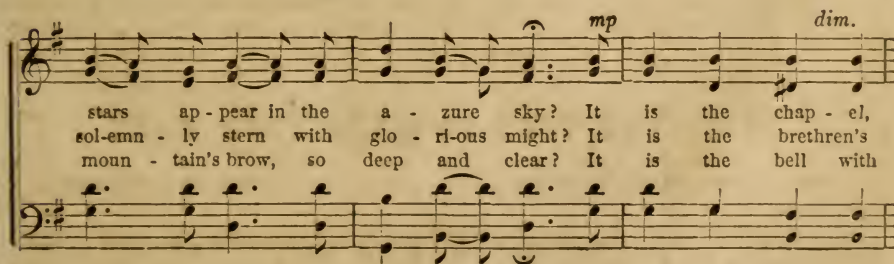
Arr. from KREUTZER.



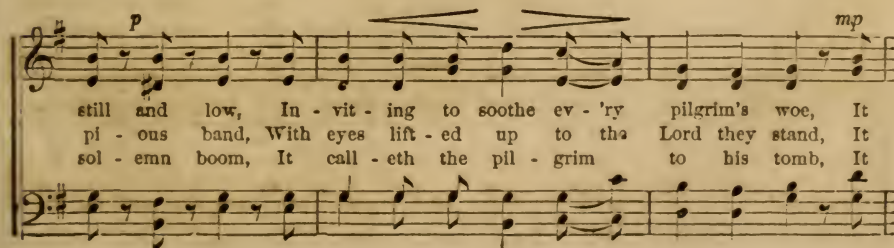
1. What glit-ters there on the mountain so high, When the stars ap-pear in the  
 2. What sounds gush forth from the chap-el at night, So sol-emn-ly stern with  
 3. What mournful sounds strike my list-ning ear, From the mountain's brow so



a-zure sky? What glit-ters there on the mountain so high, When the  
 glo-ri-ous might? What sounds gush forth from the chap-el at night, So  
 deep and clear? What mourn-ful sounds strike my list-ning ear, From the



stars ap-pear in the a-zure sky? It is the chap-el,  
 sol-emn-ly stern with glo-ri-ous might? It is the brethren's  
 moun-tain's brow, so deep and clear? It is the bell with



still and low, In-vit-ing to soothe ev-'ry pilgrim's woe, It  
 pi-ous band, With eyes lift-ed up to the Lord they stand, It  
 sol-emn boom, It call-eth the pil-grim to his tomb, It

*dim.*

is the chap - el, still and low, In - vit - ing to soothe ev - 'ry  
 is the brethren's pi - ous band, With eyes lift - ed up to the  
 is the bell with sol - emn boom It call - eth the pil - grim

The first system of the musical score for 'The Chapel'. It consists of a vocal melody in G major (one sharp) and a piano accompaniment in D minor (two flats). The vocal line begins with a 'dim.' (diminuendo) marking. The lyrics are: 'is the chap - el, still and low, In - vit - ing to soothe ev - 'ry is the brethren's pi - ous band, With eyes lift - ed up to the is the bell with sol - emn boom It call - eth the pil - grim'.

*dim.*

pilgrim's woe, In - vit - ing to soothe ev - 'ry pil - grim's woe.  
 Lord they stand, With eyes lift - ed up to the Lord they stand  
 to his tomb, It call - eth the pil - grim to his tomb

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'pilgrim's woe, In - vit - ing to soothe ev - 'ry pil - grim's woe. Lord they stand, With eyes lift - ed up to the Lord they stand to his tomb, It call - eth the pil - grim to his tomb'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern.

## NOW'S THE TIME TO MAKE YOUR MARK.

Words by Miss BELLA C. GILBERT.

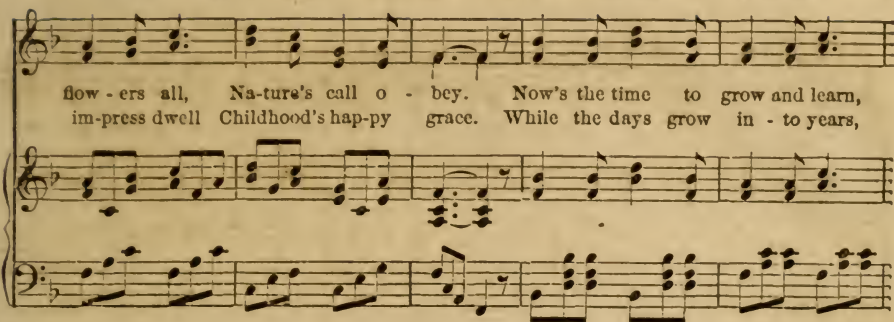
Music by W. F. HEATH.

DUET.

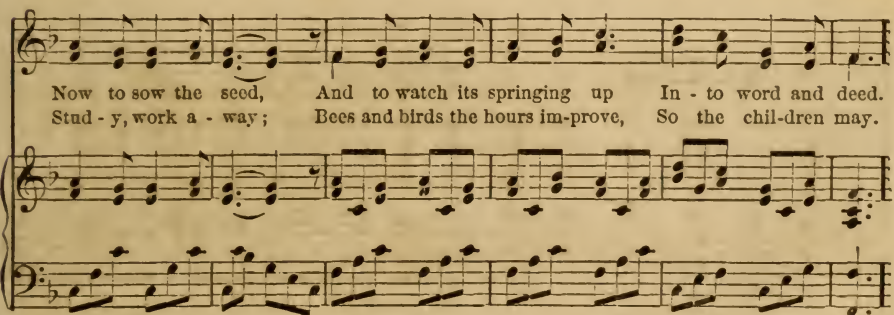
1. Now's the time to make your mark, Stud - y, work a - way; Bees, and birds and  
 2. If we treasure well the hours, In each heart and face Shall in gold - en

The musical score for 'Now's the Time to Make Your Mark'. It is a duet in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The score is written for two voices and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: '1. Now's the time to make your mark, Stud - y, work a - way; Bees, and birds and 2. If we treasure well the hours, In each heart and face Shall in gold - en'. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.



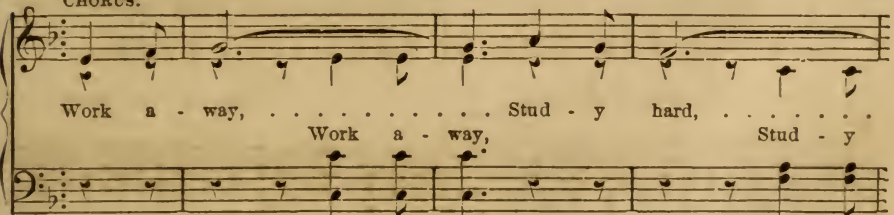


flow - ers all, Na - ture's call o - bey. Now's the time to grow and learn,  
im - press dwell Childhood's hap - py grace. While the days grow in - to years,

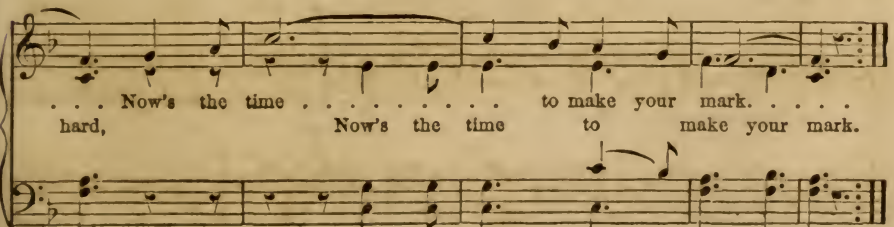


Now to sow the seed, And to watch its springing up In - to word and deed.  
Stud - y, work a - way; Bees and birds the hours im - prove, So the chil - dren may.

CHORUS.



Work a - way, . . . . . Stud - y hard, . . . . .  
Work a - way, Stud - y



. . . Now's the time . . . . . to make your mark. . . . .  
hard, Now's the time to make your mark.

H. S. THOMPSON. By permission.

*Cheerful.*  
Air and Alto.

First system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: Treble, Alto, and Bass. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is written in the Treble staff, with the Alto and Bass staves providing harmonic support. The lyrics are: "Hark! far o - ver the moun-tain re - sound - ing, The hun-ters' call, hal-".

Second system of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are: "-lo, hal-lo, hal - lo, . . . Hark! o'er the val -leys and hills re - sound - ing, The".

Third system of the musical score. It includes a performance instruction: "Hum the repeat, or sing very soft." above the first staff. The melody features a repeat sign. The lyrics are: "ech-oes come, hal-lo, hal-lo, hal-lo. . . A - way to the chase o'er the mead-ows". The system ends with a fermata over the final note of the melody.

gay; . . . To the cheer - ing sound of the ech - o - ing horn, . . . Our light steeds

gay; . . . To the cheer - ing sound of the ech - o - ing horn, . . . Our light steeds

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The middle and bottom staves are in bass clef. The music is written in a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are placed below the staves, with the first line of lyrics under the top staff and the second line under the middle staff. The lyrics are: "gay; . . . To the cheer - ing sound of the ech - o - ing horn, . . . Our light steeds".

fly at the mer-ry "hark, a - way," As we taste the dews of the mer-ry

fly at the mer-ry "hark, a - way," As we taste the dews of the mer-ry

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The middle and bottom staves are in bass clef. The music is written in a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are placed below the staves, with the first line of lyrics under the top staff and the second line under the middle staff. The lyrics are: "fly at the mer-ry 'hark, a - way,' As we taste the dews of the mer-ry".

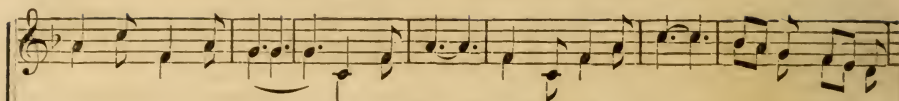
*Unison.*

morn. . . Oh! what pleas - ure and what de - light . . . To fol - low the hounds at the

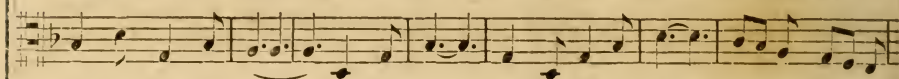
morn. . . Oh! what pleas - ure and what de - light . . . To fol - low the hounds at the

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The middle and bottom staves are in bass clef. The music is written in a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are placed below the staves, with the first line of lyrics under the top staff and the second line under the middle staff. The lyrics are: "morn. . . Oh! what pleas - ure and what de - light . . . To fol - low the hounds at the". The word "Unison." is written above the first staff.

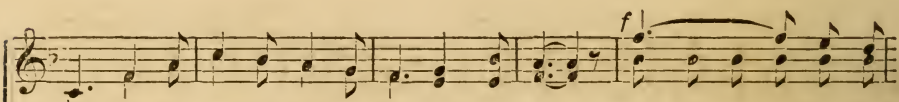




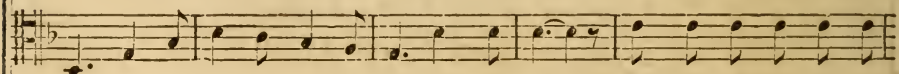
first gray dawn of day, .. Thro' the val - leys and o'er the mead - ows, And see them



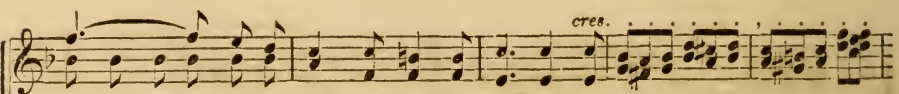
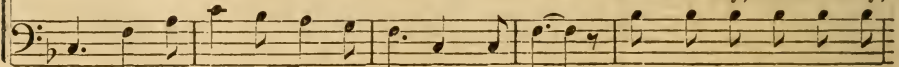
first gray dawn of day, .. Thro' the val - leys and o'er the mead - ows, And see them



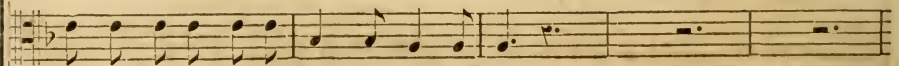
spring at the joy - ful cry, "A - way, hark! a - way." Cheer - - - i - ly,  
 Cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly,



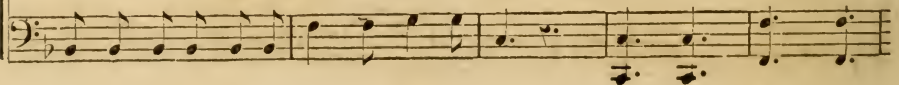
spring at the joy - ful cry, "A - way, hark! a - way." Cheer - - - i - ly,  
 Cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly,



mer - - - ri - ly, sounds the mel - low horn. How it rolls . . . . .  
 mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly,



mer - - - ri - ly, sounds the mel - low horn.  
 mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly,



on the air of morn. Joy - - - ful-ly, joy - - - ful-ly hail the fes-tal  
Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly

on the air of morn. Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly hail the fes-tal

*dim. e rit.* *p* *f* *p* *A tempo.* *obligato.*

day. List! a - gain comes the sound, Hark! a - way, hark! a - way. Oh! 'tis sweet . . .  
Oh! 'tis

day. List! a - gain comes the sound, Hark! a - way, hark! a - way. Oh! 'tis

. . . at dawn of day, . . . . . to mount your steed . . . . . and swift a-  
sweet, at dawn of day, To mount your steed,

sweet, at dawn of day, To mount your steed,

way, . . . . . O'er hill and dale, . . . . . Thro' val-leys fair, . . . . .  
And swift a - way, O'er hill and dale, thro' val - leys

and swift a - way, O'er hill and dale, thro' val - leys

*cres.* . . . . .

. . . And thro' the sweet, fresh, balm-y morn-ing air, Sweet morn - ing air.  
fair, Sweet, fresh, morn - - ing air, Sweet morn - ing air.

fair, Sweet, fresh, morn - ing air, Sweet morn - ing air.

## THE DISTANT CHIMES.

TRIO FOR LADIES.

Words by J. E. CARPENTER.

S. GLOVER.

*Andante con espressione.*

The dis - tant chimes, . . . . at ev - en - tide, . . . . . When



list - 'ning to their sound, . . As o'er the stream . . . it seems to glide, What

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains the lyrics 'list - 'ning to their sound, . . As o'er the stream . . . it seems to glide, What'. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in G major, featuring a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is a bass line in G major, primarily consisting of whole and half notes.

va - - ried thoughts a - bound! What va - - ried thoughts a -

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains the lyrics 'va - - ried thoughts a - bound! What va - - ried thoughts a -'. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in G major, featuring a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is a bass line in G major, primarily consisting of whole and half notes.

-bound! . . . They give to hope . . . . . her wont - ed

They give to hope

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains the lyrics '-bound! . . . They give to hope . . . . . her wont - ed'. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in G major, featuring a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is a bass line in G major, primarily consisting of whole and half notes.

away, . . . They gild the past . . . . . with mem - 'ry's

her wont - ed sway, They gild the past

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains the lyrics 'away, . . . They gild the past . . . . . with mem - 'ry's'. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in G major, featuring a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is a bass line in G major, primarily consisting of whole and half notes.

ray, . . . . . All, all we loved . . . . . in old - en  
with mem - 'ry's ray, All, all, we lov'd

*rit.* *Piu animato.*

times, They now re-call,—sweet dis - tant chimes. Oh! life is like that sun-ny  
in old - en times Re - call, sweet dis - tant chimes.

stream, O'er which the daylight fades, . . And whose sweet chimes are like the

dream, . . That all our past per - vades. The shades of night will close a -

-round, The tune - ful chimes soon cease to sound, And all on which fond mem - 'ry

*dim. e rit.*

dwells, Be si - lent as those dis - tant bells.

*a tempo. tranquillo.*

Be si - lent as those dis - tant

*dim. p* Hark! Hark!

Hark! Hark! Hark! still down the

bells, Be si - lent as those dis - tant bells. . . . .

stream . . . . . they seem to glide, . . . Sweet dis - tant

Still down the stream they seem to glide,

chimes . . . . . at e - ven - tide, . . . . . Still down the

Sweet dis - tant chimes, at e - ven - tide,

stream . . . . . they seem to glide, . . . Sweet dis - tant

Still down the stream they seem to glide, Sweet



*dol.*

chimes at ev - en - tide. Hark! hark! those chimes . . . . . make tune - ful  
Hark! hark!

chimes at ev - en - tide. Hark! hark! those chimes

rhymes, . . . . . Those dis - tant chimes make tune - ful rhymes. Hark! hark! those  
Hark! hark!

make tuneful rhymes, those dis - tant chimes make tune - ful rhymes,

*cres.*

chimes . . . . . make tuneful rhymes, Those distant chimes make tune - ful  
Hark! hark! Hark! hark!

Hark! hark! those chimes make tuneful rhymes, those distant chimes make tune - ful

*rit. e dim.*

rhymes. Sweet dis - tant chimes, . . . . . sweet dis - tant  
rhymes. Sweet dis - tant chimes,

*p**pp*

chimes, . . . . . sweet dis - tant chimes. . . . .

Sweet dis - tant chimes, sweet dis - tant chimes.

# NEW YEAR'S CHIMES.

233

Words by H. S. P.

Arr. from OFFENBACH.

*Allegro vigoroso.*

(May be sung as a chorus, in unison.)

{ Ring, ring a wel-come to the new year, Life on his ra-diant brow ap-  
Earth teems a - new with beau-ty beam - ing, Read - y with fruits a - gain to

-pears; }  
bring; } Hearts now with love and joy are thrill - ing,

Homes where the song and boun-ty cheers. Ring for winter's bracing

*ad lib.* *tempo.*

hours, . . . . Ring for birth of spring and flow'rs; Ring the

*slow.* *tempo.*

bells, ring the bells, let them ech - - o Peace on the

earth, joy and peace, "good will to men." Ring a - gain, shout a-loud, swell the



*rit. ad lib.*

strain, Let the joy - ful glad ti - dings be

*rit.* *a tempo.* *f*

shouted, That freedom and justice now rule thro' the land. Ring, let it

*mf* *p* *cres.*

ech - - o, re - ech - - o, re - ech - - o; Shout we that

*rit.* *f*

jus - - tice and lib - - er - ty now rule o'er the land, Let it

*m* *p* *cres. rit.*

ech - o, re - ech - o, re - ech - o, That jus - tice and lib - er - ty,

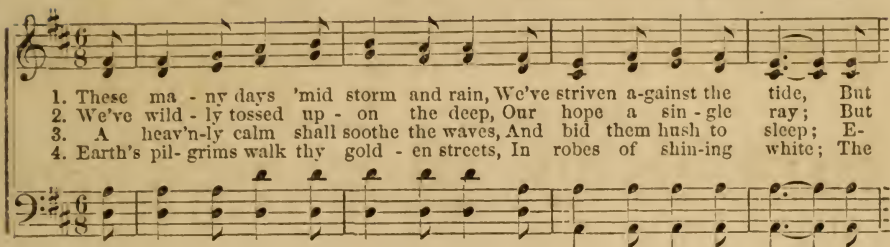
*con fuoco.*

jus - tice and lib - er - ty rule through-out the land.

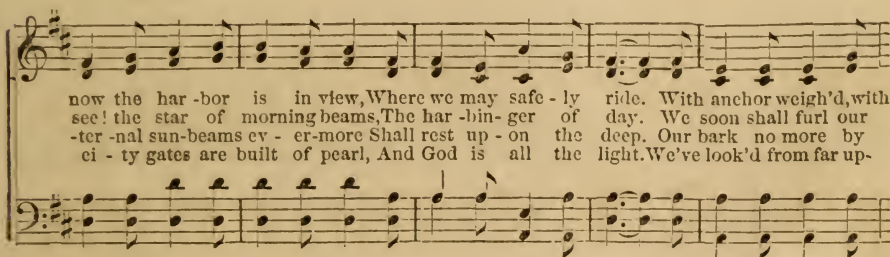
## PART IV.

## THE MORNING LAND.

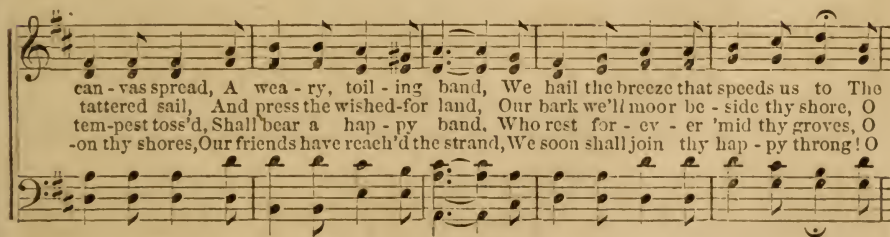
Poetry by Lieut. H. L. FRISBIE.

Music by H. S. PERKINS.  
From the S. S. Trumpet, by permission.


1. These ma - ny days 'mid storm and rain, We've striven a-against the tide, But  
 2. We've wild - ly tossed up - on the deep, Our hope a sin - gle ray; But  
 3. A heav'n-ly calm shall soothe the waves, And bid them hush to sleep; E-  
 4. Earth's pil-grims walk thy gold - en streets, In robes of shin-ing white; The

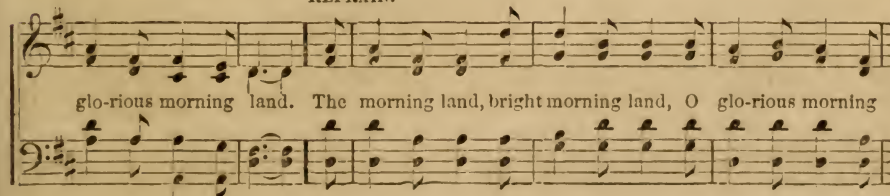


now the har-bor is in view, Where we may safe - ly ride. With anchor weigh'd, with  
 see! the star of morning beams, The har-bin-ger of day. We soon shall furl our  
 ter-nal sun-beams ev - er-more Shall rest up - on the deep. Our bark no more by  
 ci - ty gates are built of pearl, And God is all the light. We've look'd from far up-



can - vas spread, A wea - ry, toil - ing band, We hail the breeze that speeds us to The  
 tattered sail, And press the wished-for land, Our bark we'll moor be - side thy shore, O  
 tem-pest toss'd, Shall bear a hap - py band, Who rest for - ev - er 'mid thy groves, O  
 -on thy shores, Our friends have reach'd the strand, We soon shall join thy hap - py throng! O

## REFRAIN.



glo-rious morning land. The morning land, bright morning land, O glo-rious morning



land! We soon shall reach thy beau - ti - ful shore, O glo - rious morning land.

## NO TEARS IN HEAVEN.

††

1. There are tears 'mid the sunshine that bright-ens our way, When our skies are the  
 2. There are tears when in friendship the warm-est and best, That the heart ev - er  
 3. There are tears for the mourner, thick man-tled in gloom, When the friend or the

clear - est, and fair - est the day; For the heart that is full - est, most  
 cher - ished, con - fid - ing we rest; For the faith that we wor - ship and  
 lov - er has gone to the tomb; For the mound and the wil - low to -

giv - en to joy, Soon learns that its pleas - ure is naught but al - loy.  
 think so sin - cere, Hies a - way from its al - tar when trou - ble is near.  
 - geth - er are seen, Where the spring spread so late - ly its car - pet of green.

## CHORUS.

But in heav - en no tears shall moist - en the cheek, Joy, the pur - est and

sweet - est, — the peace that we seek, Will e'er glad - den the soul of the  
 pilgrim at rest, No sad part - ing there shall be, And no tear shall en - ter heaven.

## VESPER HYMN.

*Moderato.*

H. S. P.

1. Hark! the ves - per hymn is steal - ing, O'er the wa - ters soft and clear;  
 2. Now, like moonlight waves re - treat - ing To the shore it dies a - long;

Near - er yet, and near - er pealing, Now it bursts up - on the ear: Ju - bi - la - te,  
 Now like an - gry surg - es meeting, Breaks the mingled tide of song: Ju - bi - la - te,

Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, A - men, Ju - bi - la - te, A - men, A - men.  
 Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, A - men, Ju - bi - la - te, A - men, A - men.

## LAND OF THE PILGRIM'S REST.

Words and music by Lieut. H. L. FRISBIE.

*Cheerfully.*

1. A lit - tle long - er, wea - ry pil - grim, On - ward urge thy way; Just  
 2. A lit - tle long - er do not tar - ry; Just be - fore thee waits A  
 3. A mist-crowned riv - er lies be - fore thee, Wa - ters dark and wide; The

o'er the hills be - yond the dark - ness, See the dawning of the day. A  
 vic - tor's crown, and for thy com - ing, An - gels o - pen wide the gates. Then  
 prom - ised Ca - na - an is ly - ing Just be - yond the roll - ing tide. Soon

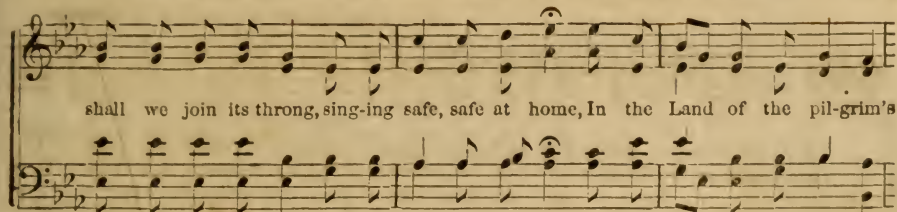
lit - tle long - er will the shad - ows Lin - ger in the west, Ere the  
 press a - long, tho' 'tis a wea - ry Path your feet have press'd, Sor - row  
 will the bil - lows of the riv - er Bathe your peace - ful breast; In that

morn - ing comes, with its gold - en glo - ries, In the land of the pil - grim's rest.  
 comes no more when your jour - ney's end - ed In the land of the pil - grim's rest.  
 hap - py home will be joy to - mor - row, In the land of the pil - grim's rest.

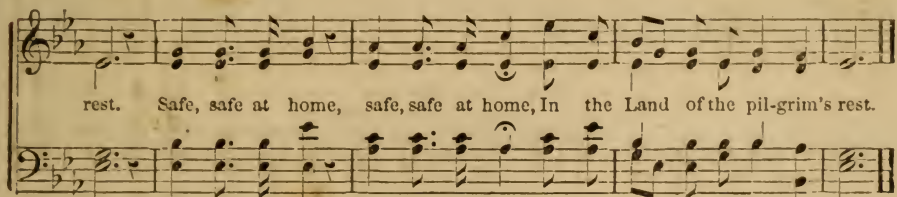
*Refrain for each verse.*

Ah! that ev - er - green land, when shall thy hills By our wea - ry feet be press'd? When





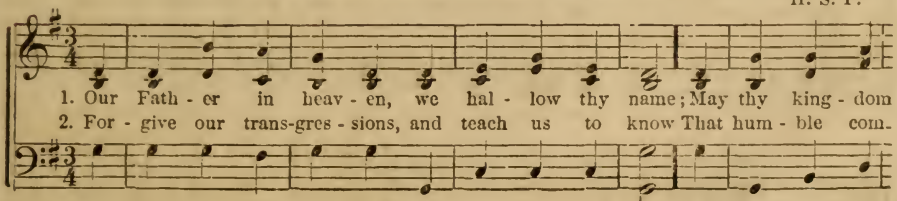
shall we join its throng, sing-ing safe, safe at home, In the Land of the pil-grim's



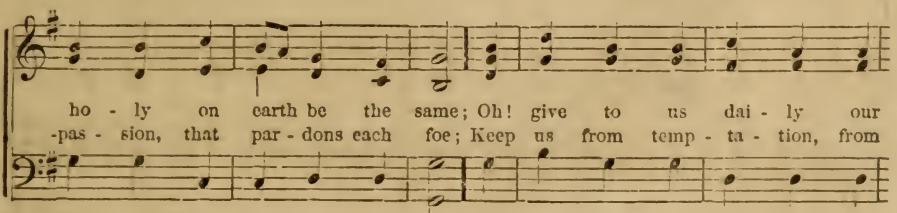
rest. Safe, safe at home, safe, safe at home, In the Land of the pil-grim's rest.

OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN.

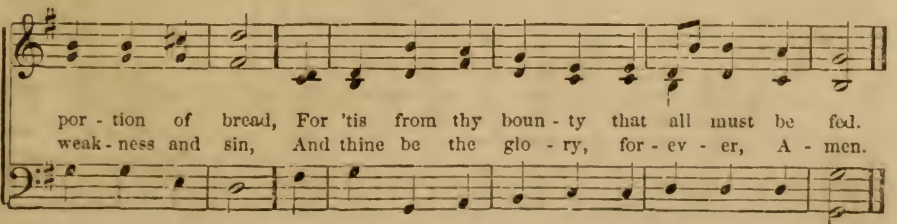
H. S. P.



1. Our Fath - er in heav - en, we hal - low thy name; May thy king - dom  
2. For - give our trans-gres - sions, and teach us to know That hum - ble com.

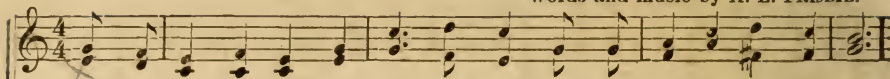


ho - ly on earth be the same; Oh! give to us dai - ly our  
-pas - sion, that par - dons each foe; Keep us from temp - ta - tion, from

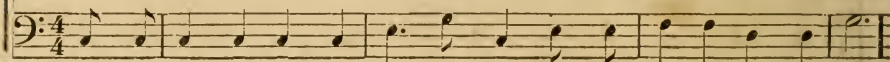


por - tion of bread, For 'tis from thy boun - ty that all must be fed.  
weak - ness and sin, And thine be the glo - ry, for - ev - er, A - men.

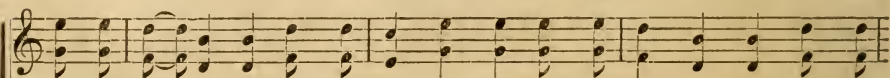
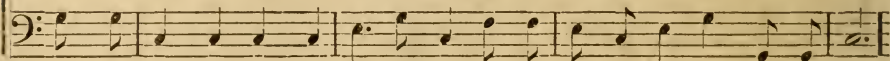
Words and music by H. L. FRISBIE.



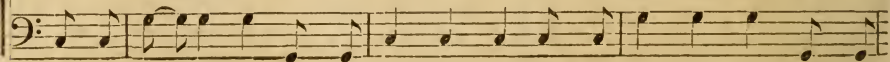
1. Oh! the days are glid - ing swift - ly by; Soon the eve will bring us rest,
2. There the streams of heav'n flow bright a - long, By those banks in ver-dure dress'd;
3. Fear not, trav - 'ler, tho' on ev - 'ry side, Rag - ing storms your bark have press'd,
4. Gird your ar - mor on, and watch and wait For the prom-ised day of rest;



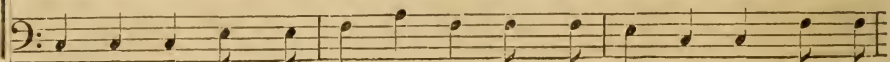
In our hap - py home be-yond the sky, On the beau - ti - ful hills of the blest.  
 We shall strike the harp and join the song, On the beau - ti - ful hills of the blest.  
 Je - sus Christ him-self shall be your guide To the beau - ti - ful hills of the blest.  
 Soon the an - gels will un-bar the gate To the beau - ti - ful hills of the blest.



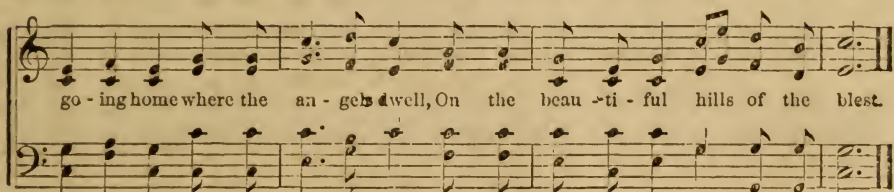
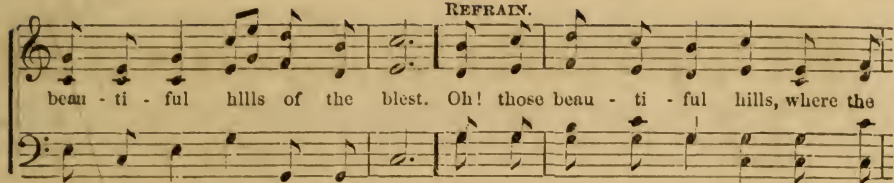
We are going to dwell where our toils shall cease, From our cares and sor - rows to  
 Oh! the crown of glo - ry we then shall wear, And the joys of heav - en we  
 He will be the star and the bea - con light That shall guide your bark 'mid the  
 Ev - 'ry day brings near-er that shin - ing shore, Where the swell - ing an - them shall



find re - lease, Where the wea - ry soul finds e - ter - nal peace, On the  
 then shall share; What a hap - py meet - ing it will be there, On the  
 gloom of night, 'Till you're safe at home in those man - sions bright, On the  
 ne'er be o'er. Un - to God be glo - ry for - ev - er - more, For the

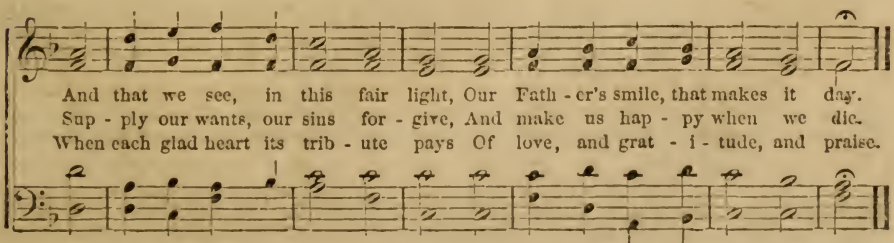
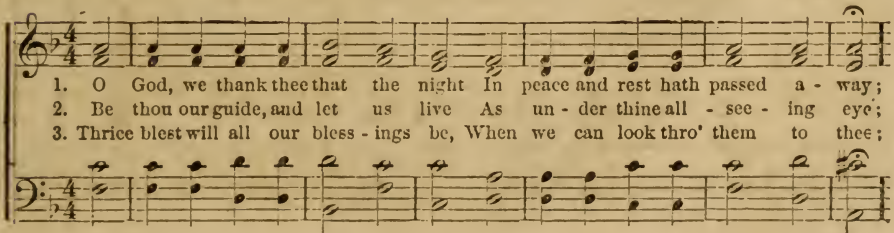


## REFRAIN.



## CARROLL. L. M.

H. S. P.





1. Fath - er of all, great God our King, An off'ring now to thee we bring;  
 2. Round it let wisdom's light di - vine, Un - dim'd and clear for - ev - er shine;  
 3. Re - ceive it, Fath - er, in His name Who un - to us a teach - er came;  
 4. Then when our sands of life have run, And death proclaims our la - bor done,

And wilt thou keep it pure and free, Sa - cred to learning and to thee?  
 And as on Zi - on's sa - cred hill, Here let thy love and grace dis - till.  
 And may His hand its guidance lend, To all who shall this school at - tend.  
 May we be numbered with the blest, And as thy children stand con - fessed.

## MARIA. L. M.

H. S. PERKINS.

*Andante.*  
 Tenor.

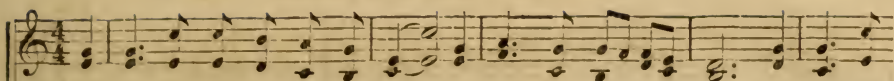
1. In sleep's se - rene ob - liv - ion laid, I safe - ly passed the si - lent night;  
 2. A deep - er shade shall soon im - pend, A deep - er sleep mine eyes op - press;

*Air.*

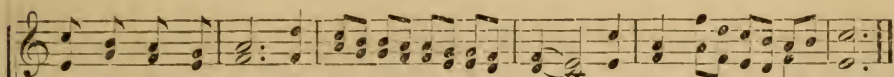
3. That deep - er shade shall break a - way, That deep - er sleep shall leave mine eyes;

A - gain I see the breaking shade, And drink a - gain the morning light.  
 Yet then thy strength shall still de - fend, Thy goodness still de - light to bless.

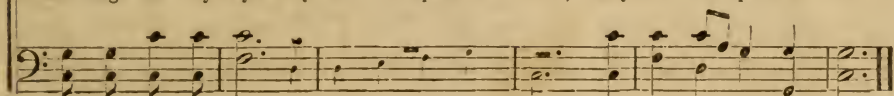
Thy light shall give e - ter - nal day, Thy love, the rapture of the skies.



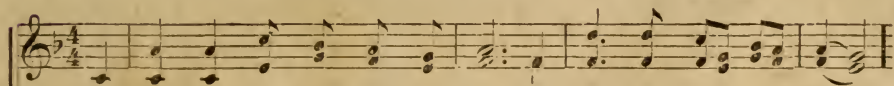
1. My God, who makes the sun to know His prop - er hour to rise, And to give
2. So, like the sun, would I ful - fill The bus - ness of the day; Be - gin my
3. Give me, O Lord, thy ear - ly grace, Nor let my soul com - plain; That the young



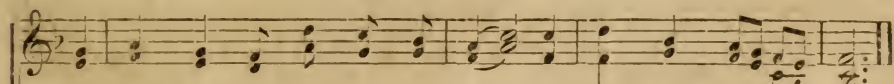
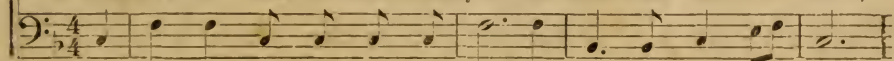
- light to all be - low, Doth send him round the skies, Doth send him round the skies.  
 work be-times, and still March on my heavenly way, March on my heavenly way.  
 morning of my days May not be spent in vain, May not be spent in vain.



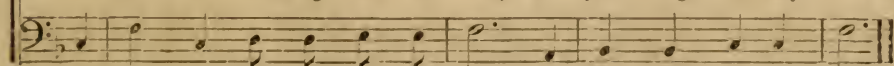
## EVENING HYMN. C. M.



1. And now, an - oth - er day is gone, I'll sing my Ma - ker's praise;
2. I lay my bod - y down to sleep, Let an - gels guard my head;
3. With cheer - ful heart I close mine eyes, Since thou wilt not re - move;



- My com - forts ev' - ry hour make known His prov - i - dence and grace.  
 And thro' the hours of dark - ness keep Their watch a - round my bed.  
 And in the morn - ing let me rise, Re - joic - ing in thy love.



Words by Rev. M. G. Cass.

*Andante.*

1. Come to the sa - cred spot - Where rest our hon - ored dead;  
 2. Fath - ers and moth - ers come, Bowed down by age and care;  
 3. Come, sol - diers, gath - er round Your com - rades sleep - ing here;

Let all their rich - est off - 'rings bring, And dec - o - rate their bed.  
 Here rest your no - ble, hon - ored sons, Ob - jects of love and care.  
 They fell be - neath the i - ron hail, While you were stand - ing near.

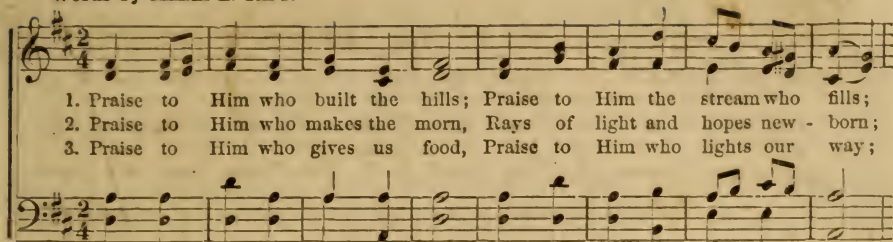
Come, ye be - reaved and sad; Wid - ows of sol - diers brave,  
 Broth - ers and sis - ters come; Your broth - er's love de - mands  
 Our na - tion's God pro - tect, Our na - tion's wealth a - dored

Your lit - tle or - phan'd chil - dren bring, To bless their fath - er's grave.  
 The rich - est off - 'rings you can bring, Off - 'rings of hearts and hands.  
 And beau - ti - fy this hal - lowed spot, 'Till Res - ur - rec - tion morn.

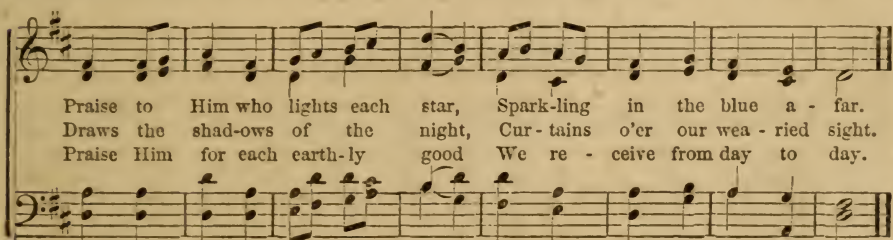


Words by MARIA L. TAFT.

H. S. P.



1. Praise to Him who built the hills; Praise to Him the stream who fills;  
2. Praise to Him who makes the morn, Rays of light and hopes new - born;  
3. Praise to Him who gives us food, Praise to Him who lights our way;



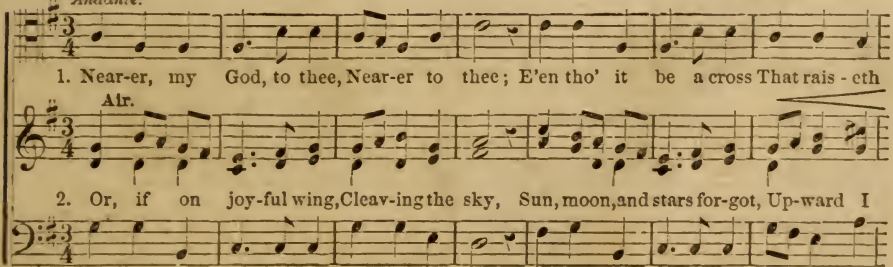
Praise to Him who lights each star, Spark-ling in the blue a - far.  
Draws the shad-ows of the night, Cur - tains o'er our wea - ried sight.  
Praise Him for each earth-ly good We re - ceive from day to day.

ALVORD. 6s & 4s.

H. S. PERKINS.

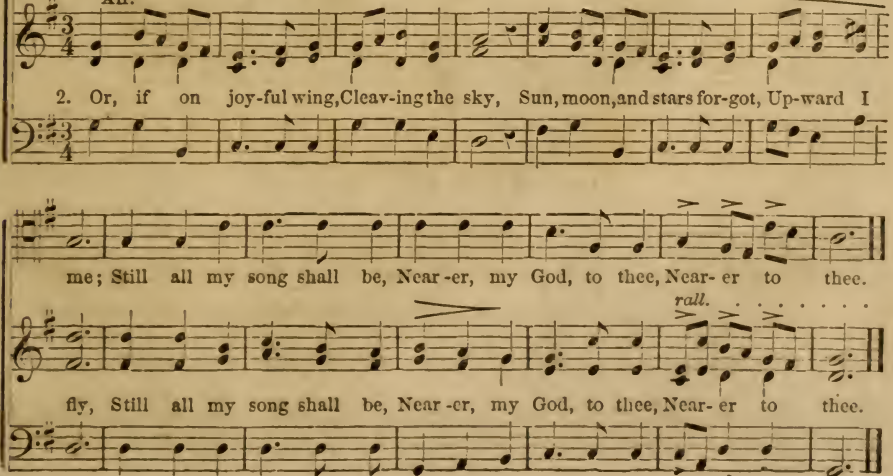
Tenor.

*Andante.*



1. Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee; E'en tho' it be a cross That rais - eth

*Alr.*



2. Or, if on joy-ful wing, Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for-got, Up-ward I

me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee.

*rall.*

fly, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing;  
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee—Land of the no - ble, free—Thy name I love;  
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet freedom's song;

Land where my fath - ers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev' - ry  
 I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills; My heart with  
 Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their

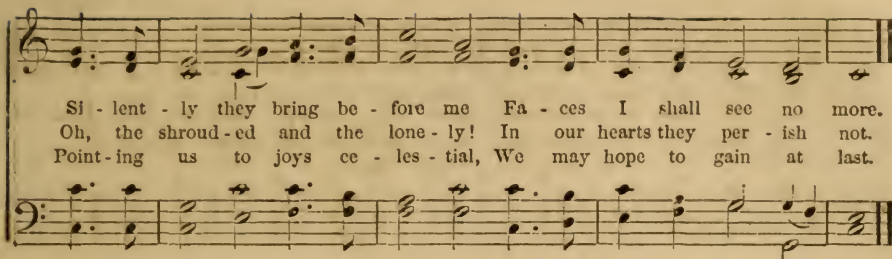
mountain's side Let free - dom ring.  
 rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.  
 si - lence break, The sound pro - long.

- 4 Our fathers' God, to thee,  
 Author of liberty,  
 To thee we sing:  
 Long may our land be bright  
 With freedom's holy light;  
 Protect us by thy might,  
 Great God, our King!

## CLOSING DAY. 8s &amp; 7s.

H. S. PERKINS.

1. Si - lent - ly the shades of eve - ning Gath - er round my lone - ly door;  
 2. Oh, the lost, the un - for - got - ten! Tho' the world be oft for - got;  
 3. How such ho - ly mem - ries clus - ter, Like the stars when storms are past;

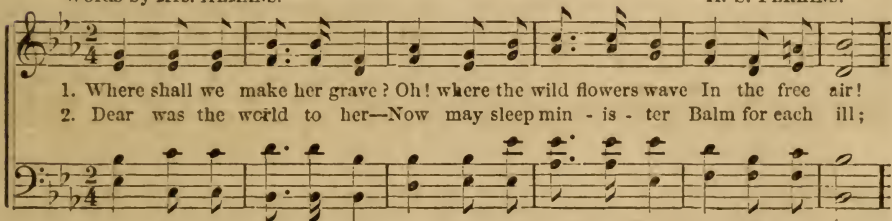


Si - lent - ly they bring be - fore me Fa - ces I shall see no more.  
 Oh, the shroud - ed and the lone - ly! In our hearts they per - ish not.  
 Point - ing us to joys ce - les - tial, We may hope to gain at last.

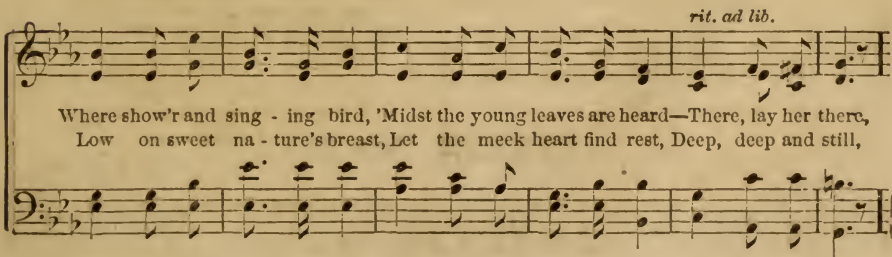
## MEMORIA. 6s &amp; 4s.

Words by Mrs. HEMANS.

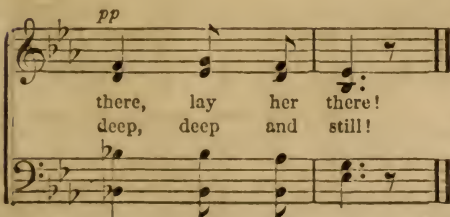
H. S. PERKINS.



1. Where shall we make her grave? Oh! where the wild flowers wave In the free air!  
 2. Dear was the world to her—Now may sleep min - is - ter Balm for each ill;



*rit. ad lib.*  
 Where show'r and sing - ing bird, 'Midst the young leaves are heard—There, lay her there,  
 Low on sweet na - ture's breast, Let the meek heart find rest, Deep, deep and still,



*pp*  
 there, lay her there!  
 deep, deep and still!

3 Oh! then where wild flowers wave,  
 Make ye her mossy grave  
 In the free air!  
 Where shower and singing bird,  
 'Midst the young leaves are heard—  
 There, lay her there! there, lay her there



H. S. PERKINS.

1. { Ev - 'ry day hath toil and trou - ble, Ev - 'ry heart hath care;  
Meek - ly bear thine own full meas - ure, And thy broth - er's share. Fear not,  
2. { Pa - tient - ly en - dur - ing, ev - er Let thy spir - it be  
Bound by links that can - not sev - er, To hu - man - i - ty. La - bor,

shrink not, tho' the bur - den Heav - y to thee prove; God shall fill thy life with  
wait! thy Mas - ter la - bored 'Till his work was done; Count not lost the fleet - ing

3 Labor, wait! though midnight shadows  
Gather round thee here;  
And the storm above thee lowering,  
Fill thy heart with fear;  
Wait in hope! the morning dawneth  
When the night is gone,  
And a peaceful rest awaits thee  
When thy work is done.

## SUMMER. 6s &amp; 8s.

W. F. HEATH.

Tenor.

Fine.

1. { How beau - ti - ful the morn - ing When sum - mer days are long,  
Oh! we will rise be - times to hear The wild - bird's hap - py song.  
D. c. They'll seek the cool and si - lent shade, And sit with fold - ed wing.  
A. F.

2. { Up in the morn - ing ear - ly, 'Tis Na - ture's gay - est hour,  
While pearls of dew a - dorn the grass, And fra - grance fills the flow'rs.  
D. c. And fill our hearts with mel - o - dy, And raise our songs to God.

D. C.

For, when the sun pours down his ray, The birds will cease to sing;  
Up in the morn - ing ear - ly, And we will bound a - broad,

## NO TEAR IN HEAVEN. Chant.

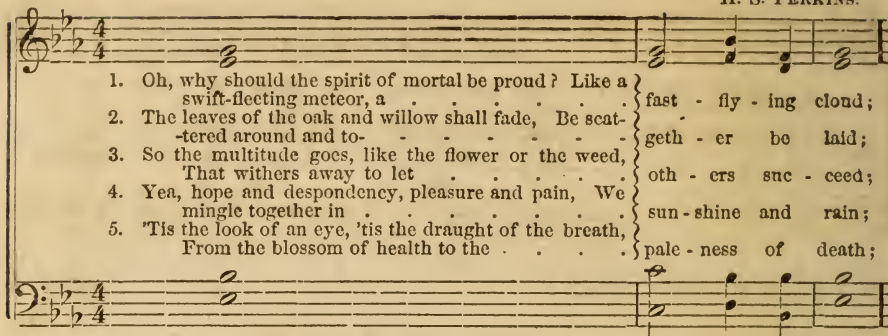
H. S. P.

1. No tear shall be in heav'n; no gathering gloom Shall o'er that glorious landscape  
2. No tear shall be in heav'n; no sorrow's reign; No secret anguish, no cor - -  
3. No night shall be in heav'n; but endless noon; No fast-declining sun, nor  
4. No tear shall be in heav'n; no darkened room; No fear of death, nor silence

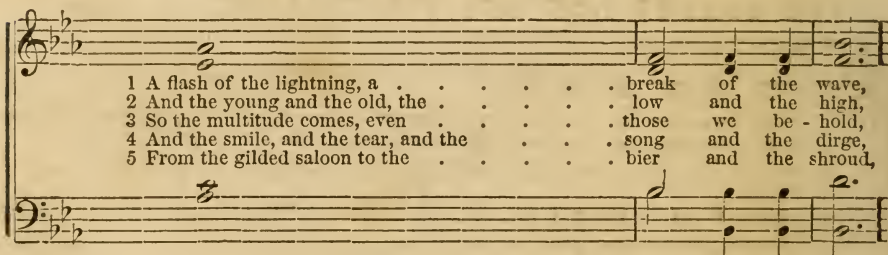
ev - er come; No tear shall fall in sadness . . . . . o'er those flow'rs,  
-po - real pain, No shivering limbs, no burning . . . . . fe - ver there,  
wan - ing moon; But there the Lamb shall yield per - - - pet - ual light,  
of the tomb; But breezes ever fresh with . . . . . love and truth,

That breathe their fragrance . . . . . thro' ce - les - tial bow'rs.  
No souls' eclipse, no . . . . . win - ter of de - spair.  
'Mid pastures green, and . . . . . wa - ters ev - er bright.  
Shall brace the frame with . . . . . an im - mor - tal youth.

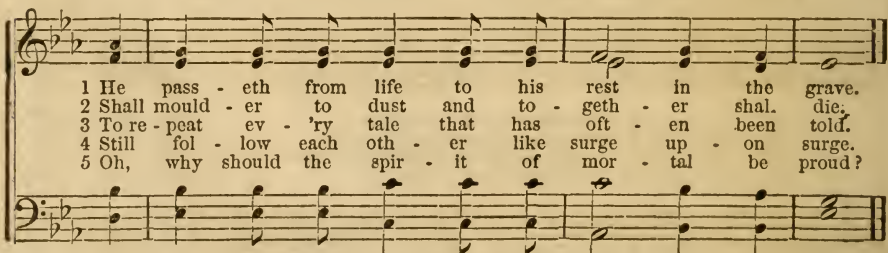
H. S. PERKINS.



1. Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud? Like a } fast - fly - ing cloud;  
 2. The leaves of the oak and willow shall fade, Be scat- } geth - er be laid;  
 3. So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed, } oth - ers suc - ceed;  
 4. Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain, We } sun - shine and rain;  
 5. 'Tis the look of an eye, 'tis the draught of the breath, } pale - ness of death;  
 From the blossom of health to the . . .



1 A flash of the lightning, a . . . . . break of the wave,  
 2 And the young and the old, the . . . . . low and the high,  
 3 So the multitude comes, even . . . . . those we be - hold,  
 4 And the smile, and the tear, and the . . . . . song and the dirge,  
 5 From the gilded saloon to the . . . . . bier and the shroud,

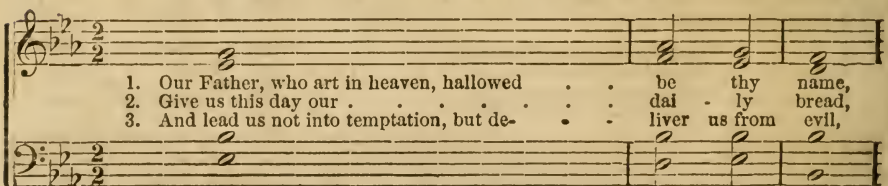


1 He pass - eth from life to his rest in the grave.  
 2 Shall mould - er to dust and to - geth - er shal. die.  
 3 To re - peat ev - 'ry tale that has oft - en been told.  
 4 Still fol - low each oth - er like surge up - on surge.  
 5 Oh, why should the spir - it of mor - tal be proud?

\* A part of Lincoln's favorite hymn.

## THE LORD'S PRAYER. Chant

H. S. P.



1. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed . . . be thy name,  
 2. Give us this day our . . . dai - ly bread,  
 3. And lead us not into temptation, but de - . . liver us from evil,



Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on . . . earth as it is in heaven.  
 And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive . . . those who trespass a - gainst us.  
 For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for - ever and ever.  
 A - - - men.

## THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS. 9s &amp; 6s. Chant.

Words by LONGFELLOW.

H. S. PERKINS.

1. There is a reaper, whose name is Death, And with his . . . sick - le keen,  
 2. "Shall I have nought that is fair," said he, "Have nought but the beard - ed grain?  
 3. He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes, He kissed their . . . droop - ing leaves;  
 4. "My Lord hath need of these flowerets gay," The reaper . . . said, and smiled;  
 5. "They shall all bloom in fields of light, Transplanted . . . by my care;  
 6. And the mother gave, in tears and pain, The flowers she . . . most did love;  
 7. O, not in cruelty, not in wrath, The reaper . . . came that day;

1 He reaps the bearded grain at a breath, And the flow'rs that grow be - tween.  
 2 Tho' the breath of these flowers is sweet to me, I will give them back a - gain."  
 3 It was for the Lord of Paradise, He . . . bound them in his sheaves.  
 4 Dear tokens of the earth are they, Where . . . he was once a child."  
 5 And saints, upon their garments white, These . . . sa - cred blos - soms wear."  
 6 She knew she should find them all again, In the . . . fields of light a - bove.  
 7 'Twas an angel visited the green earth, And . . . took the flow'rs a - way.

H. S. P.

1. Hear, Father, hear our prayer! Thou who art pity where . . . sorrow..pre - vaileth,  
 2. Hear, Father, hear our prayer! Wandering unknown in the . . . land..of the stranger;  
 3. Dry thou the mourner's tear! Heal thou the wounds of time - - hallow'd..af - fection,  
 4. Hear, Father, hear our prayer! Long hath thy goodness our . . . footsteps..at - tended;

Thou who art safety when mortal help faileth, Strength to the feeble, and . . .  
 Be with all trav'lers in sickness or danger, Guard thou their path, guide their . . .  
 Grant to the widow and orphan protection, Be in their trouble a . . .  
 Be with the pilgrim whose journey is ended, When at thy summons for . . .

hope to de - spair; Hear, Father, hear our prayer!  
 feet from the snare; Hear, Father, hear our prayer!  
 friend ever near; Dry thou the mourn - er's tear!  
 death we pre - pare; Hear, Father, hear our prayer! A - men.

## BLESSED IS HE THAT COMETH. Sentence.

H. S. PERKINS.

From the S. S. Trumpet, by permission.

*Spirited.*

Ho-san-na, ho-san-na, ho-san-na! Blessed is he that cometh in the

*First time Duet, second time Chorus.*

name of the Lord. Blessed be the kingdom of our fath-er Da-vid, that

cometh, that cometh in the name of the Lord. Ho-san-na, ho-san-na, ho-

-san-na in the high-est, Ho-san-na, ho-san-na, ho-san-na in the

high-est, Bless-ed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord, Ho-

-san-na in the high-est, in the high-est. A-men, A-men.



## SENTENCE.

H. S. PERKINS.

*Andante.*

1. Our heav'n - ly Fath - er, Hear the pray'r we of - - fer now;  
2. Kneel - ing be - fore thee, O thou great Al - might - y King;

Hear our prayer, the prayer we of - fer now; Thy name be hal - lowed, Thy  
Hear our prayer, the prayer we of - fer now; Still from the tempt - er, And

name be hal - low'd far and near; To thee all na - tions bow, all na - tions bow;  
all that leads our tho'ts a - way, Our fee - ble hearts de - fend, our hearts de - fend;

Hear our prayer, O Fath - er, hear us, Hear the prayer we of - fer now.

*mf Slower.**mp dim. e rit.*

Hear our prayer, O hear our prayer, Hear our prayer, O hear our prayer.

## PARTING, or THE CROWN OF REWARD.

Words by B. C. GILBERT.

Music by W. F. HEATH.

**ARGUMENT.**—A band of poor children are discovered. They have gathered together in a little room at the home of one of their number, for the purpose of bidding good-bye to Eva, a very dear friend, who is of a wealthy family, and is unexpectedly called away. Eva has always been very kind to the poor children, often making them little presents, and always having a word of encouragement and kindness for them. For her kindness she not only receives the love and good wishes of the poor children, but is crowned with a crown of reward for her kind and generous heart.

**DESCRIPTION.**—At Chorus No. 1, the poor children are seated promiscuously on the stage. Just at the close of Chorus No. 1, Eva comes in, when the children all stand to meet her, giving her flowers, at the same time singing Chorus No. 2. Eva replies to them with No. 3, during which they all resume their seats. Then Allie and Ella step forward and sing Nos. 4 and 5, all joining in Chorus No. 6, Allie and Ella singing the duet. After this, the solos and choruses follow according to the numbering. At No. 12, the stage is darkened (if convenient), and the children all kneel, except Eva, who remains sitting; and during the three stages of the prayer, two little girls, dressed in white, come in, unnoticed by Eva or the children, and hold a bright crown over Eva's head, forming the closing tableaux.

## CHORUS.

No. 1. { 1. Oh, Friend-ship true and sin - cer - est, We weave thee a gar-land to - day;  
2. Our hearts beat warm with de - vo - tion, That ab - sence or time can - not change;

1 A friend that is kind - est and dear - est, Will treas - ure our love's sim - ple lay.  
d. c. Shall meet in this part - ing of ours A joy that may come not a - gain.  
2 Our love, on the land or the o - cean, No chan - ces of life can es - trange.  
d. c. We trust may be meet for thy wear - ing, And pre - cious, e'en ru - bies a - bove.

## DUET.

D. C. *F*

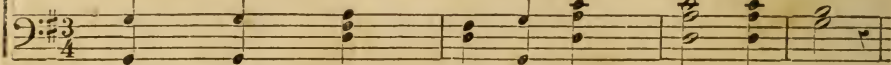
1 A bright-ness that dwells in the flow - ers, An ech - o that dwells in each strain, d. c.  
2 O Friend-ship! the gar - land we're bear - ing Of flow - ers, the em - blem of love, d. c.

(Enter Eva.)

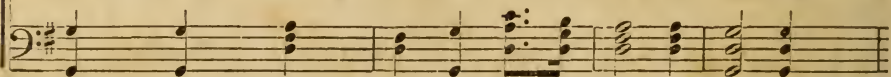
CHORUS.



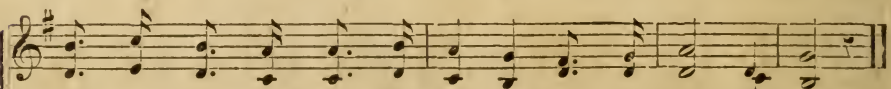
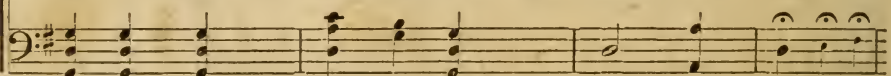
No. 2. { 1. Wel - come! wel - come! gen - tle E - va, Life of sun - shine, bright,  
 { 2. May the bless - ed light of heav - en Ev - er on thee shine,  
 No. 11. All kind hearts shall be re - ward - ed, Hearts sin - cere and true;



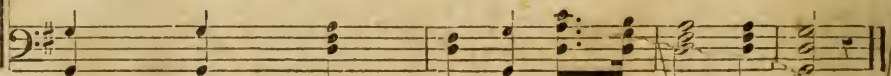
Here we meet with songs thy com - ing, Meet to part to - night; Flow'rs may  
 And the bles - sed gifts of heav - en Make thy life di - vine. Where - so -  
 If we live to help each oth - er, In the good we do. Bright ex -



fade, but not the bless - ing Of thy pres - ence here;  
 -e'er thy foot - steps wan - der, An - gel bands at - tend,  
 -am - ple here be - fore us, Let the prayer we sing,



Hap - py tho'ts will ev - er lin - ger Of this hap - py year.  
 Guard, and guide, and bless thee ev - er, E - va, chil - dren's friend.  
 Bless - ings breathe a - round and o'er us, Friend - ship's of - fer - ing.





SOLO. (*Eva.*)

No. 3. Lov-ing hearts, I meet thy  
No. 10. For the love of my be

greet-ing; Chil-dren bright and kind, Wel-come, wel-come all thy flow-ers, Friend-ship's  
-stow-ing, For the kind-ness mine, Thank not me, O lov-ing chil-dren, But the

wreath to bind. I shall keep thy wreath of blos-soms, Cher-ish all you  
Lord di-vine! I am amp-ly bless'd in know-ing That your hearts are

*Rit. ad. lib.*

say; Cher - ish this fond hour of part - ing, When I'm far a - way.  
true, And that crowns of light are wait - ing Up a - bove for you.

*colla voce.*

(Allie.) No. 4. So fondly we re - mem - ber When first we heard your  
(Ella.) No. 5. O E - va, friend of chil - dren, Up - on thy face I  
(Little Mary and Katie.) No. 8. O E - va, how we've loved you Since lit - tle broth - er  
(Nellie.) No. 9. Friend all our own, sin - cer - est, Our prayer shall ev - er

name; It filled our hearts with glad - ness, When your bright pres - ence came; So  
see; There is no joy like good - ness, No bliss so dear to thee; No  
died; You spoke such words of com - fort, When sorrowing moth - er sighed. She  
be, Thy smile lose not its bright - ness, Nor heart its mel - o - dy; While

soon to feel your ab - sence, And know you're far a - way, And  
hand has been so lav - ish, So gen - 'rous with its store, We  
said you were an an - gel; But would an an - gel come, To  
lives of oth - ers bless - ing, As thou hast blessed these hours, And

wait not for your com - ing, To sing your cho - sen lay.  
come with thank - ful sing - ing, O, friend of chil - dren poor.  
give them food and cloth - ing, And bless us in our home?  
oth - er hands shall crown thee, But not with dear - er flow'rs.

## CHORUS AND DUET.

No. 6. We come . . . . . with thankful sing - - - - - ing, O,  
We come, we come, we come, We come, we come, we come, We



friend . . . . . of chil - dren poor! We  
come with thank - ful sing - - ing, O friend of chil - dren poor, We

come . . . . . with thank - ful sing - - - - ing, O,  
come, we come, we come, We come, we come, we come, We

friend . . . . . of chil - dren poor.  
come with thank - ful sing - - ing, O, friend of chil - dren poor.

(Eva.) SOLO.

No. 7. { 1. What kind - ness or good hath been  
2. My deeds are re - ward - ed a

mine to perform, What lov - ing been mine to be - stow,  
thousand times o'er In knowing your love I pos - sess;

What pleasures been  
And He who in

mine on your path - way to strew, Our Fath - er in heav - en doth know.  
heav - en the chil - dren doth love, Your love and de - vo - tion shall bless.

## CHORUS. Prayer. (all kneeling.)

No. 12. {

1. Help us to pray,	Fath - er of light,	Chil - dren we are,
2. If un - to thee	Hum - bly we raise	True ear - nest prayer,
3. Send a bright an - gel	Down from a - bove,	Bring - ing a crown Or
4. When far a - way,	E - va may roam,	Give her thy love,

Guide us a - right;	Help us to pray,	Pray for thy love,
True ear - nest praise;	O may we hope	That thou wilt hear,
mer - cy and love;	Crown our dear E - va,	Crown her to - night,
Bring her safe home;	Now as we part,	Hear thou our prayer,

## CHORUS.

Pray for our E - va,	Whom we all love.	Help us to pray,
Give us thy love,	Give us thy cheer.	
Fath - er of mercy,	Fath - er of light.	
Crown us in heaven,	Crown us all there.	Crown us all there,

*dim. e rit.*

Help us to pray,	Fath - er in heaven,	Help us to pray.
Crown us all there,	Fath - er in heaven,	Crown us all there.



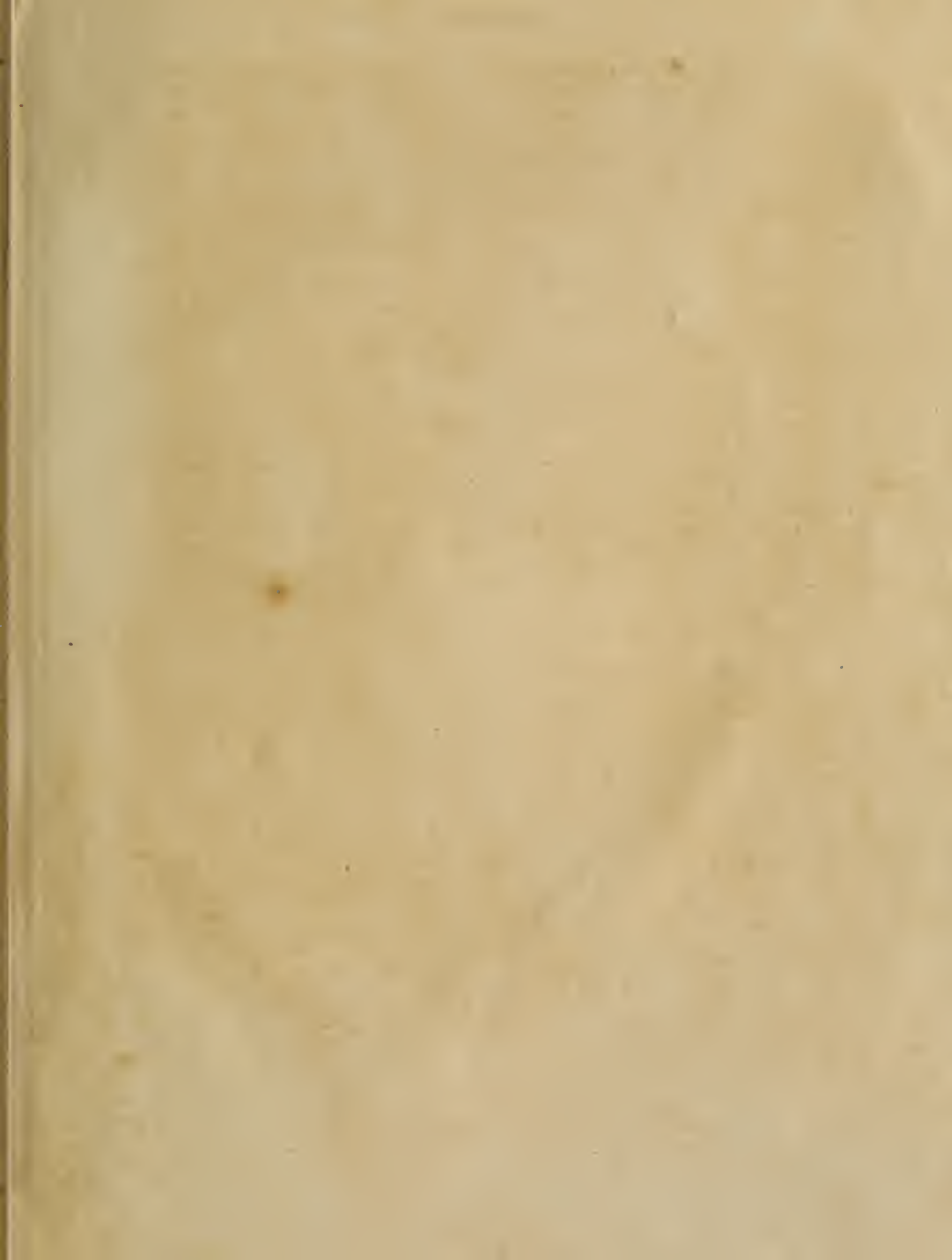
	PAGE
Elementary Instructions.....	1-33
Chapter I.—Practice and theory .....	5
Chapter II.—Staff and notes.....	6
Chapter III.—Letters, clefs, and pitch.....	8
Chapter IV.—Scales and intervals illustrated.....	11
Chapter V.—Notes, rests, and measures.....	15
Chapter VI.—Expression.....	23
Chapter VII.—Chromatic intervals and scale.....	25
Chapter VIII.—Minor scale.....	27
Chapter IX.—Transposition.....	23
Chapter X.—Major and minor scale.....	32
All among the Barley. Duet and Chorus.....	<i>Elizabeth Sterling.</i> 204
Always do right. Quartet.....	<i>Emerson.</i> 202
America. (My Country, 'tis of thee.) Hymn, 6 and 4.....	243
And now another Day is gone.....	245
At Home thou art remembered. Duet and Chorus.....	<i>J. W. Johnson.</i> 117
Away to the Playground. Duet and Chorus.....	<i>Heath.</i> 102
Beautiful Hills. Quartet.....	<i>J. G. Clark.</i> 162
Beautiful Hills of the Blest. Duet and Chorus.....	<i>Frisbie.</i> 242
Beautiful Snow. Lesson.....	30
Beautiful Voices. Duet and Chorus.....	<i>Perkins.</i> 43
Better late than never. Duet and Chorus.....	<i>H. S. P.</i> 118
Blessed is He that cometh. Sentence.....	<i>Perkins.</i> 254
Boat Song, No. 1. Quartet.....	<i>T. J. Cook.</i> 134
Boat Song, No. 2. Quartet.....	<i>D. F. Hodges.</i> 164
Busy, curious, thirsty Fly. (The Fly.) Round, six and three parts.....	38
Calmly she faded. Duet or Quartet.....	<i>Perkins.</i> 103
Chapel, (The.) Duet and Quartet.....	<i>Kreutzer.</i> 221
Christmas Song. Duet and Chorus.....	<i>H. S. Perkins.</i> 156
Christmas (Tree.) Duet and Quartet.....	<i>H. S.</i> 31
Close of Autumn. Lesson.....	33
Come to the Greenwood. Lesson.....	24
Come Home, Papa. Song and Chorus.....	<i>W. Martin.</i> 110
Come to the Greenwood. Duet and Chorus.....	<i>S.</i> 105
Crown of Reward. (Or, the Parting.) A Cantata for Children. For Solo, Duet, and Cho.....	<i>Heath.</i> 257
Day is dark and dreary, (The.) Duet or Quartet.....	<i>A. R. M.</i> 113
Daylight is breaking. Duet or Quartet.....	<i>Rossini.</i> 213
Dear old Home, (The.) Duet and Chorus.....	<i>Henrietta Southwick.</i> 93
Distant Chimes, (The.) Song and Chorus.....	<i>Glover.</i> 223
Don't be angry, Mother.....	<i>H. S. P.</i> 140
Don't stay late to-night. Duet or Quartet.....	<i>P.</i> 109
Down by the deep, sad Sea. Song and Chorus.....	<i>W. S. Hays.</i> 190
Drinking Gin. Song and Chorus.....	<i>Heath.</i> 54
Driven from Home. Song and Chorus.....	<i>W. S. Hays.</i> 205
Drunkard's Child, (The.) Duet and Quartet.....	<i>H. S.</i> 39
Dutchman's Complaint, (The.) Duet or Quartet.....	<i>G. F. H.</i> 59
Early to Bed and early to rise. Round, three parts.....	38
Echoes.....	39

	PAGE
Evening Hymn.....	<i>C. M.</i> 245
Evening. Lesson.....	18
Every Day hath Toil and Trouble. (Hebard.) Hymn. 8 and 5.....	<i>Perkins.</i> 250
Excelsior. Lesson.....	31
Far over the earlier Hills of Life. Lesson.....	24
Farewell, Good Night. Duet or Quartet.....	87
Farmer's Boy, (The.) Duet and Chorus.....	<i>Hutchinson.</i> 44
Father of all.....	<i>H. S. P.</i> 244
Gentle Words. Duet or Quartet.....	<i>Murray.</i> 80
Good-by, old Home. Duet and Chorus. ....	<i>W. S. Hays.</i> 152
Good-by, but come again. Quartet.....	<i>J. R. Thomas.</i> 138
Good Morning. Lesson.....	25
Go, learn of the Ant. (The Ant.) Round, three parts.....	37
Go, little Barque. Duet or Quartet.....	<i>Kinkel.</i> 104
Good-night. Trio.....	<i>Schneider.</i> 193
Graduating Ode. Duet or Quartet.....	<i>M. Z. Finker.</i> 197
Gushing Rill, (The.) Duet or Quartet, and Chorus.....	<i>H. S. P.</i> 184
Hail our pleasant School. Duet and Chorus.....	<i>Heath.</i> 78
Hark, I hear the Hunter's Horn. (The Hunters.) Round, three parts.....	37
Hark, where the Bee. (The Bee.) Round, three parts.....	38
Happy New-Year! Duet and Chorus.....	97
Hattie Bell. Quartet.....	<i>Webster.</i> 132
Hear the School-bell. Quartet.....	<i>Heath.</i> 186
Hear, Father, hear our Prayer. Chant.....	<i>H. S. P.</i> 254
Hear our Prayer. (Our Heavenly Father.) Sentence.....	<i>Perkins.</i> 256
Hearth and Home. Quartet.....	<i>Emerson.</i> 114
Hearts and Homes. Two-part Chorus.....	<i>A.</i> 116
Home is sad without a Mother. Quartet.....	<i>Webster.</i> 99
Homeward Bound. Duet and Chorus.....	<i>Perkins.</i> 111
How beautiful the Morning, (Summer.) Hymn. 7, 6, and 8.....	<i>Heath.</i> 250
Hunter's Call, (The.) Duet or Quartet.....	<i>Thompson.</i> 224
Hunter winds his Bugle-Horn, (The.) (Hunter's Chorus.) Round, three voices.....	38
I can not catch the Sunshine. Duet and Chorus.....	<i>Higgins.</i> 71
If a Heart for thee is beating. Duet or Quartet.....	<i>Cummings.</i> 120
I had a Dream, Mother. Quartet.....	<i>Nourse.</i> 86
I'll remember you in my Prayers. Duet and Chorus.....	<i>W. S. Hays.</i> 146
I'm still a Friend to you. Song and Chorus.....	<i>W. S. Hays.</i> 160
In light tripping Measure. Round, in 4 parts.....	<i>Perkins.</i> 36
In Sleep's serene Oblivion laid. (Maria.) Hymn, L.M.....	<i>Perkins.</i> 244
Joy, joy, happy are we. Duet or two-part Chorus.....	<i>Benedict.</i> 180
June. Lesson.....	22
Land of the Pilgrim's Rest. Duet and Chorus.....	<i>Frisbie.</i> 240
Left all alone. Duet and Chorus.....	<i>Cox.</i> 52
Let the Dead and the Beautiful rest. Song and Chorus.....	<i>Wesley Martin.</i> 100
Let us have Peace. Solo and Chorus.....	<i>Perkins.</i> 215
Light at Home, (The.) Duet and two-part Chorus.....	<i>J. E. Perkins.</i> 135
Lightly row. Two-part Chorus.....	<i>Mendel.</i> 47
Little brown Church, (The.) Duet and Chorus.....	<i>Pitts.</i> 60
Little white Cot in the Lane, (The.) Song and Chorus.....	<i>Muse.</i> 66
Living Waters, (The.) Song and Chorus.....	<i>J. G. Clark.</i> 177
Lone Rock by the Sea, (The.) Duet or Quartet.....	<i>Scott.</i> 98
Long, long ago. Song and Chorus.....	<i>S.</i> 82
Lord's Prayer, (The.) Chant.....	<i>H. S. P.</i> 252

	PAGE
Manhood. Lesson.....	32
May-Day Carol. Duet and Chorus.....	P. 124
Memory's Jewels. Duet or Quartet.....	H. 77
Merrily rolls the Mill-Stream on. Duet and two-part Chorus.....	214
Morning. Lesson.....	34
Morning Hymn. C.M.....	245
Morning Land, (The.) Duet or two-part Chorus.....	Perkins. 237
Music is a Blessing. Quartet.....	139
My Country, 'tis of thee. (America.) Hymn, 6 and 4.....	243
My Father's growing old. Duet and Chorus.....	W. S. Hays. 148
My native Hills. Duet or Quartet.....	Perkins. 176
My poor Heart is sad. Duet.....	Bishop. 74
Natalie, the Maid of the Mill. Solo and Chorus.....	Peters. 194
Near the Banks of that lone River. Duet or Quartet.....	La Hache. 72
Nearer, my God, to thee. (Alvord.) Hymn, 6 and 4.....	Perkins. 247
New-England Hills. Duet and Chorus.....	H. S. P. 125
New-Year's Chimes. Duet and Chorus.....	Offenbach. 233
Night Winds. Lesson.....	27
No Crown without the Cross. Song.....	J. R. Thomas. 62
No Home to shelter her poor little Head. Duet and Chorus.....	Stanley. 128
No Tears in Heaven. Duet and Chorus.....	238
No Tears in Heaven. Chant.....	H. S. P. 251
Now I lay me down to sleep. Duet and Chorus.....	Walbridge. 122
Now's the Time to make your Mark. Duet and Chorus.....	Heath. 222
O God! we thank thee. (Carroll.) Hymn, L.M.....	H. S. P. 243
Oh! a merry Life. (Hunter's Song.) Duet and Chorus.....	41
Oh! merry goes the Time. Song and Chorus.....	Wesley Martin. 170
Oh! why should the Spirit. Chant.....	Perkins. 252
Old Aunty Brown. Song and Chorus.....	Cummings. 64
Old Kitchen Floor, (The.) Song.....	Collon. 112
One by One. Duet or Quartet.....	H. N. D. 126
Only a little Flower. Song and Chorus.....	Bishop. 90
Our Father in Heaven. Duet and two-part Chorus.....	H. S. P. 242
Our Heavenly Father. (Hear our Prayer.) Sentence.....	Perkins. 256
Out West. Duet or Quartet.....	Frisbie. 96
Over Hill and Valley. Lesson.....	18
Over the Hills. Quartet.....	Heath. 155
Over the Sea. Duet and two-part Chorus.....	H. S. P. 58
Paddle your own Canoe. Duet and Chorus.....	73
Parting Song. Quartet.....	Perkins. 102
Parting, or the Crown of Reward. A Cantata for children. For Solo, Duet, and Chorus.....	Heath. 257
Pity the Erring. Quartet.....	Perkins. 213
Praise to Him who built the Hills. (Praise.) Hymn, 7.....	H. S. P. 247
Pretty is as pretty does. Duet or Quartet.....	T. Finker. 69
Rain on the Roof. Duet and Chorus.....	James Clark. 88
Reaper and the Flowers, (The.) Chant.....	Perkins. 253
Ring the merry Bells. Duet and Chorus.....	H. S. Perkins. 167
Ripple, little Brooks. Duet and Chorus.....	Lydia H. French. 61
Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep. Song.....	Knight. 210
Saturday Evening. Lesson.....	20
School Hymn. L. M.....	H. S. P. 244
See the last merry Load. (The Harvesters.) Round, three parts.....	37
Shadows on the Wall. Duet and Chorus.....	Macy. 166



	PAGE
Shaking of the Hand, (The.) Song and Chorus.....	<i>Martin Towne.</i> 174
She sleeps in the Valley. Duet and Chorus.....	<i>Palmer.</i> 56
Shout we, Good-Morning. Two-part Chorus.....	<i>Perkins.</i> 42
Silent Voice, (The.) Solo and Quartet.....	217
Silently the Shades of Evening. (Closing Day.) 8 and 7.....	<i>Perkins.</i> 248
Singing merrily. (Festive Song.) Quartet.....	<i>Guttersen.</i> 158
Sleep on, dearest Mother. Duet and Chorus.....	<i>Perkins.</i> 115
Sleigh-Ride, (The.) Duet and Chorus.....	<i>R. S. Taylor.</i> 130
Snow Angels. Duet and Chorus.....	<i>H.</i> 46
Soldier's Decoration Hymn. S. M.....	246
Soldier's Marching-Song. Two-part Chorus.....	84
Song for the Close of School. Quartet.....	<i>H. N. D.</i> 141
Song of Spring. Duet or two-part Chorus.....	<i>Perkins.</i> 189
Song of Welcome. Duet and Chorus.....	85
Speak kindly. Lesson.....	34
Star of the Twilight. Duet and two-part Chorus.....	<i>Von Weber.</i> 119
Star-spangled Banner. Song, or Duet and Chorus.....	<i>National.</i> 149
Strike for the Cause of Freedom. Duet or two-part Chorus.....	<i>Donizetti.</i> 208
Summer's gone. Duet or Quartet.....	<i>H. S. P.</i> 53
Sunday-School Band, (A.) Duet and Chorus.....	<i>Rev. A. Kenyon.</i> 106
Sweetly chimes the Bell. Duet and two-part Chorus.....	121
Sweet Echo, wake from yonder Hill. Duet and Chorus.....	<i>Perkins.</i> 40
Sweet Face at the Window, (A.) Song and Chorus.....	<i>Danks.</i> 144
Sweet little Nell. Song and Chorus.....	<i>Kimmel.</i> 182
Take me back Home. Duet and Chorus.....	<i>W. S. Hays.</i> 136
Tattoo, (The.) Two-part Chorus.....	51
The Creator. Lesson.....	17
There's none left to love me. Duet and Chorus.....	<i>Alice Mortimer.</i> 48
The Harvesters.....	37
The Temperance Jubilee. Duet and Chorus.....	<i>H. Espie.</i> 108
The upper Sea. Lesson.....	29
Through the Forest bounding. Duet and Chorus.....	<i>H. S. P.</i> 157
To the Cross I cling. Quartet.....	<i>Millard.</i> 70
Trip lightly over Trouble. Duet or two-part Chorus.....	<i>H. S. P.</i> 199
Tripping merrily. Two-part Chorus.....	<i>H. S.</i> 92
Truth. Lesson.....	35
Twilight. Duet or Quartet and Chorus.....	<i>Whiting.</i> 187
Twinkle, little Star. Two-part Chorus.....	<i>H. S. P.</i> 50
Two on Earth, and two in Heaven. Duet or Quartet.....	<i>Webster.</i> 127
Vesper Hymn. Duet or Chorus.....	<i>H. S. P.</i> 239
Wandering Refugee. Song and Chorus.....	<i>W. S. Hays.</i> 200
We are all here. Duet or Quartet.....	<i>H. S. P.</i> 153
Welcome, Friends. Duet and Chorus.....	<i>Perkins.</i> 219
Welcome Here. Duet or Quartet.....	<i>Lydia French.</i> 83
When Spring returns again. (The Cuckoo.) Round, three parts.....	37
Where shall we make her Grave? (Memoria.) Hymn, 6 and 4.....	<i>Perkins.</i> 249
Wide awake, Boys. Duet or Quartet.....	<i>Perkins.</i> 79
Winter King, (The.) Solo and Chorus.....	<i>H. S.</i> 68
With merry Hearts. Song and Chorus.....	<i>Heath.</i> 76
World is full of Beauty, (The.) Duet and Chorus.....	<i>Donizetti.</i> 107
Write me a Letter from Home. Duet and Chorus.....	<i>W. S. Hays.</i> 94
Yes, we'll write you a Letter from Home. Song and Chorus.....	<i>Tucker.</i> 172
Youthful Days. Duet and Chorus.....	169
You've been a Friend to me. Song and Chorus.....	<i>W. S. Hays.</i> 142



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